

THE
Third Volume
OF THE
WORKS
OF
LUCIAN.

Translated from the GREEK

BY

Several Eminent Hands.

L O N D O N,

Printed for, and Sold by JAMES WOOD-
WARD, in *Scalding-Alley*, over against
Stocks-Market. 1711.

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Third Volume
OF THE
WORKS



Translated from the Greek

BY

Several Eminent Hands

LONDON

Printed for, and sold by James Wood-
ward, in Pall-mall, over against
St. James's Church, 1711.

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T O T H E.

Right H O N O U R A B L E,

Robert Benson, *Esq;*

*One of the Lords Com-
missioners, of Her Ma-
jesties Treasury.*

I Cou'd not omit this Opportu-
nity of returning my Pub-
lick Thanks for the Favours I
have receiv'd from you, without
incurring the Censure of Ingrati-
tude, which is a Thing abhor'd
by all Men.

Lucian, whose Publick Spirit
and Freedom of Soul made him
Scruple nothing, that might be of
Advantage to Truth, and destru-
ctive of Lies and Falshood, may
justly Claim your Favour, who are
so eminent a Friend to the first,
and

Epistle Dedicatory.

and so just an Enemy to the latter, when it was in it's most prosperous State.

This Consideration makes me have no manner of Doubt of the good Reception of this *Third Volume* of *Lucian's Works*, in the *English Language*; and the former Favours I have receiv'd from you, give me some Assurance, that the Person, who offers you this Present, will not be wholly Contemn'd.

Good Sense, and True Politics, are always attended by a Care of Learning; and I believe the Encouragement of good Translating is a Promotion of Knowledge; especially among those, who have not had the good Fortune to be Acquainted with the Originals. The Eminency of the Persons, who have perform'd in this undertaking, give me Hopes
that

Epistle Dedicatory.

that *Lucian* now appears in his own Original Perfection.

Gratitude is very importunate with me here, Sir, to pay my Acknowledgements by a Commemoration of those Virtues, which so early recommended you to the choice of your Country to be their Representative in Parliament, and which have drawn the *Royal Guardian* of the *British* Happiness, to Commit to your Charge so Important a Trust: But Sir, I am sensible, that this Task is fitter for Men, whose Learning and Genius enable them to Speak of great things, with their just Grandure; it is enough for me to be an humble, and distant Admirer, and not to lessen those Merits by an awkward Attempt in their Praise, which I wou'd exalt: But I am satisfied, that as the Motive of
your

Epistle Dedicatory.

your Actions preceeds from a Nobler Source, than Publick Applause, too often gain'd by the Cunning Pretender; so that a Repetition of them in this Publick Manner, wou'd be less grateful to you, than to me, and my Readers.

I shall therefore keep my self within the Bounds of my poor Abilities, and be satisfied, that I have thus plainly, and sincerely paid my Duty to you, and given you this Publick Assurance, that I am,

S I R,

Your most humble,

and most Obedient

Servant,

S A M. B R I S C O E.

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THE

LUCIAN's Works.

VOL. III.

THE
EUNUCH:
 OR,
PAMPHILUS.

By Mr. THO. BROWN.

THE ARGUMENT.

Lucian, in this Dialogue, gives a pleasant relation of a warm Dispute between Diocles and Bagoas, two Peripatetick Philosophers: 'Tis intitul'd, The Eunuch, because the subject Matter of the Debate is, Whether an Eunuch ought, or can, in Conscience set up for a Philosopher; one of them denies it, the other cites several Precedents to justify his Opinion, and maintains the Affirmative.

B

Pamphilus,

Pamphilus, Lycinus.

Pam. **W**HENCE do you come, *Lycinus*, or what makes you so merry about the Mouth? you are always chearful, 'tis true, but here must be something or other extraordinary in the Wind sure, since you can't refrain one Moment from laughing?

Lyc. I just now come from the Town-Hall, and don't question but you'll laugh as extravagantly as my self, as soon as I acquaint you with a Comical Moot-case, or Trial of Skill, between two Philosophers that were fallen out.

Pam. Why, that very thing of two Philosophers going to Law one with another, is of it self ridiculous enough in all Conscience: Since tho' it were a Matter of never so great Moment, such Self-renouncing Gentlemen ought to have composed the Difference fairly and amicably.

Lyc. You say right; but how should those People end a Dispute fairly and amicably, that threw whole Cart Loads of Scandal one at another, bawling, roaring and bellowing, and equally obstinate on both Sides?

Pam. Prithee tell me now, did they quarrel about the difference of their Discipline, according to the laudable Custom, because they were of contrary Factions?

Lyc. No, No, 'twas something else; they were both of the same Sect, came out of the same School, and yet had a mighty falling out. The Judges, before whom the Cause was brought,

brought, were some of the best of the City, Men of Years, Gravity and Discretion. In such Company one would think the most hardened Fellows, instead of behaving themselves impudently, would blush should they chance to drop the least indecent Expression.

Pam. Let me conjure you then to lay the true state of the Difference before me, that I too may know what odd Adventure it is that has made you laugh so plentifully.

Lyc. I need not inform you, *Pamphilus*, what a liberal Appointment the Emperor has settled on all the several divisions of Philosophers, as for instance, the *Stoicks*, the *Platonists*, the *Epicureans* and *Peripateticks*, so that every Sect has an equal Salary allow'd them. Now one of these happening to go the way of all flesh, another was to be chose in his Room, and the best Men in the City were to have the right of choosing. As I told you before, the Reward assign'd them is no Contemptible Thing, no pitiful Ox-hide or Pig, as the Poet has it, and this they have for Teaching and Instructing of Youth.

*Homer I:
liad. X.*

Pam. All this I know, and I heard too that one of them died t'other day, by the same Token he was a *Peripatetick*, if my Informations don't deceive me.

Lyc. Well, *Pamphilus*, this was the *Helena*, this the Prize for which we had all this Scuffling and Disputing: And so far they were not to be blam'd, unless 'tis a ridiculous thing to see a Set of starch'd morose Fellows, that pretend to be Philosophers, and to despise Money, fall out and engage as warmly for such a pitiful Trifle as they would do for their

Country, in case of an Invasion, for the Religion of their Ancestors, and the Monuments of their Forefathers.

Pam. But you know 'tis a Maxim of the *Peripaticks*, that Money is not wholly to be contemn'd, but reckon'd in the third Class of good Things.

Lyc. You say true, so they pretend indeed, and as it happen'd in the Days of Yore the War commenc'd from them. But now listen pray to what follow'd upon this. In the first place there were several that stickled for this Place at the Funeral of the deceas'd Party, but amongst the rest there were two furious Competitors of equal Credit and Interest; one of them an old troublesome litigious Hypocrite, you know whom I mean, his Name *Diocles*; the other one *Bagoas*, whom common fame has made to pass these many Years for an Eunuch. These two first of all engag'd in a Philosophical Combat, and both of them gave Specimens of their Learning, to show themselves true Sons of *Aristotle*. And, upon my Word, neither of them got the better in this Encounter; so the Controversie came to this push, *Diocles* declin'd to give any farther Specimen of his Learning, and shifting his Politicks, endeavour'd to find out all the Faults he could in his Competitor's Life and Conversation. Nor was *Bagoas* behind hand with him in this sort of Civility, but threw his Dirt with as liberal a Hand as the other had done at him.

Pam. And reason good, for this, of the two, ought rather to be look'd after. I declare to you, if I had been judge, in the present Opinion I am, I would have made a stricter Scrutiny after their Morals, than their

knack

knack of disputing, and would sooner have adjudged the Victory to one that cou'd have given me sufficient proof of the former, than him that could only have convinced me of the latter.

Lyc. You are in the right on't, i'faith, and, for my part, I subscribe to your Opinion. But to proceed; when they were now tired, and out of breath with mutual Recriminations, says *Diocles*, in the first place *Bagoas* ought not to have meddled with Philosophy at all, because he's an Eunuch; and secondly and lastly, that he's an impudent Fellow to presume to stand for this Place. Nay, he went farther and said, That People in his Circumstances, ought not only to be excluded from the common Conversation of Mankind; but from all Sacrifices, Sacred Vessels, and publick Assemblies: Showing it was an ill-boading Omen for one, as he came out of his House in the Morning, to meet any of this severe Circumcision. Then after abundance of Words spent to this purpose, he concluded, that an Eunuch was neither Fish, nor Flesh, nor good Red Herring, that is to say, neither Man nor Woman, but a strange mixture of both Sexes; in short, a downright Monster, and different from the rest of the Creation.

Pam. Well, this I must own, was merry enough. In all my Life I never heard this imputed as a Crime before, and I can't forbear laughing for the Heart of me, to hear so odd, so uncommon an Accusation-----But how did the other Spark behave himself I pray? Was he silent, or did he attempt his own Justification?

He means
Favorinus,
a Philoso-
pher of
Arles.

Lyc. Why troth at first, what between Shame and Fear (for those of his Cloath you must know are no strangers to those things) he held his Tongue, and blushed; nay, his Agony was so great, that it set him a sweating. At last recovering his Spirits, and squeaking in a shrill womanish tone, he mainrain'd, that *Diocles*, was very unjust to exclude him, merely upon the score of his being an Eunuch, from studying Philosophy, since even the Ladies were allow'd to do it. He cited the Examples of *Aspasia*, *Diotima* and *Thargelia*, to make good his Assertion, nor forgot to mention a celebrated Academick, an Eunuch too, a *Gaul* by Nation, who had a mighty Reputation amongst the *Greeks* in the last Age. But *Diocles* was so warm upon the Point, that he would have forbidden even him, if he were now alive, to concern himself with Philosophy, not at all mortified with the great Figure he made in the World, and then trumped up several things said by the *Stoicks*, but especially the *Cynicks* against him, all relating to his natural Imperfection, with a design to set the Spectators a laughing. Now we are arrived to the Merits of the Cause, that is to say, whether an Eunuch was a fit Person to profess Philosophy, and to instruct Youth. One positively maintain'd, that a Philosopher ought to be sound, Wind and Limb, but especially to wear a grave venerable Beard, that so those that come to learn of him may respect him as one worthy of belief, and who deserves the ten thousand *Drachmæ* that are paid by the Emperor. After this, he affirm'd, that an Eunuch's Condition was infinitely worse than that of one who

who was Gelt, because the latter once in his time knew what a Man was; whereas the latter lost the Indications of his Manhood from the beginning, and was an ambiguous sort of Animal like your Crows, that can neither be reckon'd amongst the Pigeons nor Ravens. On the other hand his Competitor answer'd, that the Tryal here was not concerning the Figure of the Body, but the Qualifications of the Mind, and that their Knowledge in the several parts of Learning was principally to be minded. To prove this he quoted Mr. *Aristotle*, who paid so great a Veneration to *Hermeas*, an Eunuch, the Prince of *Atarna*, that he offer'd Sacrifices to him as to a Deity. Nay, *Bagoas* had the Assurance to add this, That an Eunuch was much fitter to be trusted with the Education of young Gentlemen, since no Repröaches could be fasten'd on him upon that score; and *Socrates* crying, Sin would never be imputed to him, *viz.* That he was a corrupter and debaucher of Youth. After this he very facetiously retorted (at least the Company thought so) the Objection which the other made against a beardless Chin. For, says he, if we are to esteem Philosophers by the length of their Beard, a Goat ought to have the precedence of them all. Here a third Person, and a stander-by (but I shall conceal his Name at present) interposed, and directing himself to the Court, Gentlemen, says he, this hopeful Spark here with the smooth Chin and Female Quail-pipe, take my Word for't, if you strip him naked, will be found to be as intire and perfect a Man

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as the best of you all : Otherwise those Persons I am sure are damn'd Lyars that report he was some time ago found in the act of Adultery, with *rem in re*, Gentlemen, as the Law has it. From that Moment he set up for an Eunuch, and by virtue of this Loop-hole got acquitted, for the Judges, who by his outside concluded him to be a Piss-quill, could never be perswaded that he was guilty of the Crime. But now I suppose he will own the Cheat, in order to qualify himself for the place in dispute. At this the whole Company (and who can blame them for it) fell out in a loud laughter. As for poor *Bagoas*, he was under the greatest Confusion imaginable; his Colour went and came, he fell into a cold Sweat; in fine, his Surprize and Distraction was such, that 'tis impossible to describe it. As he thought it would not be much for his Credit to own the Crime of Adultery, so he did not deny it, imagining, I suppose, that this Accusation might do him some Service in the present Dispute.

Pam. Why truly, *Lycinus*, this Scene was ridiculous enough in all Conscience, and as I guess, gave you all no ordinary Diversion. But inform me, pray, what was the upshot of this Business, and what was the final Resolution upon it?

Lyc. They were not all, it seems, of the same Mind. Some of them wou'd needs have him stript, as they use to serve Slaves that are to be sold in the Market, and strictly examined in the *Critical Parts*, to see whether he had all the necessary Qualificati-

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ons of a Philosopher, or no. But others were for making a more ridiculous Experiment, and that was to send for some Venerable Women out of the Neighbourhood, and command him to *Consummate* with her he fancied most, one of the most ancient and upright Judges standing by all the while, to take care he should put none of his false Dice upon the Matron. At last, after every Body had almost split their Sides with laughing, the result of all was this, that the Cause should be dismissed to *Italy*, and there determined. And now one of them, as the report goes, is daily exercising his Faculty, preparing and setting off his Accusation in the blackest Colours; and tho' it will be prejudicial to his Cause, designs to rake up the old Crime of Adultery. In which wise piece of Conduct he imitates your ill Rhetoricians that always spoil the Cause they pretend to serve, since by objecting this Backsliding to his Adversary, he acquits him of the unpardonable Sin of Impotence, and makes him *rectus in curia* as to that particular. But *Bagoas*, as I am inform'd, minds other Matters, plays the Man as oft as he finds an opportunity, and does not in the least question but he shall come off Conqueror if he can but convince the World he is no worse provided than an Ass that Intrigues with a Mare. For that, my dear Friend, seems to be the best sign of a Philosopher, and indeed the only infallible Demonstration that cannot be refuted. And since Matters go so, I wish with all my Heart that my Son, who is now a Youth, may not have his Tongue, and the Endowments of his Mind,

Mind, but the distinguishing part (you know my meaning) to qualifie him for the Study of Philosophy.

T I M O N :

O R,

The Man-Hater.

By Mr. THO. BROWN.

The ARGUMENT.

In this admirable Dialogue Lucian shews what is the true end of Riches, and how they are to be managed, what sort of People are generally the wealthiest, and what influence Money has upon the Manners of the Possessors of it. The Occasion of the Dialogue is taken from the Story of Timon, whom, because he shun'd the Conversation and Society of Mankind, the Athenians called the Man-hater. Our Author feigns him to have been at first exceeding Rich, but by an undiscree, ill-managed Liberality soon reduc'd to very mean Circumstances. I need not pursue the other Particulars of this History, which has furnished our English Theatre with one of the most diverting

verting Moral Plays we have. The Dialogue begins with a merry Reflection upon Homer, and some of the ancient Poets, his Brethren, who used to bestow abundance of magnificent, long-winded Epithets upon Jupiter in their Poems, not out of Religion, (for that in no Age of the World seems to have been their Talent) but only to fill up a gap in the Verse, when they needed it.

T I M O N.

OH Friend-assisting, Stranger-helping, Society-maintaining, House-defending, Oath-regarding, Cloud-compelling, Thunder-thumping Jupiter, with all the remaining train of thy Titles and Attributes, which hair-brain'd Poets liberally bestow upon thee, but especially when they are founder'd in Metre (for then they give thee a Cart-load of Names, and all to prop up a limping Verse;) where is now thy swift-devouring Lightning, thy Sense-confounding Thunder, thy red-hot burning and terrible Thunderbolts? 'Tis now plain, that all this parade of Words is meer Banter and Poetical Fiction, and nothing but the noise of some rumbling Names. For that much talked of Dart of thine that wounds at twelve score, and is always at hand, is, I can't tell how, clearly spoil'd and cold, and does not preserve the least spark of Indignation against Offenders. So that not to mince Matters with thee, Jupiter, any Raskal that is going to perjure himself, would as soon fear a Link, when put out, as the flame of thy all-destroying Thunderbolt; for they think that thou only darrest a burning Fagot-stick at

at them, which makes them neither dread the Fire, nor the Smoke issuing from it, the only danger they apprehend from it is, that it will smut their Faces. By this means it happen'd that *Salmones* had the impudence to Thunder in defiance of thee, nor without good Reason, for that audacious Man that was so bent upon Wickedness, knew well enough that he had to do with an impotent insensible fumbling *Jupiter*. For pray tell me why he should not play his frolick, since thou sleepest perpetually, as if thou hadst taken a large dose of Opium, and dost neither hear those that forswear themselves, nor observe the Wicked, but art blind and deaf, and blunderest in every thing like those that are quite spent and dosed by old Age. Indeed when thou wert young, thy Divine Blood was soon up, and wicked Men daily felt the weight of thy Indignation. Thou didst not then make any Truce with them, there was no Cessation of the Celestial Artillery, the Thunderbolt was perpetually busie in one part of the World or other; the Shield furbish'd up, the Thunder rattled, and the Lightning, like a Grove of Darts, thrown from some eminent Hill, was sent to destroy; Earthquakes came frequent, Snow fell down in prodigious heaps, Hail-stones as big as Eggs, and, to sum up all, violent and rapid Showers and Floods, daily doing mischief. Hence happen'd so universal a Shipwrack of Mankind in *Deucalion's* time, they were all drown'd under Water, and scarce one little Skiff made a thift to escape, which landed on Mount *Lycoris*, and preserved (if I may use the Expression) some small sparks of Humane

Race,

Vol. II.
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Race, from whence a more vitious Generation was to be propagated, so that now you are justly rewarded for your laziness by them, since no Body, to speak of, offers Sacrifices and Garlands to thee, except two or three by the bye, at the *Olympick* Games, who, to do them Justice, don't think the performance of it necessary, but are willing to keep up an old ancient Custom. Nay, O thou most generous of all the Gods, they are going in full *Convention* to make a second *Saturn* of thee, and then say thou hast *abdicated*. I forbear to mention how often they have plunder'd thy Temple with Sacrilegious Hands, nay, they have offer'd to distort thee at thy best belov'd Recreation, the *Olympick* Pastimes. All this while, thou, with all thy boasted Might and Power wast so lazy, that thou didst not so much as wake the Dogs, or call up the next Neighbours to help thee to apprehend them before they made their escapes; but like the most noble confounder of the Giants, and vanquisher of the *Titans*, didst sit in thy Chair of State holding a Thunderbolt ten Cubits long in thy right hand, while the impudent Villains were shaving thy Locks. And now tell me, Almighty Dreamer, when wilt thou throw off this Lethargy? When wilt thou rouse up and claw off this Rebellious Race? What number of *Phaetons* or *Deucalions* can be sufficient to atone for so universal and bottomless a degeneracy from Vertue. But to set aside these common Grievances, give me leave to speak to my own Case in particular. Ever since I have raised so many of the *Athenians* to Honour and Dignity, and of poor Scoundrels

Scoundrels made them rich, not only assist-
 ed all those that wanted, with my Charity,
 but liberally bestow'd my Wealth upon my
 Friends, I have spent all my Estate, and by
 this means am become as poor as a Church
 Mouse, the ungrateful Raskals have forgot
 me, and those very Fellows who not long
 ago reverenc'd and ador'd, nay, lived by my
 smiles, will not condescend so far as to look
 down upon me. So that if by meer Acci-
 dent as I am walking in the Road, I stumble
 upon any of them, they pass regardless by me
 as they would by an old ruined Monument,
 as if they had never known me. Again, o-
 thers seeing me from a far, turn another way,
 imagining they should meet some ominous
 and abominable Spectacle, whom not long
 since they cry'd up as their Saviour and Chief
 Benefactor. And thus my Necessities pres-
 sing me I am reduc'd to the last Extremities,
 apparelled in a Hair Doublet, am forced to
 dig for four half pence a day, and here with
 my Spade and Shovel play the Philosopher in
 this wretched Solitude. At the same time I
 reap this Advantage by it, that I don't see these
 thorough-pac'd Rogues batten in their Wick-
 edness, for that would be a troublesome Eye-
 fore to me. I request thee therefore, thou
 most magnanimous Son of *Saturn* and *Rhea* to
 to shake off this profound and inglorious
 sleep, (for between Friends, thou hast slept
 longer than *Epimenides* did) to dart thy
 Thunderbolt re-kindled from *Oeta*, and to
 show the Indignation of the strong and youth-
 ful *Jupiter*, unless thou art minded to con-
 vince the World, that all those Stories are
 true

true which the People of *Crete* report of thy being buried amongst them.

Jup. 'What Fellow's this, Son *Mercury*, who thus from *Attica*, at the bottom of Mount *Hymettus* makes this horrid Noise? He's in a very sorry Equipage I see, all ragged and dirty, and is a digging, as I guess by the posture of his Body. Some talkative confident Boor, I warrant you, and a Philosopher in to the Bargain, for otherwise he would never have vented so many impious things against our Crown and Dignity.

Merc. Why, Father, don't you know *Timon*, the Son of *Echecratides*, and born at *Cotyttus*. This is he who has so often regal'd us with the choicest Victims, he that grew so Wealthy on the sudden, he that offer'd whole Hecatombs, and with whom we were used to pass so many jolly Festivals.

Jup. Alas, poor Wretch! what 'a strange Alteration of the Scene is here? And is this that honest free-hearted Gentleman who had such mighty Crowds of Friends always about him? What disaster has happen'd to him, that he's in this scandalous Dress, so nasty and beggarly, and hired to dig, as I Conjecture, by his moiling with so heavy a Spade?

Merc. To give you his History then, his Honesty, his Compassion and Charity, have ruin'd him, or rather his Folly, his * good * *Εὐθδεια* Nature, and his want of Discretion in the choice of his Friends. He never dreamt that his Liberality was bestow'd on Ravens and Wolves; but the more these insatiable Vultures prey'd upon his Liver, the more he took them to be his trusty Friends, as if the only

only reason of their eating and drinking with him was, because they were Well-wishers to his Person. And now, after they had stript him bare to the Bone, and gnawed

† I have frequently observed, that Lucian passes out of one Metaphor into another, as here he does from that of a Body to a Tree. Now tho' I will by no means presume to censure this Liberty in so great a Master of Eloquence as our Author was, yet one of the nicest Criticks France ever bred (I mean Monsieur St. Euremont) expressly condemns it in his Oeuvres Mêlées, Tom. 4. p. 120. in the following Words, C'est une faute inexcusable de passer d'une métaphore, par laquelle on auroit commencé, à une nouvelle, & d'allier ainsi des images qui n'ont nul rapport entre elles. Quand on est attentif à bien écrire, on sçait continuer, & soutenir la même idée.

him, and suckt out all the Marrow, away they go and leave him † sapless, and cut down to the very Root. Nay, the Villains won't so much as own or look upon him, so far are they from returning the Obligation, and relieving him in his Necessities. For this reason he's forc'd to dig in his own defence, and wears a Coat made of Skins, as you see, and abandoning the City for meer shame, rails bitterly at those ungrateful wretches, who, after they have been enrich'd by his Bounty, pass by him disdainfully, and don't know whether his Name be Timon.

Jup. Well, but we must by no means neglect this Fellow, who has but too much reason to be angry to find himself in these miserable Circumstances. We should take a Copy from those cursed Flatterers, if we should forget the Man after he has spent so many fat Bulls and Goats upon our Altars, the pleasant steams of which continue still in my Nostrils. And yet thro' multiplicity of Business, the vast shoals of those that for-

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swear themselves, and live by Plunder and Rapine, and likewise through the perpetual Apprehensions that Sacrilegious Villains give me, who are many in number, and hard to be found out, and don't suffer us to wink one Moment; I have not looked down upon *Attica* this long time. And especially since this vain Philosophy and wrangling about Words has been fashionable amongst them, for while they are stretching their Lungs, and quarrelling with one another, 'tis impossible for me to hear the Petitions of Mortals; so that I lie under an ill-favour'd *Dilemma*, either to sit still with my Fingers in my Ears, or else to be undone by these disputing Sparks, who preach up Vertue, and I don't know what incorporeal Whim-fies and Trifles, with the greatest Zeal imaginable. But now, Son *Mercury*, take *Plutus* along with you, and go to him presently: Let *Plutus* be sure to carry *Tesaurus* with him, and let both of them take up their Quarters at his Mansion, and not leave him so easily as they did before, altho' he, thro' his good Nature and Bounty turn them out of Doors again. As for those ungrateful dinner-smelling Parasites of his, I shall take cognizance of them for the future, and will swinge them off as soon as I have got my Thunderbolt ready; for two of its greatest Rays are unhappily broke, and the edge of them blunted, when I lately darted it somewhat too eagerly at *Anagoras* the Sophister's Head, who would fain perswade his lewd Companions, that we Gods were a cheat upon the World. But I happen'd to miss him, for

Pericles holding up his Hand against it, sav'd him, and the Thunderbolt turned out of its way to the Temple of *Castor* and *Pol-lux*, burnt it to the Ground, by the same token that it was basely shatter'd against the Stones. Altho' I know 'twill be Mortification enough to them to see *Timon* become a wealthy Man again.

Merc. See now what comes of being loud and impudent ! 'tis not only serviceable to those that plead at the Bar, but to all manner of Persons that have Petitions to offer. *Ecce signum*, for *Timon* yonder of a poor Dog will immediately become as rich as a Prince, and this he gets by his being so bold and clamorous. This I am sure of, had he dug and held his Peace, he might have dug on to the end of the Chapter for all my Father *Jupiter* there.

Plut. Well, but I vow and swear, *Jupiter*, I won't go near him.

Jup. Why so, most noble *Plutus*, especially since I have laid my Injunctions upon you ?

Plut. Why so, say you ? Why, because as I am an honest God, the Slave has notoriously affronted me in turning me out of Doors, and dividing me into so many parts, when I was a better Friend to him than his Father ever was : Nay, I had almost said, he thrust me out of his House with a paring-shovel, after the manner as a Man flings away fire out of his Hands. Do you think I'll go to him to be squander'd away amongst Parasites, Flatterers and Harlots ? No, no, send me to those Persons who know how to

value

value me, who will hug and embrace me, where my Company will be welcome. But let these stupid Brutes still starve with their dearly-beloved Poverty, since they prefer her to me: Let them wear her Livery, meaning Sack-cloath, and dig for Two Pence a Day, that cou'd make Ducks and Drakes with their Money when they had it, and give away ten Talents for a Present.

Jup. Come, come, *Timon* will play none of these extravagant Tricks for the future. His Spade I suppose has sufficiently convinced him by this time (unless his Body's made of Iron) that you are infinitely to be prefer'd to Poverty; but methinks you seem to be in a peevish sullen humour to day, otherwise why should you quarrel with *Timon* for opening his Doors, and giving you leave to take the fresh Air; when, if he had been jealous of you, he might have locked you up safely within Doors. At other times I am sure I have heard you rail plentifully at rich Men, and complain they so imprisoned you with their Bolts and Bars, and Locks and Keys, that you had not liberty to peep out and see the comfortable Light. This hard Usage you have often lamented in my hearing, affirming, you were almost stifled in the dark for want of Room; and so you came to us pale and thoughtful, with your Fingers shrunk up, and contracted like those People's who are always telling Money. Nay, if ever you had a fair opportunity you threaten'd to run away, and leave them in the lurch. In fine, you looked upon it as a very severe Treatment to be kept untouch-

ed, like *Danae*, in some Brass or Iron Apartment, and to be educated by those diligent but wicked Tutors, Usury and Interest. Besides, you maintained, they did very absurdly to love you beyond measure, and yet not to dare to enjoy, nor when they were Masters of you to enjoy their Mistress in security; but like Centinels still so watch you with their Eyes perpetually fixt on the Lock and Seal, while they were such abominable Fools as to think they made sufficient Advantage, tho' they never touch'd you themselves, to hinder other People from enjoying you: Like the Dog in the Manger that wou'd neither eat the Barley himself, nor suffer the half-starv'd Horse to feed on it. More than this, you laughed at those Persons that spared, and kept and (what was the most ridiculous thing of all) expressed their jealousy of you, nor were so wise as to consider, that for all their Precaution some Rogny Servant, or Steward, or Tutor to their Children, might privately carry you off, and laughing at the unhappy unbelov'd possessor suffer him afterwards to watch his plundered Bags, by the light of some smoaky narrow-mouth'd Lantern, or farthing Candle. Therefore tell me, *Plutus*, since to my knowledge you have condemned these things formerly, whether you are not very unjust to object the quite contrary conduct to *Timon*?

Plut. Hold, I pray, not so fast; for if you examine the case fairly, you'll find I had reason on my side to do both. It was not *Timon's* kindness to me that I quarrel-

led

led at, but his too easie Nature and Negligence. And as for those that lock me up in perpetual darkness, that so I may become fatter and larger, and (if they cou'd attain their wishes) immeasurable, yet never touch me, nor show me the light, for fear of being seen by others: Those I say I justly repute to be not only downright Mad, but Men that directly affront me, because they suffer me who am wholly innocent, to rust amidst so many Bolts and Chains, not considering that they must shortly die, and consequently leave me to some one who is favoured by Fortune. For which Reasons I neither approve these penurious stingy Devils, nor on the other hand, those Prodigals that send me too fast a going; but only those that steer the middle course, and don't totally abstain from me, or unaccountably consume me. 'Twill all be best illustrated by this familiar Case. Here's a Man has married a young handsome Wife, and after that never entertains the least jealous thought of her, but gives her full permission both by night and day to ramble where she fancies, and intrigue with what Man she pleases; nay, is not satisfied with doing so, but voluntarily exposes her to be whored, is so complaisant as to hold the Door himself, and invites all the World to her Acquaintance. Now do you believe such a hardned Sott does heartily love her. No, *Jupiter*, I am sure you will never say so, because you have frequently made the Experiment what Love is. On the other hand, suppose a Man has legally, and according to the usual Rites

and Ceremonies, espoused him a Wife, with an intent to get Children ; but neither touches her himself, altho' charming and lovely, and in the bloom of her Age, nor suffers any one besides to look upon her, but keeps her lock'd up, and confines the pretty Creature, who deserves nothing of this barbarous usage, to a melancholy and barren, and everlasting Virginity, and yet pretends he's ready to die for Love all the while, as he would make the World believe by a macilent Body, a pale Face, and his Eyes sunk into his Head, is it possible that such a Monster as this can be taken for any thing else but a mad Man, since when he ought to perform the Duties of the Nuptial-Bed, he lets so delicious and amiable a Nymph fade away and wither, as if she were a Priestess of *Ceres*. Now to come to an Application, thus I am enraged and vexed to my self, kick'd and beaten, and squander'd away by some People, as on the contrary, it no less raises my Indignation to be chained and fettered like a stigmatized Vagabond.

Jup. But why should you be so angry with them? For methinks both of them are egregiously punished. These, while like *Tantalus*, they are permitted neither to eat nor drink, but with thirsty Jaws only gape after Gold ; and the others, while they are served by their rapacious Parasites, as *Phineus* was by the *Harpies*, and see the Meat snatched out of their Mouths——Well, but now go where I have ordered you, you'll find *Timon* will manage himself with more discretion for the future.

Plut.

Plut. Is it possible then that a Man of his Constitution will ever be perswaded to stop the leaky Vessel, into which I am to be poured, and so prevent my running out. I am afraid he will rather do the quite contrary for fear of being overflow'd by me. So that I must e'en be forced to throw Water into the Hogshead of the *Belides*, the Vessel not being able to contain the Liquor, so large an Orifice has this Hogshead to receive, and so free a passage to let all out again.

Jup. If he does not stop all the holes, and endeavour to hinder the perpetual leaking, as he'll see you will soon run out, so to his Comfort he'll find his Halker, Jerkin and Spade in the bottom of the Cask. But now 'tis high time for you to be gone, and make a rich Man of him. And do you remember, *Mercury* as you come back to call at *Aetha*, and bring the Cyclops to us hither. The edge of my Thunderbolt, you know, is blunted, and must be new set again. I shall have occasion for it, as soon as it is rectified.

Mer. Let us be gone, *Plutus*. But hey day, what is the matter with you? Your Worship halts, I perceive; I knew long before you were Blind, but never dreamt you were Lame in to the bargain.

Plut. I am not always so, Friend *Mercury*, but when-ever *Jupiter* lends me to visit any one, I can't apprehend how it happens, but I am slow pac'd and lame of both Feet, so that I hardly make a shift to reach my Journey's end, and the party that refus'd my coming, grows old before he's honoured with my presence.

presence. But when I am to quit any Person, you'll find the Scene changed with me, I am furnished with Wings, and out-do all the feather'd kind in swiftness; so that as soon as I have pass'd the Barriers, the Cryer immediately decides the Prize in favour of me; for I measure a whole Furlong at one leap, with that incredible Celerity, that the Spectators sometimes lose the sight of me.

Merc. Nay, there I am sure you tell me a Story. Why, don't I know several People in the World, and cou'd Name 'em too, if I thought fit, that yesterday had not three half-pence to buy them a Halter, and to day are grown rich on the sudden, live deliciously, rattle it up and down in their fine Coaches, who before had neither Money nor Credit enough to hire an Ass? And yet now forsooth these Fellows must strut up and down in Purple, wear Rings of prodigious value on their clumsy Fingers, tho' the change is so sudden and surprizing to them, that they believe they dreamt themselves into this amazing Wealth and Happiness.

Plut. Pshaw! *Mercury*, that's a different Case; for at such times you must know I don't walk on my own Legs, nor am I commission'd by *Jupiter*, but by *Pluto*, (he wants but a Letter or two to be my compleat Name-sake) to visit them, who is likewise a bestower of Wealth, as his Name declares. And therefore when ever I am to pass from one to another, they clap me into a Will, and carefully Seal me up, then
make

make me up into a Bundle, and carry me away. In the mean time the deceas'd Party lies in some dark corner of the House, wrapt up in an old Linen Sheet, for which the Cats scuffle and claw one another. As for those sanguine Persons that were in hopes to obtain me, they stand gaping in the Streets, and expect my coming with no less zeal than your young Swallows do the return of their Dam; so now when the Seal is broke up, the Will open'd, and my new Master pronounced, whether a Relation, or a Parasite, or some little lascivious Page, who got into his Lordship's good Graces by giving him free use of his Body, and being a faithful Instrument of his Pleasures, receives this Estate as a Recompence for his former Drudgery; straight he carries me and the Will together, and changes his Name, so that the Raskal who a moment before had no other Title about the House, but *you Son of a Whore, you bulk-begotten Cur, you Scoundrel*, must now be call'd his Worship, his Excellency, and the Lord knows what. The best on't is, that this Mushroom puts all these Fellows Noses out of Joint, who expected mighty Legacies, but now shaking their Heads each at his Companion, they Condole one another that the Pike had broke, and escaped out of the Nets, after they had been at the expence of providing him a bait. But now to observe our young Spark's Management, the silly ignorant Fop runs full tilt upon me, and tho' he is still afraid of Chains, and should he hear any one smack a Whip, wou'd prick

prick up his Ears and tremble, and reveres a House of Correction like a Temple. This Fop, I say, becomes insupportable to all that fall into his Company, affronts Gentlemen, and orders his Fellow-slaves to be scourg'd, 'till at last he lights upon some dextrous Harlot, or takes up a fancy of keeping fine Horses, or else delivers himself to a pack of sordid fulsome Flatterers, who swear that he's handsomer than *Nireus*, better descended than *Cecrops*, or *Codrus*, craftier than *Ulysses*, and a thousand times richer than *Craesus*; and so squanders away in a moment all that mighty heap, which Perjury, Rapine, and all manner of Villany was so long a gathering.

Merc. Nay, I must needs own, it generally happens as you say: But still I am unsatisfied how, in the name of Wonder, you that are stone-blind are able to grope out your way; or how you come to know that the Persons *Jupiter* sends you to, are worthy of those Favours?

Plut. Why are you such a Coxcomb to believe that the People I am sent to are of my own finding out?

Merc. No, by the Lord, for I have still so good an Opinion of you, as to believe that if you had been at your own Liberty, you'd never have passed by honest *Aristides* to visit two such Raskals as *Hipponicus* and *Callias*, besides many more of the same stamp at *Athens*, who never deserved a Groat: But prithee what do you do when you are sent out upon such an Expedition?

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Plut. I ramble up and down, till at last I unawares light upon some Body or other; and the Party, whoever he is, that first lays his Hands upon me, carries me off as his own, and worships you, Brother *Mercury*, for finding a Treasure so unexpectedly.

Merc. What then, is my Dad *Jupiter* deceived, who thinks you only enrich such as he thinks deserve the Blessing?

Plut. He is, i'faith, little *Mercury*, and that not without good reason, since knowing me to be blind as I am, he sends me to find out a thing so difficult to be met with, a thing which is not in *verum natura*, and which *Lynceus* himself, as quick-sighted as he is, would never find out, 'tis so obscure and little. Now since Good Men are so scarce a Commodity, and Knaves rule the roast in all Cities, 'tis no wonder that I fall into the Hands of Men of that Complexion, who when they have once got me, will not easily part with me.

Merc. But how the plague do you make your escape so easily, when you are minded to leave them, since you don't know one step of the way.

Plut. Oh then I am as sharp-sighted as the Devil, and run like any Stag, but 'tis only at such times as I have an opportunity to run away.

Merc. But one Difficulty more still remains behind, and that is, how a God's Name it comes about, that you who are deprived of your Eyes, and, to deal familiarly with you, look as pale as a Green-sickness Girl, and are lame in to the Bargain? how it comes about,

bout, I say, that with all these noble Qualifications you should find such vast Shoals of Lovers, and humble Admirers, who are everlastingly gazing upon you, and if they enjoy you think themselves the happiest Men in the Universe. As on the contrary, if they fail in their Expectation, are weary of their Lives. Some of these Blades I have known in my time, who were so desperately in love with you, that they leapt headlong from a high Cliff into the bottom of the Sea, fancying themselves to be slighted by you, because you wou'd not bestow a kind glance upon them. Now I don't in the least question, but that if you are well acquainted with your self, you'll readily own, that if those Persons are downright mad that are possessed with this unaccountable Passion.

Plut. But do you fanſie then that I appear ſuch to them as I really am, that is to ſay, lame and blind, and with all my other Defects about me?

Merc. Why ſo I think, unleſs they too are blind.

Plut. They are not blind, old Friend of mine, but what's as bad, Error and Ignorance caſt ſuch a miſt before them that they ſee nothing in it's proper Colours: But this is not all, for to conceal my native deformity, I trick my ſelf with Gold and Jewels, and wear the moſt coſtly Apparel; ſo that the amorous Fops, imagining no Imperfections are concealed under ſo gaudy an out-ſide, fall desperately in love with me, and run mad if they don't enjoy me.

Indeed,

Indeed, if any one should strip me stark naked, and so show me to the Sparks, I don't doubt but they'd call themselves Sots, for throwing away their Affections on so deform'd and ugly a Mistress.

Merc. Well then, but when they are once grown rich, and have attained their desires, what, are they cheated again? For you know well enough, that if any one goes about to take away their Riches, they wou'd sooner lose their Heads than their beloved Wealth. The Devil's in them if then they are not sensible, that the Beauty they so very much admir'd, ow'd every thing to paint, and that was but slightly varnish'd over with Gold.

Plut. No, no, you're quite mistaken, for I have several things that help to set me off.

Merc. You'll tell a Friend, I suppose, what they are.

Plut. Listen then. As soon as any foolish Votary opens his Doors to let me into his House, there enters along with me in Masquerade, Pride, Folly, Madness, Laziness, Contumely, Deceit, and six hundred other Attendants of the same quality; with which termagant Guests his Mind is so taken up, that he admires what he ought to despise, and pursues what he ought to fly from. And as for my self, who introduced the aforesaid blessed Companions first into his Acquaintance, and am still attended by them: He dotes upon me to that excess, that he wou'd rather suffer all the Extremities in the World, than be obliged to be divorced from me.

Merc.

Merc. I cannot but wonder tho', that you are so light and so slippery, so hard to be kept, and so apt to run away, that a Body cannot tell how to take hold of you; but you whip away, by what strange Legerdemain the Lord knows, out of one's Fingers like any Eel or Serpent. On the other hand, Poverty is easie to be caught, and sticks like an ill Conscience when once obtained; for 'tis hung with crooked Hooks on every side, and when a Man is once caught by one of them, 'tis no easie matter to disentangle himself. But while we have been prating away our time here, we have forgot the better part of our Errand.

Plut. As how, prithee?

Merc. Why, we have neglected to carry *Thesaurus* along with us, and he's the principal Card we have to play.

Plut. Nay, don't trouble your Head about that Matter, for whenever I come to visit you Gentlemen in Heaven, I always leave him behind me upon Earth, where I strictly charge him to keep within Doors, and not offer to peep abroad, till he hears me calling to him.

Merc. So then let us make what haste we can to *Attica*; and, for your part, blind Friend of mine, do you take hold of my Coat here, and follow me till we reach the end of our Journey.

Plut. 'Faith you are in the right on't, *Mercury*, to conduct me in my way, for, without your Assistance, I might perhaps blunder upon *Hyperbolus*, or *Cleon*, or some such dignified Villain.—But hold, what noise is

this

this I hear! it seems to be that of Iron striking upon Stone.

Merc. 'Tis our Friend *Timon*, who is digging a rocky and mountainous Soil hard by. Bless me! how finely he's attended there. Let me see yonder's Poverty and Labour, and Strength, and Wisdom, and Fortitude, and several more of the Gang. Famine I find brings up the rear: And yet, after all, this latter'd Guard du Corps, Friend *Plutus*, is infinitely better than thine.

Plut. Come, *Mercury*, we had e'en as good troop back again, for we shall never do any good with a Fellow that has such an Army to stand by him.

Merc. However, old *Jove*, was of another Opinion, so you need not fear.

Poverty. Stay, thou Pimp-slaying Bully, and tell me, whither art thou carrying this lame and blind Fumbler here.

Merc. Why, we are dispatch'd by *Jove* to make a visit to *Timon*.

Pov. Very fine, and must *Plutus* then take *Timon* out of my Hands, after I have just disingag'd him from his Vices, consign'd him to the Tutorage of Wisdom and Labour, and bestow'd so much Pains to cultivate and polish him. Am I grown so despicable, or fit to be trampled upon, that you should rob me thus of my only Pupil, whom with all imaginable diligence I had fitted for the practice of Vertue? For so soon as that blind Seducer there gets the managing of him again, he will bloat him up with Arrogance and Contumely, and make him an effeminate, drowsie, foolish Creature, as formerly he was.

And

And lastly, when he has wore him to the stumps, and sucked all the Quintessence out of him; why then he'll send him back to me to take care of him.

Merc. Dispute no longer, old Beldam, for 'tis *Jove's* pleasure it should be so.

Pov. Nay, then I immediately vanish; but Labour and Wisdom, and the rest of you, come and follow me. And Pupil, take this for your Comfort before I leave you, that a few Day's Experience will teach you what a good Governess you have lost. One, that while she had the direction of you, season'd your Mind with wholesome Precepts, kept your Body in a state of Health and Vigour, made you entertain a just regard for her self, as she deserves, and to look upon the applauded Vanities of the Age, to be what they really are, but so many painted Trifles, and gilded Toys.

Merc. Well, now this ragged Regiment is gone, let us march up directly towards him.

Timon. How now, you idle Companions! what makes you here an' be hang'd, to come and disturb a poor Day-labourer at his Work thus? Get you gone, in the Devil's Name, you confounded Varlets, you fly Pick-pockets, or else I shall so pelt your cursed sides with Clods and Stones, that I shall make the place too hot for you.

Merc. Hold your Hand, *Timon*, for we are not Mortals, to be us'd so. I am *Mercury*, and my Companion's Name here is *Plutus*, and *Jupiter* having at last heard your Prayers, has dispatched us two to you; so now take

Take your fill of Wealth, a' God's Name,
and leave off this slavish and miserable
Life.

Tim. Tho' you are Gods, yet you may
e'en go and hang your selves, as the saying
is; for, to tell you my Mind freely, I have
an equal Aversion both to Gods and Men:
But that ill-favour'd blind Son of a Whore,
there, let him be what he will, I am fully re-
solved to knock his Brains out with my Spade,
that I am.

Plut. For Heav'n sake, *Mercury*, let us march
off in time, before this cross-grain'd old Mu-
tineer does us a Mischief. For my part, I
am mortally afraid of him.

Merc. Leave off this unmannerly Language,
let me advise you, *Timon*; lay aside this
churlish Temper, and falling down upon your
Marrow-bones, embrace your good Fortune
with open Arms. Once more become as
great as a Prince, once more set thy self at
the head of the *Athenian* Republick; and
while thou alone art flowing in all manner
of Delights, whip those hypocritical Ver-
min, those sniveling, driveling, ungrateful
Reprobates, and use them as they deserve.

Tim. Hark ye, Friend, you may save those
troublesome Lungs, if you please. As for me,
I have no occasion for either of you, or your
pimping Rhetorick; let me alone, and I live
as happy as the best of them all, so long as I
am able to use my trusty Spade, I don't care
a farthing for all the Princes in the World:
Mind that, you starch'd, formal young Beau
you, with a Plume of Feathers upon your
shoulders there.

D

Merc.

Merc. Why so sharp upon your Friends, old Gentleman, and do you think I'll ever carry such a sawcy churlish Answer to *Jupiter*? No, faith, you're mistaken; you may have some reason perhaps to vent your Spleen against Men, and to hate them, because you have been so unworthily treated by several of them: But you over-shoot your self, let me tell ye, when ye fall foul upon the Gods, who are your particular Friends, by the same token they have been pleased to take your ill usage into their Consideration.

Tim. Why troth, *Mercury*, I am very much beholding to you and *Jupiter* for all your Favours; however, I am fully resolved to have nothing to do with *Plutus* there, and as I take it, I am not a Man to be beaten from a Resolution.

Merc. What makes you so inveterate to him?

Tim. What makes me! I have very good Grounds on my side, I am sure: That cursed Devil there, whom I shall never forget, has in his time betray'd me into a thousand Inconveniences. *Imprimis*, He made me a prey to a parcel of supple, fawning Varlets, I mean Flatterers, who pick'd me to the very Bones. *Item*, He occasion'd some Rogues to contrive my Ruin. *Item*. He made me be envied. *Item*, He expos'd me to all sorts of Temptation, corrupted me with Luxury; and finally and lastly, to crown his other Blessings, he at last very fairly deserted me, and left me in the lurch. On the other hand, *Poverty*, while I continued under her Jurisdiction, exercised me in Labour worthy of a Man.

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liv'd freely and sincerely with me, supplied me with all the Necessaries of Life, out of the sweat of my Brows, taught me to condemn those Trifles so warmly courted by the rest of the World, made me to depend solely and wholly upon my self for my Sustenance, and instructed me what are the true substantial Riches, which neither a slavish Flatterer, nor hectoring Informer, nor the provoked Populace, nor a mercenary Haranguer, nor an enraged Tyrant can take away. Thus while hardened by daily Labour, I employ my self in digging this Field, as I see none of those Villanies that are committed in that abominable City; so my Spade furnishes me with all things necessary to the Sustentation of Life. And so, Friend *Mercury*, you may e'en return the same way you came, and carry that limping Spark there back again to *Jupiter*; who, you may tell him, would everlastingly oblige me, if distributing his Punishments impartially as he ought, he wou'd make all Mankind to howl and roar.

Merc. No, you must excuse me there, *Timon*, for all Mankind don't deserve to be so used: But prithee lay aside this froward childish Humour, and open your Arms to receive honest *Plutus*. To be plain with you, you should not in good Manners reject any of the Presents that come from *Jupiter*.

Plut. Come, *Timon*, will you give me leave to maintain my Cause against you, and if I deliver my self openly, and without reserve, you won't take it amiss.

Tim. Do so, but hark ye, Friend, let me have none of your damn'd Rhetorical Flourishes, nor insignificant, long-winded Preambles, such as those everlasting Praters the Orators use to tire the Metaphor-ridden People with in *Athens*: For honest *Mercury's* sake here, I'll give you the hearing, provided you'll be as Compendious as you can.

Plut. That's not fair dealing tho', for as you have accused me upon several Heads, so you ought to give me time to clear them all. But tell me now, in what single particular I have ever injur'd you, as you pretend, who have advanc'd you to all the agreeable things of Humane Life, as Honour, Magistracy, golden Crowns, and other desirable Pleasures? You may thank me for being so much taken notice of, and respected in the Place where you lived. But if you suffer those cursed Vermin call'd Flatterers to ride you at pleasure, and bring you into any Inconveniencies, 'tis no fault of mine, you may e'en thank your self: Nay, to set the Saddle on the right Horse, 'twas you rather affronted me, who gave me up so infamously to those insufferable Raskals that praised you, forsooth, and cajol'd you with fair Stories, while the drift of their Design was to get me into their unrighteous Possession. And then, as for the last Branch of your Accusation, viz. That I betray'd you, 'tis so far from being true, that I may justly return it upon your self. Did you not turn me headlong out of your House? Did you not shamefully discard me your Service? And therefore, if instead of the costly and soft Apparel which I bestow'd

bestow'd upon you, you are glad to take up with a homely Plad, the badge of your good Friend Poverty; 'tis your own doing and none of mine. *Mercury* there can bear me witness how earnestly I begg'd of *Jupiter* not to send me to you, since I had suffered such abominable scurvy usage at your Hands.

Merc. But you see, *Plutus*, what a wretched Figure he makes now. Let that incline you to Compassion, and once more take up your Quarters with him. Come, old *Timon*, let me see you dig now for a Wager, and Brother Deity, do you lay him a substantial Treasure under his Spade: He'll soon find it out, if you leave it there.

Tim. I find I must comply with you then, and be Rich again in spite of my Teeth. However, I wash my Hands of the Sin, since 'tis meer Compulsion on my side, but one must needs go when these devilish Gods are resolved to drive him. But consider, Gentlemen, into what an Ocean of Miseries you go to plunge a poor Wretch, who having lived in a happy state for a long while, and committed no enormous Sins, as he knows of, is now punished with so much Wealth, and consequently with so much Care the constant Attendant of it.

Merc. Come, *Timon*, prithee bear it for my sake, altho' I own 'tis hard and grievous, yet prithre accept on't, that those flattering Raskals may break their Hearts at the News. In the mean time, I'll go strait to *Aetna*, and so to Heaven.

Plut. Our Friend *Mercury's* gone, I see: How lustily the Rogue plys his Wings in the Sky there. But, *Timon*, don't you budge from this Place, for as soon as I go I shall send *Theſaurus* to you. Dig deep there, old Boy. I charge you, *Theſaurus*, to be obedient to *Timon*, and to rise up at the powerful stroke of his Spade. Dig deeper, *Timon*. Well, now I have brought you together, I'll e'en go my way like a true Pimp of this World, and leave you to your selves.

Tim. Well then, trusty Spade of mine, see you do your Master's Business effectually, and don't you give off till you bring *Theſaurus* forth-coming. But, in the Name of *Jupiter*, the Father of Wonders, of my Friends the *Corybantes* and *Mercury* the Gold-finder, how the plague came I by all this Gold? 'Tis of the right damning, murdering Colour I see. But am I awake, or is it only a Dream? I begin to fear that all this mighty Treasure will dwindle to nothing, when I come to my self again. Upon better Examination I find 'tis delicious, worshipful, honourable, sandy-colour'd, most beautiful Gold,

The greatest Bliss that Mortals can enjoy,

as a learn'd Author has it, which also as Friend *Pindar* says, glittering like Fire shines day and night. Welcome, my most Beloved, most Amiable, most Charming, Rosie-cheeked Mistress. Now at last, I believe, that *Jupiter* turned himself into this delicious Metal, for what Virgin alive cou'd be so hard-hearted to refuse the Addresses of such an agreeable

agreeable

agreeable coming to pay her a Visit through the Tiles. O *Midas* and *Cræsus*, of Opulent Memory, you're not to be nam'd the same Month with *Timon* here ! and Oh, ye Treasures of *Delphos*, that have been so long a gathering by those rapacious Jugglers, the Oracle-mongering Priests, strike fail, as in Duty bound, to *Timon's* Wealth ; whose Shooes the King of *Persia* does not deserve to carry after him, and all the Monarchs of the East are not fit to hold his Stirrups. — Well, my most beloved Mattock, and thou my most faithful Spade, how shall I requite your good Service. I will decently hang you up in some neighbouring Church, and there you shall keep Holiday to the end of the Chapter. As for my self, I'll buy me some lonely spot of Ground, far from the Infection of any Town, and build a small Tower there to secure my Wealth. 'Twill be large enough for me to live in, and when I am dead, I design to be buried there. Now for the better managing of my Life for the future, let me observe the following Rules, and let them be as unalterable as fate. First, I renounce all manner of Correspondence whatever with that Villainous two-legg'd Creature call'd Man. I utterly despise him and all his Works, and don't so much as know there's such a cursed Animal in *verum natura*. Secondly, Those specious Names of Friend, Guest, Companion, Mercy and Charity, I pronounce to be meer unintelligible Jargon, and to relieve the Poor, to pity the afflicted, I say, 'tis the most heinous Transgression in the World, and an impudent viola-

tion of the Rules of Morality. But a solitary Life, such as those blessed Creatures the Wolves lead, is the only happiness on this side the *Elysian* Fields. Have a care, *Timon*, be a Friend to none but thy self, look upon the rest of Mankind to be Dogs, Bears, Rogues and Traitors; think it the greatest Crime imaginable to converse with any of them, and score that Day for an unlucky one ('twill infallibly be so) when 'tis thy misfortune to meet one of the Species. In short, make no more reckoning of them, nor so much neither, than of so many Statues of Stone or Brass. Make no Articles, no Treaties with them, receive none of their Ambassadors. Let Solitude everlastingly separate you; but the Names of Kinsfolks, Relations, Citizens, Countrymen, and Country it self, be they for ever damn'd and obliterated for sawcy Impositions upon Mankind; and a parcel of useless, insignificant Terms, affected only by Vain-glorious Fools and Coxcombs. Let *Timon* alone be Rich, let him cast a scornful Eye at all the rest, let him only take pleasure in himself, and despise the nauseous Praises and fulsome incense of Flatterers. Let him offer Sacrifice to the Gods by himself, let him feast by himself, be Neighbour and Guest and every thing to himself. And, Lastly, When the happy Hour of Death comes, when he's to lay down this tiresome burthen of Life, let him wear a Garland on his Temples, and give himself a merry Entertainment at parting. Lastly, May his best-beloved, his holiday Name be that of the Man-hater; let his Deportment be morose, his Nature be cholerick,

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Ierick, Fierce and not troubled with any
 Queamish fits of Humanity. If 'tis his good
 Fortune to see any one just expiring in
 the Flames, and crying out to him for help,
 let him inflame his Reckoning, by throwing
 Pitch and Oyl into the Fire to cool his Li-
 ver, and if in the depth of Winter he be-
 holds a Man carried away by a Flood, and
 with extended Hands begging to re-
 scue him, instead of drawing him out,
 let him fouse his Head under the Water,
 that he may live to be a plague to the World
 no longer; if he follows this Course, he may
 chance to quit scores with Mankind before
 he dies. These Laws were devised by *Timon*
the Son of Echicrates, who found Paper,
 Pen and Ink, drew up the Form of them,
 collected the Votes, and stamped the
 Royal Authority upon them. 'Be it there-
 fore enacted by *Timon's* Most Excellent Ma-
 jesty, with the advice and consent of his
 Reason and Will; and of the subservient
 Faculties of his Soul in this present Parlia-
 ment Assembled, and by the Authority of the
 same, that they for ever continue in Force;
 any Usages, Customs, Precedents, or Laws
 to the contrary notwithstanding. But, how
 it would tickle my Imagination, that all the
 World knew how rich and Wealthy I am;
 the fatal news wou'd destroy and sweep a-
 way more People, than a thundering Plague,
 or a Deluge. Ha! no sooner wished but
 it happens; Lord what a Crowding, Swea-
 ting, and Justling is here! How the Rogues
 press forward, covered over with Dust, and
 panting for want of Breath. I wonder how
 they

they got the scent of the Gold in their Noses; well! what shall I do in this Case? shall I climb this Hill, and pelt the Raskals with Stones, or shall I for once dispense with my Laws, and vouchsafe to talk with them, that when they find themselves scoundrel'd so, they hang themselves out of despair and dye. This last I look upon to be the wisest Course, and therefore I'll stay here to receive them. Let me see what forward Coxcomb's this that leads the Van, Oh! I see 'tis *Gnathondides*, a most profligate smiling Villain, who when I came to take a Supper with him, very fairly bad me go hang my self, tho' the greedy Cormorant has often drank off his whole Hogshead at my House; by the same token that he has thrown it up again before he got Home. I am glad with all my Heart that he's come to make me a Visit, for I am resolved to jirk his Sides immoderately.

Gnath. 'Tis no more than what I always said wou'd happen. I knew the Gods cou'd never be such Devils, as to neglect so worthy, and honest a Gentleman as *Timon*. I'll e'en go and accost him. Good morrow *Timon*, thou most beautiful, agreeable, pretty young Gentleman; well how go Affairs pray, Sir?

Tim. Only a Thousand Curses light on thee, for the most voracious of all two-legged Vultures, and the most insupportable of all two-legged Rogues.

Gnath. Ah Lord Sir, I see you keep up your old merry Humour still; you love dearly to rally and break a Jest. Well, but have you got a noble Supper for us to
Night,

light, and Plenty of delicious Inspiring
aret. Hark ye, *Timon*, I have got a Virgin
song for ye, just new composed, and smells
the Gamut; 'twill make your Heart dance
within you, old Boy. A very pretty she
layer, I vow to Gad, that I have an Interest
taught it me this Morning.

Tim. If you don't get ye about your Business
immediately, I shall be very apt to spoil your
nose with this rude Instrument, this Spade
here.

Gnath. Confound him! what a Blow he
has given me. What's this for old Touch-
wood, bear Witness *Hercules*, that he has
struck me; I warrant you I shall make you
repent of this Blow. I'll endite you upon
an Action of the Case, and bring you *coram*
nobis, for an Assault and Battery.

Tim. Do, thou confounded Law-pimp, do,
but if thou stay'st one minute longer, I'll
beat thee to Pap, I'll make thy Bones
rattle in thee, like three blue Beans in a blue
bladder. Go Stinkard, or else I shall make
you alter your Action, and get me indited
for Man-slaughter.

Gnath. Come, you have had your Frolick,
let me have mine: Apply a little Gold to the
wounded place to heal it, there's nothing in the
Universe stops the flux of Blood so effectually
as that does, *Probatum est*.

Tim. What, do ye stand muttering here
still, Impudence?

Gnath. Before I go take my Blessing with
thee. May a Legion of Diseases here, and
of Furies below plague thee, for dealing so
unhandsomely by me.

Tim.

Tim. What Bald-pated Fellow's this that comes puffing and blowing so; Oh 'tis *Philades*, the most nauseous abominable Flatterer breathing. I bestowed upon this Monster a pretty Farm in the Country, gave him two Talents towards his Daughter's Portion, and all for commending my Singing at a certain Place, where no body besides had the Impudence to do it. He swore he was perfectly charm'd with the Sweetness of my Pipe, and that never an Eunuch of them all was to be compared to me. But to see what a vile Monster Man is! when I went to visit him in my late Sickness, not knowing where to bestow my self better, he order'd me to be severely bastinadoed for my Impudence.

Pbil. Oh Heaven what a strange World 'tis we live in, to see what store of Brasses some Fellows carry in their Constitution, a pox on them, now they can come crouching to my Lord *Timon*, who not two Hours ago wou'd have run from him, as if he had got an Infection. There's *Gnathonides* forsooth came to have his snack of the Supper I warrant you, but his Excellence has broke his Pate as deserved for his Ingratitude; we tho' we are his intimate Acquaintance of the same Age and Country, and Humour exactly, yet we behave our selves modestly, lest we should seem to forget our Distance. Most Honourable Sir, a happy Morn attend you, let me with all due deference advise you to have a care of Flatterers, for they are a self-ended, and execrable Generation, who are always hovering about People's Tables

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bles, and differ from Ravens in nothing but
 their Shape. Have a care I beseech you, good
 Sir, of the Men of this profligate Age, they
 are all as rotten as a Pear, and as ungrate-
 ful as the Devil can make them. Alas, Sir,
 I was just coming to wait upon you with a
 Talent, to employ it upon your Necessities
 as you saw convenient, when I learnt the
 happy news upon the Road, that you were
 arrived to a prodigious Wealth again. I was
 ready to leap out of my Skin at the News,
 so carried the Hundred Pound back to my
 House; however out of my great Affection,
 I presumed to come and lay this Advice at
 your Feet, tho' perhaps I might very well
 have spared my Pains, since you are a-
 ble to direct even *Nestor* for the better, if
 there were occasion for it.

Tim. That may be, dear Sir; but pray
 come hither that I may give you a gentle
 Stroke with my Spade, for old Acquaintance
 sake.

Pbil. Take warning from me good Neigh-
 bours, how you bestow your Advice for the
 Future. This ungrateful Person here has
 broke my Head, for only putting him in
 mind of some things that were for his Ad-
 vantage.

Tim. Yonder's a third Man coming to-
 wards me; by his Gate it should be the
 Orator *Demeas*, carrying a bundle of Papers
 in his Hand. This is one that has the Im-
 pudence to call me Cousin, and indeed I have
 paid dearly for the Relation: He was fined
 to pay the City Fifteen Talents, and to tar-
 ry in Prison till the whole was paid; but
 not

not being able to lay down so great a Sum, I took pity of his Condition, and set him at Liberty. And yet when the lot fell upon him to divide some Money that was due to the Tribe of *Erichtheus*, I went to him to pay what was due to me, and the Dog told me flatly to my Face, that I was not a Citizen.

Dem. Hail, *Timon*, the chief supporter of thy Family, the prop of *Athens*, the Ornament of *Greece*: Vast shoals of the People to whom thou art deservedly so dear, and both the Courts of Judicature have been this long while big with Expectation to see so celebrated a Person. But first be pleased to hear what a Decree I both penn'd my self, and got to pass in thy Favour; 'Whereas *Timon* the Son of *Echicratides*, born at *Collyto*, a Person not only to be valued upon the score of his great Probity and Integrity, but likewise inferior to none in *Greece* for his profound Wisdom, has done his Country so many considerable Services, and besides has signalized himself so happily at the Olympick Games, that on the very same day he won the Prize for Wrestling, Leaping, Running, Boxing, and at the Horse-race,——

Tim. Why you confounded Bantering Whore-son, I never so much as saw those Sports in my Life time.

Dem. Phaw that signifies nothing, you'll see them one time or other; — 'then behaved himself last Year in the Republicks Service with great Gallantry near *Acarman*, and cut two Armies of the *Peloponnesians* to Pieces.—

Tim.

Tim. How the plague can that be, you
ing Orator, I never trailed a Pike, nor
ried Arms since I was born. This long-
inded Cur wou'd perswade a Man out of
is Name I think.

Dem. Lord Sir, we are but too well ac-
quainted with your great Modesty, the
World would rail at us for a parcel of un-
grateful Fellows, if we shou'd not do both
ou and our selves this Justice, but to pro-
ceed.— And besides has done the Publick con-
siderable Service in framing Laws, and Con-
sultations, and the Administration of War.
It has seemed good to the Magistrates, Com-
mon Council, and the People, to all in Ge-
neral, and each Man in particular to erect
a Golden Statue of *Timon*, near that of *Pal-
las*, holding a Thunderbolt in his right
Hand, and having Rays about his Head, and
to crown him with seven Golden Crowns,
and that these Crowns shall be exhibited to
Day (this being the Festival of *Bacchus*) by
the new *Tragedians*. *Demeas* the Orator ra-
tified this Decree, being a near Relation,
and an humble Admirer as well as Disci-
ple of *Timon*, who is infallibly the greatest
Orator in the World, and in fine any thing
that pleases him. Wherefore I have with the
profoundest Respect brought this Decree to
thee, and cou'd wish I had brought my
own Son along with me to kiss thy Hands,
whom after thee I have presumed to name
Timon.

Tim. But how can that be, *Demeas*, you
were never married in your Life, as far as
I can hear.

Dem.

Tim.

Dem. Next Year will serve my turn full as well, and then I faith I'll pick me a good fruitful likely Lafs, and get Children out of her Everlastingly; She'll bring me a Boy I know by my Hand, and I shall as certainly call him *Timon*.

Tim. There's a Box on the Ear for you, you prating Coxcomb, and now let me see whether you'll be as good as your Word, and marry a young Wife for my Sake.

Dem. Hey day! What a plague's the matter now? Why, how now *Timon*, do you set up for a Tyrant already, and offer to beat a Freeman, who are neither a Freeman your self, nor so much as a Citizen. But I'll take care you shall be had before your betters for this, and several other Trangressions, and particularly for setting the Tower on Fire.

Tim. Thou Impudent Pettifogger, made up of nothing but perjury, Lyes, and Nonsense, dost thou not know that the Tower is still standing? 'Tis now a plain Case, that thou would'st swear through a two-inch Board to gratify thy Malice.

Dem. Nay then I'll swear you broke into the Treasury, and got all your Wealth that way.

Tim. If you do, 'tis so barefaced a lye, that not a Boy in Town will believe you.

Dem. It may be broke open hereafter; in the mean time you have got all the Riches of it into your Possession.

Tim. Say you so you confounded Evidence? Take t'other Salutation o'er the Shoulders for that.

Dem.

Dem. What a devilish fist he has? Oh my Bones! Oh there!

Tim. Don't you make a noise, Sirrah, least you remind me to give you another proof of my Strength. Wou'd it not be a very ridiculous thing if I, who unarmed routed two Armies of *Lacedæmonians*, should not be able to crush one miserable Poltroon to Atoms. Besides what should I be the better for winning the Prizes at the Olympick Games——But hold, who comes here? *Thrasycles* the Philosopher? 'Tis the very same, Lord what a swinging Beard he wears: Then he comes wrinkling his Forehead all the way, and muttering some mighty matter I warrant you to himself. He makes a very dreadful Figure with his Hair curled o'er his Forehead, and looks exactly like *Boreas*, or one of his puffing Brethren in the corner of an old fashioned Map. This demure Blade who seems to be a pattern of Frugality, for his Habit and other Expences, who has got all the Paces of a Saint; you cannot imagine how he cants it in a Morning, and Preaches about Sobriety, and Vertue, and the Lord knows what. He damns all those for a parcel of Reprobates, that condescend to so un-sanctified a thing as Pleasure, and will talk ye about Frugality and other Temperance, and abundance of such other musty Vertues. But if ever you can get this sanctified Rascal to a plentiful Entertainment, where he can fill his sanctified Guts *gratis*, and the Dog presents a full Brimmer to his Nose (for you must know he has an utter abomination to a small Glass) he trowls me it down

as if it were but common water, and then he falls upon the Victuals like a Vulture, lays his Talons upon whole Joints, beats off his Neighbour with his Elbow, and fills his venerable Beard with Sawce and Crums. In short he furiously lays about him like a half starved Hound, and examines every Dish as nicely as if Madam Vertue had lurked in one corner of it; nor is this all, for he licks the bottom of all the Plates that so nothing may escape him. He is still in the grumbling Strain, as if the worst bits fell to his Share, and tho' he takes a whole Ragoë, or Dish to himself, yet what shows him to be an insatiable Glutton, and wholly abandoned to his Belly; he takes care to fill up every chink with good Wine, till at last the nauseous Sot falls a dancing and singing, and to crown the Scene engages himself in some foolish Quarrel, and for the Reward of his good Manners has his Head broke with a Quart-pot. All the while this Coxcomb is taking off his Cups, he usurps the greater part of the Conversation to himself, and harrangues very plentifully about Sobriety and Temperance, by the same token he makes himself ridiculous to the Company by a World of apish Gestures; the effect of his Wine, and at last leaves his Dinner and Wine behind him under the Table. When he is grown too nauseous to be endured any longer, some of the Servants carry the Spark out of the Room, who hangs very lovingly about the Arms of a singing Girl; tho' to give the Monster his due, Drunkenness is not his only Sin; for when he's Sober he comes behind

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kind few People either for Covetousness,
 lying or Impudence. To dispatch the re-
 mainder of his Character, he's the most ab-
 sect, fawning Slave alive, and makes no difficulty
 of forswearing himself, you may set him a-
 gainst all Mankind for his Dexterity in
 cheating, and for a stock of Assurance no-
 thing can match him. In fine he's a Person
 that knows the World better than any one,
 and is extremely well acquainted with the
 whole *Encyclopædia* of Villiany; a true elab-
 orate finished Rascal, and for all he ap-
 pears so demure now that you'd think but-
 ter wou'd not melt in his Mouth; yet I shall
 soon make him open his Pipes, and roar like
 a persecuted Bear——why how now *Tbra-*
sycles are you come to make me a Visit? This
 is a Favour, I cou'd never have expected
 from you.

Tbras. To deal honestly with you, Friend
Timon, I don't come to visit you for the
 same sordid Reason as most of these trou-
 blefome People before me have done, who
 finding you to be a plain unartificial Man, of
 an easy Temper and Open-handed, make
 their Court to your Bags, and hope to fill
 their Guts at your Table. No I am far from
 Entertaining any such mean Thoughts. You
 know I am no Dinner-Hunter, no Admirer
 of your things when they come first in Sea-
 son. An Onion, a Leaf or two of Lettuce,
 or any sort of Sallad serves my turn well e-
 nough, and when I have a mind to regale my
 self, I season my Herbs with a little Salt.
 As for my Drink I never go farther than
 the next Fountain, and this old fashion'd

thread bare Cloak, pleases me better than the richest Purple or Scarlet. I hate and abominate even the mention of Gold, and value it no more than the meanest Pebbles on the Shore. 'Tis for your sweet sake and not my own that I came to wait upon you lest that unsanctified wicked thing called Money, which has done so much mischief in the World, and occasioned the cutting of so many Throats should debauch you, and pervert your Mind from the ways of Vertue. If your Worship wou'd be advised by so unworthy a Person as my self, I wou'd e'en counsel you to throw all your Wealth into the Sea, for what necessity does any honest Man lie under to carry Money in his Pockets, who may supply all his Occasions by his Philosophy. But yet, dear Sir, you need not throw them into the bottom of the Sea, neither only walk if you please a few Paces from the Shore, till you are Knee deep, and then drop your Bags, while no body but I looks on. However if your Excellency does not approve of this Advice, I have a better Conduct to offer to your Wisdom; and that is to throw every Penny you have out of your Doors, with all the convenient haste you can. Let me entreat you, Sir, don't leave so much as one Farthing in your Breeches, but like a noble Gentleman give your Gold to all that have Occasion for it; a foolish Sum of Fifty Pound to this honest Fellow, another Hundred Pound Bag to that poor Wretch, a Thousand to a Third, and so on till you have cleared your Hands of this same pernicious Pelf. And then if you chance to meet

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With a Philosopher, there's all the reason in the World you should give him a double or treble share of your Liberality. And as for myself, tho' I profess to you *in verbo Philosophi*; that I don't value money this; yet because I wou'd willingly have something to relieve the necessities of my Friends in Want, if you wou'd but be so kind to fill this foolish insignificant Wallet for me, (it does not hold a quarter of a Peck upon my Word) t'wou'd be more than enough I'll assure you, and you'd Everlastingly oblige me in to the Bargain. For really dear Sir, a Philosopher ought to be content with a little, and never to let his Desires ramble beyond his Wallet.

Tim. Why truly, honest *Thrasycles*, I must needs own I approve of your sage Advice, and to let you see what an Impression it has made upon me; prithee, now before you fill your Wallet, let me bestow a few hearty Blows upon that villainous Head of thine, and for fear you shou'd depart in my Debt, let me make up the Sum by laying this Spade upon your Shoulders.

Thras. Here's fine work I faith, what will this impudent World come to I wonder; where are our Laws, what is become of Justice, that honest Men shou'd be so notoriously abused by a vile Two-handed Ruffian.

Tim. Why how now, old Hypocrisy, what a Devil makes you so Cholerick? Tell me, have I ever defrauded you of one single Farthing. If you are not content with this, I shall take care to discharge the Reckoning, and beat your grave Carcass most immoderately—

Ha! what's the matter I wonder, I think all the World are coming to plague. Yonder *Blepsias*, and *Laches*, and *Gniphon*, a leash of Rascals well matched, besides a Thousand other Rogues that must receive Correction from my Hands. But what shall I do? I'll e'en climb to the top of that Hill, since my poor Spade is weary, and almost batter'd in the Service, and from thence I'll so maul them with a shower of Stones, that every Mother Son of them shall be glad to fly the Pit.

Bleps. Hold, hold *Timon*, stop your Hand, we are going as fast as our Feet can carry us.

Tim. No matter for that you confound Raskals, I'll take care to send you all Home with broken Heads, and bloody Noses.

Of those that for hopes of
Preferment, or for a Pen-
sion, live in great Men's
Houses.

By Mr. *THO. BROWN.*

The ARGUMENT.

Lucian addresses the following Discourse; which is a severe invective against a precarious Life to one Timocles, a Friend of his, who it seems

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had shown an Inclination to put himself in some Nobleman's Service. He shows the Fatigues, the Slavery, the Miseries, of such a Station that it is below any thing that writes himself Man, but especially one of Learning and a liberal Education. He answers all the wretched excuses that are used to be made by those Persons who thus Sacrifice their Liberty, and submit to be Slaves to impetuous Masters, that babble them with hopes of Preferment, and reward the Attendance of many Tears with mighty Promises, and no Performances. In short it is a most excellent and useful Satyr, and with a little Alteration might be fitted for the Meridian of all Modern Dependances, by what Names or Titles soever dignified or distinguished.

WELL, my dear Friend, where shall I begin, or how shall I end if I once undertake to recount all the infamous Things, which those little Creatures are obliged to act and suffer, who for the sake of a Pension live abroad and court to be admitted into the Friendship of great Men, if I may be allowed to call a real Slavery by so sacred a Name. For I am not unacquainted with many, and indeed most of the things that attend this sort of Life, not that I ever laboured under such hard Circumstances (for thanks to my Stars they never drove me upon the necessity of making the Experiment my self, and I hope they never will) but that several of these unhappy Wretches made me a full Discovery of them. Some of whom still struggling with these Difficulties, related to me not without Tears,

how many prodigious Burthens they were forced to bear; and others as if they had broke out of a Prison enumerated with the greatest Pleasure in the World, what a series of Miseries they had gone thorough and now happily escaped. And indeed the latter of these seemed the worthier of Belief, as being the Persons who (if I may be permitted to use the Expression) had passed through all the Rites and Ceremonies of this mysterious Life, and knew every thing from the Beginning to the end. Upon this Score I did not hear them lazily and unattentively as we use to do those poor Tarpaulins, that persecute People with damn'd Stories of their being Shipwrecked, and how miraculously they escaped. Of which sort we have abundance in our Temples with their Heads shaved, that talk of nothing but Waves as high as Mountains, of storms and Rocks, of Masts broke assunder, of Helms carried away, and the Devil and all. But what ought never to be forgotten, the Appearance of *Castor* and *Pollux*; (for without these Blades the Tragedy is not worth a Farthing) or in short any other God from a Machine standing upon the Helm, or sitting squat upon the Main-mast gently directing the Ship towards some soft Shore, where it no sooner arrived but it staved to pieces by degrees, and the Passengers came safe to Land, and that by the Assistance and Favour of the kind relieving Deity. In fine these Fellows so dexterously manage the several Scenes of this sham-Tragedy, that they draw considerable Alms out of the Pockets of their Hearers, who

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don't only look upon them as objects of their Charity, but as Persons that have some Interest with their maker. Now to apply this θεοφιλῆς tedious long-winded Simile, while the above-mentioned Gentlemen were telling me what Storms and Tempests they have undergone in the Houses of Great Men; how when they first set sail the Sea was Calm, how the Wind chopt about afterwards, what Hardships they suffer'd during all this Voyage, either when they were thirsty, or Sea-sick, or pickled in Brine; and how at last the unhappy Vessel struck against some treacherous Rock, or bed of Sand, and they swam to Shore with great difficulty, dropping with wet, naked and destitute of all the Necessaries of Life; tho', I must confess, this Representation was lamentable enough in all Conscience, yet, in my Opinion, they told me but half their History, concealing several things out of shame, or designedly forgetting them. However, by frequent Conversations with these People, I came at last to find out all the Miseries, the Hardships and Fatigues that are peculiar to this way of living, and you must pardon me, my dear *Timocles*, if I give my self the trouble to recount them to you at large, because they may be serviceable to one in your Condition, who, unless I am mistaken, have some thoughts to settle in this Station: For, I remember, that once there happen'd a Discourse about this Business, and one in the Company began to say abundance of fine things in Commendation of this scoundrel, mercenary Life, affirming them to be the happiest Men alive, not only in regard that they had

had the Ear of Persons of Quality, far'd deliciously on free cost, lived in stately Palaces, used all sorts of Recreation, and, if they pleased, took the Air in one of their Lord's Coaches; but because the Rewards of their Services were highly advantageous, and that all things dropt upon them without the drudgery of ploughing and sowing. All the while the Fellow enlarged himself upon this Chapter, I minded how wonderful attentive you were to his Discourse, and how prepared to swallow the bait. Therefore that I may lie under no ill Imputations for the future, nor give you (my Friend) any occasion to arraign me, that when I saw you swallow the Gudgeon, I did not hinder you, nor pluck it out before it was got into your Throat, nor advise you against it, but when you had gorg'd the Hook I stood by, seeing you led up and down, when you were pass'd hopes of recovery, and when I cou'd do you no good, sit down and wept. I say to prevent you wholly from making such terrible Recriminations to me, which I confess were they once made, I cou'd not tell how to answer them honestly, but must needs own my self guilty of breach of Friendship, for not assisting you with my Advice, I have thought it convenient to lay open the true state of the Affair impartially, and without Prejudice, before you. And I intend to deal so fairly with you that so then if when you have diligently considered the shape, the make and Figure of the Hook, and have try'd it in your Mouth, you imagine it is neither so dangerous nor so sharp, as is commonly believed,

believed, reckon me for a timorous Coxcomb, and, a God's Name, set up this Fishery as soon you please. But tho' speaking in general Terms, this whole Harangue was composed for your sake, yet it may be serviceable, not only to the Philosophers and Persons that make profession of Gravity, but likewise to Grammarians, Rhetorick and Musick-Masters, and, in short, to all others who intend to make Advantage by their respective Faculties. Now, as the Case of all of them is much the same, and they are treated alike, it is evident, that the Condition of the Philosophers is so far from being preferable to the rest, that it is really more scandalous, since the severe Masters that hire them show them no more Respect, and reward them no better than their Fellows. But whatever discoveries may be made in this Narration, the blame of it in the first place ought to be laid on those that do such things, and in the next on those that suffer and submit to them. As for my self, no body ought to find fault with me, unless Truth and Sincerity and freedom of Speech are Criminal. At the same time I never thought it worth the while to dissuade such incurable Brutes, such unrepenting stupid Scoundrels as your tame Bullies, your sordid Flatterers, your grinning Buffoons; and, in fine, all your little low abject Slaves from this course of Life. No, I am well enough perswaded, that all Advice had been thrown away upon them, nor, indeed, if we rightly consider their Circumstances, ought we to blame them for not leaving their Patrons, altho' they are used like

like Dogs by them. The reason is plain, for these tame Monsters are only fitted for this way of living, and what is to be remarked can be no scandal to it, as they must certainly be to any other station. Besides this, they have nothing else to trust to, no other Business to follow, so that if this sort of Life were forbidden them, they must of necessity lie idle and starve. Upon this score neither can they be said to do any thing unworthy of themselves (for that is impossible) nor are their Patrons to be blamed, if they use them as they deserve, that is, scurvily. For these tame Monsters are accustomed from their Cradles to bear all manner of Abuses, and with such blessed Qualifications wriggle themselves into great Mens Houses, where their whole livelihood is to bear every thing that is laid upon them.

As I mentioned to you before, 'tis for the sake of the Learned that I have written this Discourse. It provoked my Indignation to see Gentlemen of good Education court a scandalous Slavery, and I will employ all my Art to inspire them with a true sence of Liberty, and make them free. I think it will not be amiss, if, after an Examination of those Reasons that People commonly alledge for their embracing this sort of Life, I demonstrate them to be weak and invalid; for by this means they will be disarmed of all their little Excuses, and of those frivolous Motives that led them to the choice of a voluntary servitude. Now the most universal and generally-pleaded reason is Poverty and the want of Necessaries. This they think
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sufficient to excuse their taking up this way of living : They imagine they have gained their Cause by saying, what they do is pardonable, especially since all their aim is to avoid the most troublesome Companion in the World, meaning Poverty. After this, old *Theognis* is called to their Assistance, and a famous Passage out of him is everlastingly in their Mouths.

And as if this were not enough, all the foolish terrible things that the meanest Sonnetiers have said of Poverty, are cited with great Ostentation. Now indeed if these wretched People did really, and to all intents and purposes quit themselves of Poverty by getting into great Families, it were something ; nor wou'd I be so earnest with them to retrieve themselves, and reassume their Liberty. But since a celebrated Orator has expressed himself, they take such puny things as squeamish Stomachs are used to do, how can they avoid the Imputation of neglecting their own true Interest, especially since the chief Argument why they chose this Life still sticks by them. For Poverty still sits upon their Skirts, they still lye under a necessity of receiving, and their Veils are not enough to lay up any thing. But let what will be given them, tho' in never so great abundance, it is spent in a Moment, and scarce suffices for their Use. 'Tis true, it wou'd be well if they did not feign such sort of Opportunities that retain Poverty, and increase instead of removing it ; and for that reason, as *Theognis* says, it ought to be thrown into the Sea from some high Precipice. But if a Man who is perpetually

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perpetually poor and craving, enters himself in some Person of Quality's Service, and is such a Sot as to think he avoids Poverty by doing so, he certainly cheats himself the most effectually in the World. On the other Hand, some Men will tell you, that they don't fear Poverty, no not they, but the Mischief on't is, that they can't get 'em Bread by their Industry, like the rest of their fellow Creatures. For, alas, what between old Age and Diseases they have lost all their strength; they want their Eye-sight, or else their Feet are so uncivil as to fail them, and this makes them betake themselves to a mercenary Life, as the easiest of all. Come then, let us see whether they speak truth, whether what is given comes easie; and lastly, whether they don't drudge full as much, if not more than other People to get their Bread; for that wou'd be a fine thing indeed if a Man cou'd arrive to the Art of making what Money he pleases drop into his Hands, without any other trouble or pains than that of receiving it. But God knows the case is quite different here, there is so much Fatigue and Attendance, and running up and down Stairs, and Disappointments in great Families, that let a Man's Constitution be never so strong it must sink under the pressure; there are a thousand things daily to be done which harras and tire an iron Body to the last degree. But this we'll reserve for a fitter Opportunity when we come to recount the rest of their Miseries. At present it is sufficient that we have shown that those Persons who say they ran into slavery for

for the abovementioned Cause, did not say the Truth.

It now remains that we discuss the last Cause, which, as it is indeed the truest of all, so 'tis urg'd the least, for a reason visible enough, and that is, that for the sake of Pleasure, or for great and mighty Expectations, or for their passion for Gold and Silver leap into great Mens Houses. They think themselves the happiest Men upon Earth if they cou'd but once attain to Feasting, and such like Entertainments, and hope in a short time to drink *aurum potabile*, and no body to hinder them. These are the true baits that allure them thither, and of Freemen make them downright Slaves: Not the want of Necessaries, as they pretend, but a wanton lusting after things of Luxury, and a blind ill grounded admiration of Wealth. And now, as some cunning experienc'd Coquetts, when they have got a passionate whining Milk-sop of a Lover, keep him at a distance, and treat him with disdain, in order to keep the poor Creature in a perpetual dependance on them, not so much as granting him the favour of a kiss for all his Services and waiting, because Enjoyment only helps to extinguish the Passion; and therefore care to prevent the dissolution of his Love, and still keep him in hopes, fearing least Despair should lessen the heat of his desire, or create an aversion in the Lover. For this reason they still smile upon him, still promise they will oblige him, and make him amends for the mighty Expence he has been at, until both Parties grow old, and are past the Age, he of loving, and she of obliging, and

and thus their whole Life was spent in expecting and hoping.

But to quit this melancholy Discourse, perhaps a Man were not to be blamed for bearing with several things upon the account of his Pleasure; but, on the other Hand, ought to be pardon'd for his Endeavours to obtain it, altho' it must be confess'd 'tis a most scandalous thing for one to sell himself to another, and to part with his Birth-right for his Pleasure, because the Satisfaction that arises from Liberty is infinitely sweeter; but however, he wou'd be in some manner excusable if he attained his End. But for the hope of Pleasure only to digest so many Affronts, and run through so much hurry and noise, is in my Opinion abominably ridiculous, especially since the Labours are certain, manifest and unavoidable, and besides the thing they hope, which is nothing in the World but Pleasure, never came near them after so many years pursuit, and in all probability will never visit, if we consider the thing fairly and impartially. *Ulysses's* Companions after they had once tasted sweet Lotus, neglected every thing else, and wholly possessed with their present Pleasure, despised better things; however, their forgetfulness of their Duty was not wholly senceless and unreasonable, since their Minds were intirely taken up with the sence of that Pleasure. Now if any one just ready to perish with Hunger, seeing another cram himself with Lotus, should stand by him all the while, out of a vain Expectation, that it may some time or other come to his turn to have this delicious Food

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profer'd him, and in the mean while his true Measures. Good God! how ridiculous wou'd this appear? Were all the stripes in *Homer* sufficient to correct so gross a folly? And yet the Expectations that lead People into the Families of Great Men, where they surrender up their Liberty to an insolent, imperious Patron, are the very same, or, as like them as can be. But perhaps it may be objected, that this severe Character does not belong to all, since there are some that meerly for the sake of Glory, and doing themselves Honour, covet the Conversation and Acquaintance of Persons of Quality; for there are such Sots in the World that look upon this to be Meritorious, and above the Ambition of ordinary Men. As for my self, I would refuse to live with the greatest Prince upon Earth, if I were to reap no Advantage by living with him.

Now since the reasons that tempt so many to embrace this Life, are just as we have related them; let us consider with our selves what sort of things are to be endured by them before they get admission, next what they must expect when they are fixed in this Station; and, lastly, how the Farce concludes with them. 'Tis not enough to say, that tho' these Services are troublesome, that they make an Atonement by being so easily apprehended, that there is no great labour or difficulty in them, that a willing Mind is all in all, and that a short time makes them familiar: For (to give you a rude sketch of this Life) you must be running up and down all the day, you must be knock'd up
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early in the Morning to go and cool your Heels at your Patron's levee ; you must bear it patiently when you are thrust out of Doors ; when you are put below an ill looked ill whistling Porter, or a sawcy Black, and are forc'd to redeem the remembrance of your Name with greasing the Fellow in the Hand. Besides this, you must wear Cloaths above your ability, and all for the honour of your Patron, you must chuse the Colour he fancies, for fear you disoblige his Eye-sight : You must perpetually follow him, or walk before him, and in the mean time must expect to be jostled by his Servants, while you only serve to fill up the Train. And he perhaps for several days will not vouchsafe so much as to look down upon you. Now suppose things fall out according to your Heart's desire, and he should condescend to take notice of you, and after he has sent for you ask you some Question, then a cold Sweat and a trembling fit seizes you, the standers-by laugh to see you in that Confusion, and often when the Man of Quality asks you who was King of the *Crecians*? You reply, that they sent a thousand Ships to *Troy*. And this modest Men will call Bashfulness, others of more sanguine Complexions will call Fear, and your Enemies will be sure to ascribe it to your ignorance. Thus having found the first Conversation of your affable Patron to be dangerous, away you go cursing the cowardice of your Temper. And thus after you have passed several tedious Nights without sleep, and as many Days in a continued perturbation, not for the sake of *Helena* or *Pri-*
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am's City ; but for the hope of a small nasty Allowance, and some tragick Divinity happens to be near you ; nothing now remains for you but to undergo an Examination, whether you are a Man of Learning or not ? And, to say the Truth, this Trial is not unpleasant to your Patron, for it makes him admir'd for his Lordship's great Parts, and his good Fortune applauded. But as for your self, you are under as great Agonies and concern of Mind as if your Soul, your Life, nay, your All were call'd in question. For you cannot forbear thinking with your self, that in case you come off ill here and happen to be rejected, no Body else will ever admit you. Thus you are distracted with a thousand sorts of Inquietudes, while you envy your Competitors (for you must suppose that others stand Candidates for the same Preferment, and that you imagine your self to answer every thing but indifferently) while divided betwixt Hope and Fear, you fix your Eyes upon your Patron, while you are ready to faint away if he neglects any thing you say, but rejoyce if he smiles at what you say, and support your self with mighty Hopes. Now it is reasonable to believe you have several profess'd Enemies, who would willingly have another put in your place, and each of them will lay private traps for you, and do you all the Injuries they can. In the next place, I wou'd have you consider, that some grave old Gentleman with a long Beard and gray Hair, is examin'd whether he is Master of any useful Learning, and that some are of Opinion he is, and others, that he is not. In

the mean time, all the several Stages of your Life are curiously enquired into, from your Cradle up to the present moment, so that if any one either out of Envy, or for some slight Provocation, traduces you, and brands you for an Adulterer; or a lover of Boys; he's immediately believed upon his Word, and you are discarded. But if all Men happen to concur in a good Opinion of you, they are suspected, and supposed to be brib'd by your Presents. Well, but admit every thing goes well on your side, and that you meet no rubs in your way, for upon this only supposition you are capable of attaining your Ends. For once we'll grant it, nay, let all things succeed beyond Expectation. Your Patron admires your great Learning, and his chief Acquaintance, in whom he reposes the chiefest Confidence, don't dissuade him from his Purpose. Besides, his Lady is very willing, and neither the Steward nor the Bailly gainsay it. No Body finds fault with your way of living, every thing falls out luckily for you, and not one ill-boading Omen appears. Now then, my fortunate Friend, you have won the prize, you are come off Conqueror. The Town's your own for ever, *Amalthea's* Horn is in your possession, and you will flow in all manner of Plenty. And surely it is but reasonable that since you have advanced so far you should find a liberal Recompence for your past Labours, not to be shammed with a pitiful Appointment, or postpon'd to his Grace's next Preferment at Court, to have your Pension paid you, as you have occasion for it, without Poundage, Deduction

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duction and Clamour, to be respected above the rest of the Family, to be freed from running up and down in the Dirt, from sitting up late, and rising early, the common Perquisites of a dependance; and what is the burden of the Prayer with all Persons in your Circumstances, to sleep full stretch'd at your ease, to have leisure hours to devote to your own Occasions; in a word, not to go a step farther than your Covenant obliges you, and do no more than what you were received into the House and hired for. To tell you the Truth, dear Friend of mine, things ought to be managed after this rate in Equity, and indeed it would be no great penance to wear a Yoke about one's Neck, provided it were light and easie, but especially if it were gilded over. But this is so far from being a true Representation of the Scene that nothing can be more, every particular Happiness I have been describing above is here wanting; and a thousand insupportable things daily happen in this wretched course of Life, that a Porter, one wou'd think, cou'd scarce be brib'd to submit to. Which, when you have heard particularly related to you, pray consider with your self, whether they are fit for any Gentleman to bear, who has made the least progress in Learning, or has had the least Education bestow'd upon him.

Now, if you please, I will begin at your Patron's Table, where 'tis but convenient you should commence your Acquaintance with him. One of his Servants, an affable courteous Fellow, comes to call you down to Dinner, whose Favour you are oblig'd to purchase

chase by stealing a Crown into his Hand least you should pass for a Person of ill breeding, and so forth. Then he drawing back, Lord, Sir ! fie, what do you mean ? I take any thing of you ? To which he adds, Heaven forbid ; but at last suffers himself to be over perswaded, relents, makes you a Leg, and laughs at you behind your Back for your folly. Then you putting on your sprucest Apparel, new wash'd and trimm'd, make your Appearance, all the while you were coming down Stairs, fearing lest you should come too soon, which is a piece of ill Manners, or too late, which is too troublesome. So observing the middle between those two Extreams, you arrive just in the nick of time, and are received with a great parade of Ceremonies. Then one of the Company taking you by the Hand, commands you to sit down a little below your Patron, between two of his old Friends : While you, as if you were dropt into Heaven, gaze and stare at every thing you behold, and observe all Passages, for 'tis all new and unknown to you. All this while the Family looks at you, and all that are present diligently mind how you behave yourself. You may be sure your Master gave Orders for that, and set some of his Servants to watch how you manag'd your self in respect to his Wife and Children, and whether you ogled 'em or no ? Now the waiters at the Table finding you at a loss every where by reason of your being unacquainted with these things, privately laugh at you, concluding you never din'd abroad before this time, and that a Napkin was altogether a new thing

thing to you: So that in all likelihood you do nothing but sweat for fear of making any Mistakes, nor dare you call for a Glass of Wine when you are thirsty, for fear of being taken for a Drunkard, nor when the Dishes are ranged on the Table do you know where to begin. This obliges you still to have your Eye on him that sits next to you, and to follow his Example during the whole Entertainment, nor is it possible for you to be otherwise than confounded and perplexed, since you are amazed at every thing that is transacted here. And thus one while you extol to your self the Happiness of your Patron, when you reflect upon his Gold, his Silver and Ivory, another while you pity your own Condition, who tho' you are nothing at all, have the vanity to think you live. And sometimes it comes into your Head that it may be your good fortune to live such a blessed Life, since you promise your self to share Fortune and Pleasures with your Patron, for you imagine this Sun-shine Weather will last always. Besides, you are infinitely pleased to see the handsom young Boys that wait at Table, and have frequently that famous Passage of *Homer* in your Mouth:

The Greek and Trojan Youth deserve no blame,

If they underwent an infinite number of Hardships to purchase so great an Happiness: And now you must expect some Invitations to drink, so one of the Company calling for a thundering Glass presents his Service to

you, and prefaces his health with Pedagogue, Doctor, or what other familiar Name he pleases. After this you receive the Glass from him, but don't know for the heart of you what answer to return him, for which reason you pass currant for a Clown. But this drinking to you is likely to create you the Envy of several Gentlemen, some of whom were mightily disgruntled to see you a New-comer set above them at Table, tho' they have passed so many Years in this servitude. This having raised their Indignation, they immediately begin to vent it upon you after this manner; among our other Misfortunes this was wanting, to see our selves set below a Scoundrel that came but t'other Day into the Family; crys another, this City of *Rome* here is only free for *Greeks* of late, tho' why a Devil should they be prefer'd to us? What a plague do a few *Greek* words signifie, for that's the only Commodity they bring over with them. Says a third, Do you mind how many go-downs he takes at one pull, and how like a *Tartarian* he lays about him. A clownish, ill-bred, half-starv'd Son of a Whore, I dare be damn'd if ever he filled his Belly with white Bread, so much as in a Dream, much less with Turkey and Pheasant, of which (confound his Diaphragma) he has scarce left us the Bones to polish. Come, come, replies another, don't be mortified, I'll engage before five Days are over you'll find this mighty Spark 'Squiring it among us. A pox on him, now he's like a new Shooe, honour'd and look'd after, but let him be worn a while and substantially dirted,

dirted, you'll certainly see him thrown under a Bed, and there mould like one of us. Thus they make themselves exceeding merry at your expence, nay, 'tis ten to one but some of them invent one confounded Story or other of you upon the Spot, and immediately spread it ; so that the Entertainment may truly be said to be furnished out at your Cost, for all Dinner time the whole talk runs about you. Now, you having drank too great a share of a hungry, eager Wine (for you that are a Stranger cou'd expect no better) begin to find a damn'd twinging and griping in your Guts, which puts you into a strange Perplexity ; for, as you cannot handsomely rise before the rest, so it is not safe for you to stay longer in the Room ; But the Glasses flying about plentifully, and some new Discourse arising from what was last said prolongs your Misery ; so that tho' one fine sight still succeeds another (for you must know your Patron will be desirous to show you all the fine things he has at a time) yet you undergo no ordinary pennance, who for the perpetual grumbling of your Bowels can neither see what passes with any tolerable satisfaction, nor hear the Boy that cost your Man of Quality so many Pounds, sing to his Harp ; yet you are forced to commend the Musick against your Will, tho' you inwardly pray to your self that some kind Earthquake wou'd shake the House into pieces, or a Servant bring News of a Fire to put an end to this long-winded Feast.

Thus,

Thus, my dear Friend, I have given you a Representation of your first and happiest Feast. As for my own particular, I prefer a little Salt and Onions to this, and all the Regales in the World, for I love to eat when and where, and as much as I please, and not be confined to set my Appetite by another Man's as they do Watches. Therefore to pass over the sower belching and vomiting you are to expect that Night, early the next Morning you and your Patron must agree about your Salary, how much you are to have, and what time of the Year it is to be paid you. So then two or three of his Friends being present, he sends for you, and commanding you to sit, thus begins to open his Mind to you; What sort of a govern'd Family mine is, and how free from Pride and Ostentation, your self have seen every thing is free, and easie and open. Now in the first place, I would have you lay it down for granted, that all things shall be in common between us: For it would be a very absurd ridiculous thing indeed to commit my own Soul, and those of my Children (if he has any Children that are to be instructed,) and not let you share any other things of much less value equally with my self. But now since we must agree upon some certain Sum or other for your Pension. I have observed the frugality of your Life, and the temper of your Genius which is content with a few things, and besides, I am given to understand that it was not the Temptation of a Salary that brought you into my Family, but that you were led with other Considerations,

tions, as for instance, the Honour you'll get by being admitted here, and your desire to be in our good Graces. However, as I said before, some certain Summs must be concluded upon. Now, pray Sir, deal frankly with me, and set the Rate your self, but before you do that, my most noble Friend, reckon what Gifts, it is fitting we are obliged to give you on the Anniversary Festivals, for we shall by no means forget them, altho' we don't set them down in our Articles. I need not tell you, that several of these Opportunities happen in the compass of a Year. Now these things duly consider'd, you ought to sink your Demands, especially since 'tis fit that you Gentlemen of Learning should despise filthy lucre, and set your thoughts above it. By these Insinuations he has wholly dispossest'd you of all your towering Hopes, and made you as tractable as he could wish. And you, who not a quarter of an hour ago dreamt of your hundreds a Year, your Farms, and the Lord knows how many Houses, altho' you are sensible of your Patron's Patrimony, yet you feed your self with his Promises, and imagine that gaudy saying of his, *All things shall be in common between us*, to be as good a Security as his Bond, not considering that such specious Protestations,

Just pass the Lips, and never reach the Heart.

At last out of mere Modesty you refer the Matter to his Lordship, but he refusing to do it, orders one of his Friends there present

sent to adjust the Business, bidding him name a Salary that shall neither burden the Giver, nor pinch the Receiver. Now this old Man who was bred from his Cradle in Flattery. Well, Sir, says he, and are not you the most fortunate Man here in the whole City, to obtain what so many have wished in vain, to be admitted into this noble Person's Friendship, to live under the same Roof with him, and to be received into the most topping Family in the *Roman* Empire. If you know how to be Modest, and value such a Blessing as it deserves, 'tis above all the Wealth that ever *Cræsus* or *Midas* possess'd. I know several Persons of great Esteem and Reputation who wou'd have been glad with all their Hearts, tho' it had cost 'em a considerable Sum, merely for the Credit of the thing, to live with him and have the Honour to pass for his Friends and Acquaintance. Now I cannot but applaud your good Destiny, who, besides this mighty Advantage, are to receive an additional Pension; and therefore I think this is enough in all Conscience, unless you are a Spend-thrift, and then assigns you a small wretched pittance, especially if compared with what your hopes had represented to you. However, you are obliged to take whatever he gives you in good part, for 'tis too late now to struggle when you are fast in the Toils. So now, my dear Friend, you have got the Bridle in your Mouth, which a short time will make familiar to you. As for those that stand without, and are not truly acquainted with your Circumstances, they admire at your good

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good fortune to see you admitted into the withdrawing Room, walking up and down without Opposition, and making a great Figure amongst the rest of the Domesticks: But you can't give one good reason why they should conclude you to be happy, for all that you rejoyce, and deceive your self, hoping still that things will go for the better; nevertheless, it happens otherwise than you expected, your Affairs go daily worse and worse, and your Condition incurable, till at last you begin to understand by degrees, that all your golden Hopes were mere Chimeras and Dreams, but your Hardship's real, grievous, unavoidable, and (what Consummates your Misery) no prospect of ending them.

Perhaps you will here demand of me what those Hardships are, for I don't perceive, say you, any thing so terribly grievous in this sort of Life, nor do I comprehend what those horrid insupportable things are you just now mentioned. Listen then, noble Sir, and don't only enquire after the Fatigues and Drudgery of this Condition, but observe the Scandal, the Baseness and the Slavery I shall demonstrate to be the *Appenages* of it. In the first you are to remember that from the very moment you made this Bargain with your Patron, you must look upon your self no longer as a Freeman, for know, you left your Birth, your Liberty, your Ancestors without Doors when you entred his House, and submitted to this Servitude: Freedom and Liberty scorn to accompany the Man who has been guilty of so dishonourable and so mean an Action;

Action; so a Servant you are altho' the Name mortifies you, not of one or two, but, for your Comfort, of several, and must wait from Morning to Night with your Head dejectedly hanging upon your Shoulders, and that for a pitiful scandalous Recompence. Throw this too into the Balance, that your Master will never heartily care for you, because you were not bred up to this servile Employment from your Childhood, but learnt it late, in an Age far advanced, when People are generally past learning. In the mean time the remembrance of your lost Liberty still stares you in the Face, it ingrosses all your sober Intervals, gives you ten thousand mortal Agonies, makes you kick and flounce, and all this only serves to heighten the Tragedy, unless indeed you are so thorough-pac'd a Sot as to imagine you have some pretences still left you for Liberty, because you are not the Son of a Slave, nor were sold in the Market by a loud-mouth'd Cryer. For, tell me, most noble Sir, when at the beginning of every Month in such blessed Company too as *Pyrrhias* and *Zopyrion*, you stretch out your Hand like the rest of the Servants and take whatsoever it is that is given you, is not this downright selling according to the Letter? The Cryer is no essential Circumstance; for what occasion, I pray, has that Man for a Cryer who is resolved to do that Office for himself, and has been a long while trudging from House to House to find him a Master. Come, you naughty Man, I must freely tell you, especially you that pretend to set up for a Philosopher,

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losopher, put the case a Pyrate took you
 at Sea, or some Robbers carried you away
 into Slavery, you wou'd deplore your Con-
 dition, and rail at Fortune for using you so
 scurvily: Or suppose any one should lay his
 Hands upon you, swearing you were his
 Slave, you would then complain of the
 breach of the Laws, and cry out, Oh Gods!
 Oh Earth! as loud as your Lungs would suf-
 fer you. But now for a few nasty Pence,
 and at that Age too, when if you had
 been born a Slave, it was high time
 for you to have thought of purchasing your
 Liberty at any rate; you have sold your self
 and your Vertue and Wisdom, not at all re-
 garding those noble Precepts that *Plato*, *Cry-
 sippus*, and *Aristotle* might have furnished you
 with, who all agree to commend Liberty,
 and damn Slavery. Nor are you ashamed
 to stand in the same level with mercenary
 Rascals, Parasites, Jack-puddings and Buf-
 foons, and amongst a crowd of *Romans* to
 be seen alone in your Outlandish Cloak, to
 murder their Language with your *Grecian* way
 of pronouncing, besides to frequent tumul-
 tuous troublesome Feasts where there's a
 mixture of all sorts of People, Villains as
 well as others. And here are you obliged
 to flatter most abominably, and to drink be-
 yond measure. Next Morning, to your
 mighty Comfort, you are awaked by a Bell,
 and consequently robbed of the sweetest part
 of your Repose: Your Diversion all day
 long is to run up and down, with Yester-
 day's Dirt still sticking on your Shooes; were
 Beans or Country Pot-herbs so extravagantly
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dear, and Spring Water so scarce to be got, that out of meer despair of attaining 'em you betook your self to these nauseous Entertainments? But 'tis a plain Case that the Beans and Water wou'd not go down with you, and that the Sweet-meats, the costly Dishes, the luscious Wines were the only Motives of your getting thither, so that you ought not to repine at your Fate, if, like some devouring Pike, the Hook at last has enter'd those greedy rapacious Jaws of yours. Nor need you wait long to receive the due Rewards of your Intemperance, your Condition much resembles that of an Ape with a clog about his Neck. All the rest laugh at you, but you fanſie your self to flow in Delights, because you may fill your Belly with Almonds. At the same time Liberty, Freedom, Modesty with your Family and Relations are all gone and vanished, and scarce the least remembrance of them is left behind. After all, your Case would be somewhat tolerable if there were nothing but mere Disgrace and Scandal in it, but alas, here is the Devil and all of Attendance and Drudgery and Labour, which you must bear your share of as well as the meanest Servant in the Family. And now, pray, at your leisure consider whether the things that are enjoyn'd you are a jot easier, or more Honourable than what fall to the Negroe's or Scullion's Province. As for your Parts and Learning, in consideration of which your Patron, as he pretends to pass for a great Encourager of the *Belles Lettres*, received you into his House, he values them no
more

more than the Marble Statue over his Gate does: for as the Proverb has it, what should an Ass do with a Harp, or Pigs with Organs. Don't you see what a profound Respect, and Veneration such Persons as he have for *Hom-mer's* Wisdom, the Vehemence of *Demosthe-nes*, the Sublimity of *Plato*, out of whose Minds if you once remove Gold and Silver, and the Everlasting coveting of them, you will find nothing left but Pride, Effeminacy, Wantonness, Luxury, Ill Nature and Ignorance: And as for these things, 'tis certain he has no occasion for you to come and cultivate them. But because you wear a whisking Beard, and carry some gravity in your Look, and so decently apparell'd in a *Græ-cian* Cloak, and every body knows you to be a Grammarian, or Rhetorician, or Philosopher, he thinks it will be much for his Credit, to have such a sort of an Animal walk among his *Ushers*. For by this means he imagines the Town will take him for a mighty proficient in Greek, and an universal Scholar. And therefore, most illustrious Sir, 'tis to be feared you have not only hired your Beard and Cloak, but even the Arts and Sciences. For 'this Reason you must perpetually be seen about his Lordship's Person, scarce an Hour in a Week left to your own Disposal, you must get up early in the Morning to joyn with the rest of the Household, and not desert your Station. So your Patron perhaps laying his Hand upon your Shoulder, asks you some foolish impertinent thing or other, that first comes into his Head, that the Spectators may see he does

not neglect his Learning even when he is walking in the Streets, and that he sacrifices every Moment he can spare to the Improvement of his Knowledge. But you, poor miserable Slave, sometimes in great haste, and sometimes leisurely, sometimes up Hill, and sometimes down Hill, (for such things you know cannot be avoided in this uneven City) do nothing but Sweat and Pant. And now while your Patron is discoursing with his Friend he went to visit, you finding no place for you to sit down in, are forced to take out a Book in your own defence, and as you have nothing else to entertain you, to read it standing. Thus you pass the day without Eating or Drinking. About Mid-night you wash and come to Supper, but are no more respected as you were at first, nor indeed treated like the rest of the Company. For if any newer Face comes into the Room, you are sure to be thrown behind; so banished into some nasty Corner, you have the Satisfaction to see what Dishes are brought in, glad if the very Bones happen to reach you, which you gnaw like some half-starved Cur, and polish with your Teeth, and greedily snatching at the very Mallow-leaves the Dishes are garnished with, if untouched by those that are to be served before you. To this Disgrace, as if it were not Mortification sufficient, a new Affront is added: You are not to have so much as an Egg by your self, for 'tis not fitting that you should desire the same things that are served to Strangers, but all this proceeds from your Ignorance.

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rance. Nor have you such a Fowl set before you as your Patron has, his Plump and Juicy, you half a Pullet or a Stock-dove, as hard as a Board, and all to vex and expose you. Sometimes too if any of the Guests has not enough, a Servant comes and whips away your Dish, and sets it before him, whispering in your Ear, *we may make bold with you, who are one of us.* And whenever a Buck or a Sow with young is cut in halves, if you are not so happy as to be in the Carver's good Graces, you must e'en be content with *Prometheus's* Share, viz. the Bones covered with Fat. The Dish is suffer'd to stand before the Gentleman who sits above you, till he is perfectly cloy'd with it, but runs as nimbly from you as a pursued Malefactor, and this Usage what mortal can bear, that has but the Indignation and Resentment of a Worm? I had like to have forgot, that whilst the rest of the Company drink the oldest, and most generous Wines that can be got, you do Penance in some ill tasted nasty mixture as thick as mustard, the Servant taking care to give it you in a Gold, or Silver Cup, least the Colour of it should let you see how abominably you are neglected. And very well it were if you cou'd get a Bellyful of that sorry Stuff, but you may knock and call your Heart out, for the Waiter is Deaf on that Ear. To this may be added, that every particular Circumstance is so contrived as to give you Vexation; as for Instance to see a Catamite or a Dancing-Master prefer'd to you, or some *Alexandrian* Buffoon, that diverts the Company with Bawdy Stories; and

indeed how can you hope to be as much respected as one of these useful Instruments, that manage Love-Intrigues, and carry *Billets Deux* to and fro? so that hiding your self for mere shame in some hole in the Dining Room, you Sigh as you have just Reason, and bemoan your self. You curse your ill Fate that has not the least Favour in reserve for you, and at last come to that pass, that you wish you were a Poet to write Love Songs your self, or in case that Talent were deny'd you, to be able to sing them when composed by other People. For by this time Experience has made you sensible what Qualifications they are that prefer a Man, and recommend him to your Persons of Condition. Nay I suppose, if there were necessity for it, you wou'd not scruple to play the part of an Astrologer, or Fortune-teller upon Occasion. I mean of that sort that promise large Estates, nay Kingdoms, and Mountains of Wealth to those that consult them, because you see even such Scoundrels are hugged and esteemed by great Men. That you cou'd wish with all your Heart to be Master of any one of the above mentioned Trades, to secure your self from being laugh'd at, and thought the lumber of the Family: But alas you are an unhappy Man, and have no genius at Learning; so you must of course submit your self to your cruel Destiny, and weeping all alone in a Corner, prepare your mind to bear all imaginable neglect and contumely. If any one of the Servants privately traduceth you for being the only Person, who had not the good

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good Manners to commend her Ladyship's Page, when he danc'd or sung to the Harp, you incurr no small danger let me assure you; to prevent which, you must make a noise like any Land-frog, altho' thirsty, and take care to be the forwardest of them at Flattery and Commendation. Nay often it so happens that while the rest are Silent, you must strain some Lofty, some Magnificent Compliment, full of a fawnish Submission; for can any thing be more ridiculous than for you, who are both Hungry and Thirsty, to daub your self with Ointments, and wear a Garland on your Head? In that merry prospect you resemble a Pillar over some rotten Carcass, which has Ointment pour'd upon it, and is honoured with a Garland, while People eat and drink merrily under it. And then if your Patron is inclined to jealousy, and has handsome Boys or a young Wife, and you are not deformed, the peace between you two is not likely to be long liv'd, nor are the dangers that may ensue upon it to be despised. For your great Persons have many Eyes and Ears, that not only represent the bare Truth, but least they should seem to be idle, always make some Additions of their own. For this reason you must manage your self as they do at their Feasts in *Persia*, that is, you must keep your Eyes perpetually fixt on your Plate, lest any of the Eunuchs should spy you Ogling one of his Mistresses, and immediately another Eunuch with his Bow ready strung should shoot a Dart at you, as you are a drinking, for looking upon things forbidden. And now when the Feast is o-

ver, and you have taken a short nap, as you are called up at the crowing of the Cock: Oh wretched unfortunate Man that I am, say you, what pleasant Conversation, what agreeable Friends, what a pleasant Life with power to sleep out my fill, and walk where I pleased, have I foolishly renounced? and what a hell of Misery have I plunged into? But wherefore, O ye Gods, did I do it? and what an unsuitable recompence have I found? It was impossible for me to enjoy more or greater Conveniences elsewhere. I had my Liberty in my own Hands, and a full power to do what I listed. But now like a Lion tied with a little Cord, I am carried up and down to be shown, and what is the most deplorable Circumstance, of all I neither please my Patron, nor know how to put my self in a Capacity of pleasing him, being unacquainted with all those Arts, especially if compar'd to those that are Masters of this Science. Upon this score I am unpleasant, and the unfittest Man for a Feast in the World, because I have not the knack of making People laugh. Besides this I am sensible my very Aspect is often displeasing to them, especially when he's minded to be Frolicksome and Merry, for he takes me to be a sowre morose Fellow. In fine he and I can by no means set our Horses together, for if I still preserve my Gravity, I am but a dull Companion who ought to be expelled all Society; and on the other Hand if I laugh and put on as much Mirth as I can in my looks he immediately despises me for sacrificing the dignity of my Brother wearers of the Cloak,

and

and to say the Truth, 'tis as unnatural a part as to see an Actor play a comick Character in a Tragedy. To conclude, what sort of a Life shall I live to my self for the future, like a damned sot as I am, after I have lived such a hellish one as this to another? By that time you have finished this pious Soliloquy, the Bell has done ringing, you must return to your old post again, walk up and down, and stand, with your Thighs and Legs, first anointed with a Ceroma, if you would make your self able to bear the Fatigue. Then comes the same Feast, served on at the same Hour, and this way of living is diametrically opposite to what you lived before when you were your own Man. Lastly this Watching, and Sweating, and Toiling by degrees, undermine the strength of your Constitution, and bring either a Consumption or Inflammation of the Lungs or Colick, or that admirable Companion the Gout, upon you. Yet still you hold up as well as you can, and that too when your indisposition ought to confine you to your Bed: For that is too great a favour to be allowed you, nay they'll think you counterfiet an illness on purpose to decline the duties of the Day. This makes you look perpetually pale, and like a Man in his last Agonies. And so much for the slavish Employments that are to be bore in Town. Now if it so happens that the Family is to go into the Country (that I may not recount the other inconveniences of this Life to you) and it falls a raining when you come last (for that place falls to you by lot) you must stay for the Coach, till such

time as all the other Places being taken up they bestow you next to the Cook, or my Ladies Patch-box-Carrier, and scarcely allow you Straw enough. And now my Hand's in, I'll tell you a short Story, which *Theſmopolis* the Stoick told me happen'd to him once; 'tis very ridiculous, God knows, but such a one as without the Assistance of a Miracle may happen to any one else. He lived at that time in the House of a Wealthy Woman, and some occasions carrying her Family into the Country, a pretty spruce Catamite with his Beard shaved clean, and his Thighs besmeared with Oyntment was placed next him, whom the Lady, I suppose, carried about with her for greater State. He likewise told me the name of this Gallant, and as I remember 'twas *Caledonius*. Now was it not an agreeable Sight, to see a fine drest Fop with his Eyebrows painted, a sleek Countenance, a languishing Air, sit next to a morose old Gentleman with a hoary Chin, for you know what a large and venerable Beard *Theſmopolis* had? And had he not been mightily entreated, he had sat down with his Veil upon his Head. He added that he was everlastingly plagued all this Journey, while the other was either humming a Tune, or prating Impertinently, and perhaps wou'd have danced in the Coach, if he had thought the Philosopher wou'd not have hindred him. In the second Place, he told me the following thing was enjoyn'd him. The Lady sending for him, God bless you, says she, my dear Father, you must do me a small Favour

Favour I request of you, and not deny it me. And when he, as it was but requisite, promised to do whatever lay in his Power. *I have only this small Courtesy*, continues she, *to beg of you.* You know my little Bitch *Myrrina*, now prithee old Gentleman keep her for me, and see she wants nothing. The poor Creature, Heaven bless it and save it, is as big as ever it can tumble, and expects the Midwife every Minute; my wicked disobedient Servants take no care either of me, or her in our Tarvels. You'll oblige me most mightily if you'll keep this charming, this airy, this dearly beloved Bitch for me. *Theismopolis* took upon him to do it, since the Lady was so urgent with him upon this Chapter, and indeed the Tears were ready to fall from her Eyes. Come tell me the Truth now, was it not an abominable piece of Folly this, a little Bitch peeping out of a Philosopher's Cloak below his Beard, ever and anon bepissing him (tho' I must own *Theismopolis* did not tell me so much) barking in a small harsh tone, as only such sort of Dogs are now in Fashion, and frequently licking his Chin especially if the least remainder of Yesterdays Dinner tarried behind in the Hair; so this spruce Catamite, his Companion, who used to pelt other People with his insipid raillery at Dinner time, no doubt on't but he made very merry with *Theismopolis* for the time to come. I have only this thing more to say of him that of a Stoick he's since turned a Cynick, and I was credibly informed that the little Bitch pupped in his Cloak. With such Fooleries,

or

or rather with such Affronts do great Persons perpetually ply those Wretches that live with them, till by long Familiarity and custom they make 'em as tame as Camels, and taught to bear the greatest burdens in the World. I remember I knew a biting Orator who, being so commanded, made an extempore Harangue at a certain Entertainment, which was mightily applauded by the whole Company for the Sprightlyness, and Wit of it. But these wise Drunkards commended him for the length of it, which lasted not the running out of an Hour-glass, but of an Hogshead, and this he was reported to undertake for the sake of two Hundred Drachmæ; But these things perhaps you'll say are tolerable. Well then, suppose this rich Man is possessed with the Devil of Poetry, or has got an itch of Writing Histories, and not only so, but a Fancy takes his Lordship to read them at Table, then you must tear your Lungs by everlastingly Praising and Commending him; as you must exhaust your Brain, by still finding some new Topick, some new Common Place for your Flattery. There are certain Persons in the World, who in spite of Providence and their Looking-glasses, must needs pass for handsome Fellows, and these forsooth must be cocker'd with the Name of *Adonis*, or *Hyacinthus*, altho' their Nose, which by its good will won'd abandon such a Scarecrow Face, stand out a full Cubit long. And here's the Mischief, that if you don't commend them, away they carry you to a stone Mine to learn better Breeding, for they pretend

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pretend you bear them a grudge, and design to do them some Mischief. Thus you lie under a necessity of calling them wise Men, and Orators; and tho' they commit never so many, and so gross Solæcisms, yet their Speech is true Attick Eloquence; nay what is worse, it must be stamp'd into a Law, and be the standard of Conversation for the Future. But Men perhaps enjoyn you no more than may be bore with; but the Women (for you must know the fair Sex are ambitious to retain learned Men in their Families, and allow them Pensions to follow them where ever they go) think it a mighty occasion to their Reputation to be thought Learned, or Philosophers, or to compose Verses little inferior to *Sappho's*, and upon that Score hire Rhetoricians, Grammarians, and Philosophers, and carry them about with them. Now their time of hearing them (which of it self is ridiculous and comical enough) is either when they are a Dressing or at Dinner, for all their other Moments are taken up with things of greater Importance. Perhaps while the Philosopher is making a grave and serious Discourse to her, in comes the Maid and brings her an Assignment from her Gallant; and so that learned that elaborate Speech about Chastity is cruelly intermitted, till her Ladyship has answer'd the Spark's note, and comes to her Place again.

And now after a long Attendance, the Feast of *Saturn*, or *Minerva* drawing near, if your Patron sends you a miserable Cloak, or a half rotten Cassock for a Present out of his Wardrobe, you are obliged to keep

a mighty Stirr, and receive the gift with the Lord knows what Pomp and Ceremony. And first of all the Servant who overheard his Master, designed to be guilty of this Liberality, comes to you, brings you the happy tidings of what is like to befall you, and receiving no small reward for his Pains, goes about his Business. Next Morning come some Thirteen of them to your Chamber and every one of 'em tells you what a World of things he spoke in your Favour; how he put his Master in mind to make you this Present, and that if it had depended upon his Nomination, it should have been ten times better. So all of them, after having pick't some of your Pence, go their Ways, and perhaps curse you for not giving them more. As for Sallery it amounts to some Thirty Pounds a Year; if you ask for it they take you for a troublesome impertinent Fellow. You must beg and fawn upon your Master before you receive it, nay you must bribe the Steward too to stand your Friend, and this is another Addition to your Slavery. Neither must you neglect to make your humble Applications, to any of your Master's Confidants or Friends. After all, the poor Pension you receive was long ago due to your Taylor, or Physician, or Shoemaker. So you see, the very Presents you receive in these Families, are unseasonable as well as unprofitable, they raise you a great deal of Envy, and 'tis no hard matter to fix some substantial Calumny upon you before a Man, who is now disposed to hearken to all the ill things in the World that can be said against

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gainst you. For now he perceives you are quite worn out, and unfit for farther Service, and finds the Gout will shortly come to visit you and confine you to your Apartment. So having now made his best markets of you, your Youth and Vigour either gone or daily declining, after he has wore you thread-bare, he is looking out what Dunghil to throw you on, and to prefer some lusty brawny back'd Fellow to your Place. Thus being accused either for making an Attempt upon his Boy, or for debauching his Lady's Virgin Maid, or in short for any other Crime or Trespafs, they please to lay at your door, in the dead time of the Night you are thrust headlong out of Doors, forsaken of all Mankind, destitute of every thing, taking the Gout of blessed Memory, and old Age for your two Companions. And now after you have made a shift in so long a space of time, to forget all the things you knew before, and have made your Belly larger than a Sack (which is no small increase to your Misery; for a Man's Stomach will be apt to crave what it has been once used to, and grows uneasy upon a Disappointment) no other Family will entertain you, as being old and in the same predicament with one of your out worn Horses, whose very hide is not so serviceable as formerly. And then the very scandal of your being turned out of such a Family, (where your good Friends took care to contrive their Story so well as to make it be generally believed) makes you pass in the World for an Adulterer, or a Sorcerer, or some such sort of a Villain. Your
Accuser

Accuser. tho' he never appears in Publick, shall be believed upon his bare Testimony, but you who are a *Græcian* are convicted by the crying Sins of your Nation, and supposed to be fitted for all manner of Wickedness; for they take all your Country-men to be as bad as you are. And indeed upon very good Grounds. I have often examined the Reason why they shou'd think so hardly of you, and am now able to give it. Most of them that thrust themselves into great Families, because they know no better, set up for Conjurers and Astrologers; pretend to sell Philtres and Charms to save one from his Enemy. At the same time they endeavour to sham themselves upon the World for Men of Learning, wear long Cloaks, and are Philosophers as far as a long venerable Beard can make them so. 'Tis therefore no wonder at all if they suspect all of that Nation to be Cheats, since those whom they judged to be Men of Integrity wore the same Habit; not to tell you that their nauseous Flattery both at Feasts, and other Assemblies, and their intolerable Covetousness, furnished them with too good a Pretence to suspect all the rest. And therefore when they are once turn'd out of a Family, they hate them not without Reason, and endeavour to ruin them to all Intents and Purposes. For they imagine it will so happen, that they will publish to all the World all their Secrets; as being the Persons who are thoroughly acquainted with them, and have seen them naked. And 'tis Consideration that perplexes them, for all of them
resem-

resemble fair Books gilt on the Back and neatly Bound, but within 'tis either a *Thyestes* devouring his own Children, or an *Oedipus* Gallanting his Mother, or a *Tereus* intriguing with his two Sisters. And thus your great Men are gaudy and fine to look upon, but conceal a deep Tragedy within Doors; and should you take the pains to peruse them, you wou'd find all the dismal Fables in *Sophocles*, and *Euripides*, comprized in them for all the fair show they make. And therefore since they are sensible enough of their own Infirmities they mortally hate, and lay Snares for all that leave their Service, for fear they should represent them to the World in their proper Colours, and publish their several defects.

As I am now drawing towards a Conclusion, I think it will not be amiss after the example of the great *Cebes*, to draw a Picture of this Life, and then I will leave it to you after you have thoroughly considered it, to judge for your self whether it is for your purpose to embrace it. I could wish indeed that some *Appelles*, or *Parrhasius*, or *Action*, or *Euphranor*, were to draw this Piece; but because I cannot pretend to imploy any such celebrated Masters, I will endeavour to give you some faint Picture or Resemblance of it. In the first place let there be painted a lofty gilded Threshold, and that not situated on a round, but standing on an Eminence or top of a Hill, the Ascent to which is very Steep and Slippery, so that those who fancied to have reach'd the Top, were thrown down Headlong, and broke their Necks.

Necks. Within let the Goddess of Wealth sit enthroned, all Gold to outward appearance and very beautiful and amiable. And now when after many Difficulties the lover has gained the Top, and is just at the Door; let him turn amazed, with his Eyes perpetually fixed on Gold. After this let Hope with a fleering Countenance, and a party-coloured Habit, take him by the Hand and introduce him, who at his very coming in almost lost his Senses. This performed let Hope always go before him, and then let other Women, Fraud and Slavery by Name, deliver him over to Labour: And let the last after he has been sufficiently tryed, and harrassed, resign him up to Old Age, sickly and his Colour now changed. At last let contumely lay hold of him, and carry him to Despair, and from that very moment let Hope fly away and vanish. Then let the Wretch not through the golden Door, where he entred, but out of some blind Back-door, or Passage be expelled, naked, Belly faln, Pale and Old, hiding his Shame with his Right Hand, and going to strangle himself with his Left. And as he is going out, let Repentance meet him weeping in Vain, and add a new load to his Misery; And here let the Advice to the Painter end. Now you, my dear *Timocles*, diligently consider all that has been said, and think with your self whether it is worth your while to go in at these golden Doors; and make a shameful Exit at the other. But whatever you do, remember that wise Man, who said that God was never in Fault, but the Man that made the Choice.

A N

An Apology for those that serve for sake of a Pen- sion.

By Mr. THO. BROWN.

The ARGUMENT.

After the publishing of the former Discourse, Lucian, it seems, who was now well advanced in Years, had betaken himself to Cæsar's Court and Family, and had a Procurator's Place in Egypt conferr'd upon him. Now he endeavours to prove in this Apology, that his Conduct herein contradicts nothing in the former Harangue; that there's a vast difference between serving one's Prince in a publick Capacity, and living with a private Nobleman; and concludes that since there's scarce one in a thousand who will do any thing gratis, and yet every honest Man ought to follow some particular Employment, and not loyter away his time, he does not pretend to have arrived as yet to that pitch of Perfection as to despise all Rewards and Honours.

I Have been this pretty while considering with my self what sort of Thoughts, my most honoured *Sabinus*, came into your Head as you were reading a small Treatise of mine concerning those who for a Pension live in great Men's Families. So far I am well perswaded that you could not forbear laughing at the reading of it, but what Objections you made to each particular Place I now endeavour to reconcile to what you have read. Unless I have an ill hand at guessing, I fancies I hear you rallying me after the following manner. What sort of a Turn-coat's this, who, after he had exposed a mercenary Life in so severe and cruel an Invective, now renounces his former Opinion, and abandons himself to a manifest palpable Servitude? How many Talents, and what prodigious torrents of Wealth must there have been employed to make this Man alter his Opinion and renounce his Liberty, which is naturally so dear, that tho' he has already one Foot in the Grave, he suffers himself to be led up and down as if he had a golden Collar about his Neck, like your Noblemen's Monkeys and Marmosets. The Life you now lead is as apparently opposite to what you have written as Light to Darknes, and surely this it is, if any thing is so, to be carried against the Stream, to invert the order of Nature, and to contradict ones self for the worse, not for the sake of *Helena*, or what past at *Troy*, but you have utterly destroy'd the Reputation of what was finely said by you before. Now 'tis probable
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you mutter'd all this to your self, and perhaps you will give me Advice of the same Nature, not unseasonable but friendly, and such as may well come from an honest Man and a Philosopher, so that if I fairly represent the Person I assume, it will go well with us, and we will Sacrifice to *Mercury* the God of Eloquence; but if not, your Candor must supply what is wanting. And now 'tis time that suffering the Scene to be changed I sit silent, and endure my self to be sacrificed and burnt since, it is so conducing towards my Health; as for you, my Friend, be sure you get your Medicines ready, the paring Knife and the Caustick. And now, reassuming the Discourse after me, thus you begin; 'Formerly, Friend *Lucian*, this same Book of yours was mightily cried up, and greedily sought after (as several that have reason to know it inform'd me) and particularly it was valued by Learned Men who had given themselves the trouble to read it over, because the Language of it was plain and unaffected, the Matters of Fact unquestionable, and besides the great insight it gives a Man into the World, every thing is handled in a easie natural manner: But the greatest Commendation of the Book was, that it was useful for all Men in general, but especially Learned Men, and advised not through meer Ignorance and Folly to plunge themselves in an everlasting Slavery.' But now, since you have turn'd Tail, maintaining a Court Life to be the better of the two, sacrificed your Freedom,

and followed the Advice of the Iambick,
tho' unworthy of a generous Mind,

Where Gain appears by Nature led, you'll serve.

See that no body catches you reading it, nay, if you can possibly avoid it, let none that behold the present Condition of your Life get any acquaintance with your Writings: But fall upon your Marrow-bones before *Mercury*, the Ambassador of Hell, and desire to possess all those Persons that have formerly heard of them with the Spirit of forgetfulness; otherwise the fate of *Bellerophon* will be your own, and you'll write a Book against your self: For I cannot see, by Heavens, how you can defend so feeble a Cause against your Accusers, especially if they manage the trial in Raillery, and commend your Writings, and the great Freedom that every where reigns in them, but arraign the Writer for a mercenary Creature that help'd to put the Yoke about his own Neck. And therefore they would pass no absurd Sentence should they either conclude the Book to be written by some more disinterested Hand, and that you, like the Daw in the Fable, prided your self in Feathers that did not belong to you, or if it is really your own legitimate Issue, thou hast committed the same solecism as *Salethus* did, who having passed a very severe Law against Adulterers at *Croton* was soon after found trespassing with his Brother's Wife, and so thou may'st very fitly be called a second *Salethus*, unless his Fact is more tolerable than thine, who, when he pleaded

pleaded his own Cause, confessed he was blinded by his Passion when he did it, and voluntarily leapt into the Fire, altho' the People of the Town pitied the Man's Case, and gave him his choice of Banishment if he were so minded. But you have committed a much greater absurdity, who have so freely ridiculed the slavery of a dependance in one of your Books, damning the Man for a Sot who should throw himself into that cruel Jail called a Nobleman's House, where he must expect to struggle with ten thousand Hardships; now in the last course of your Life you have chosen so dishonourable a Servitude, and what shews you to be an incurable Criminal, value your self upon your Choice. So that the more Reputation you have got in the World, the more Laughter and Contempt you'll draw upon your Head, since your Life contradicts your Writings. Why should any Man trouble himself to find out any new Matter of Accusation against you, since one single passage in a Tragedy is sufficient to overwhelm you,

I hate a wise Man who is not wise to himself.

and besides, since your accusers may meet so many Examples and Precedents to urge against you; Some will compare you to the Actors of Tragedies, each of whom upon the Stage is an *Agamemnon*, a *Creon*, or a *Hercules* himself, but out of the Theatre are poor mercenary Raskals, that are hissed and cat-called, and if the Audience take a pet, pelted with rotten Oranges. Others will say the same thing has happen'd to you which

once beset *Cleopatra's* Ape of happy memory. This accomplished Beast, you must know, having received the benefit of a liberal Education, could Dance like an Angel, and once upon a time, being drest in a Gentleman's Habit, danced a very considerable space very regularly and *adroitly*, to the Astonishment of the whole Company. After it had kept this decorum a pretty while, seeing the Queen at a distance throwing some Dates and Almonds upon the Ground, the forgetful Ape lays aside the Gentleman, bids adieu to the Fiddles, to Harmony and Dancing, and began to open the inside of an Almond with a very good Grace. After the same manner, say they, you who are not a Player, but the Author and Legislator of several fine Precepts, as soon as this Almond was thrown before you, have shown your self to be a true Ape; for, to say the truth, you are a Philosopher no farther than the bare profession of it will make you, saying one thing, and practising the quite contrary: So that it may deservedly be said of you, that those very things by which you design to get your self Reputation, and of which you make solemn profession, have just moisten'd your Lips but left your Palate dry. For which reason you were soon after serv'd in your own kind, and you who with so much Boldness and Contempt did insult over the Necessities of other Men, have now abjured Liberty, as effectually as if you had been sold in the Market. Nor is it to be doubted, but that the Goddess of Revenge stood then at your Back, and laugh'd at you for blaming other People for doing

doing what you your self inwardly approv'd. She knew you wou'd change your Sentiments, and come over to this way of living, tho' you condemn'd it, and because you had not thoroughly examined your Frailties, would accuse those Persons whom the various Changes of their Fortune obliged to take up with that livelyhood. Now if suppose that *Eschines* after that grave Oration wherein he accused *Timarchus*, was himself likewise accused for being found guilty of the same Crime, don't you think the Audience would have hooted at him for arraigning *Timarchus* for a Crime to which his Age led him, and should commit the very same in his old Age. To conclude, (for I am weary with dwelling so long upon this nauseous Chapter) you are like a certain Quack I was acquainted with, who pretended to sell an infallible remedy against Coughing, and pretended immediately to cure those Persons that were indisposed by it, and yet himself at the same time was troubled with a perpetual wheezing. Such things, and several more of the like Nature may be urged, I confess, by you or any one else, on so copious an Argument which furnishes an Adversary with a thousand Topicks for his Railery. And now 'tis high time for me to consider what Method I had best pursue to make my own defence. Will it be my best way to submit to the Allegations brought against me, to own my *foible*, and betake myself to the common Sanctuary of Excuses? Or, shall I lay the blame upon the perverseness of my Fortune, urge invincible Necessity and Predestination for my Plea, and beg

those Gentlemen's pardon who have been scandalized at my Apostacy, telling them, that we are not Masters of our selves, but are over-ruled by a superior Power against our Wills, so that whatever we say or do ought not to be imputed as a Crime to us? But, (as I am apt to believe) is not this too trivial and thread-bare an Excuse, such as you, my Friend, will never allow, tho' I should produce *Homer* on my side, and cite these Verses out of him,

The Chain of Fate no mortal Power can break,

And this,

First Destiny does from our Childhood sway us.

Now, if laying these Reasons aside as improbable and false, I should affirm, that I was not induc'd by any hopes of Gain, or Temptations of that kind to live with the Honourable Person, whose House I am now admitted into, but that admiring his Prudence, his Bravery and Magnanimity, I was desirous to bear some share with him in the Management of Publick Affairs. I am afraid the Sin of Flattery wou'd be annex'd to my former Accusation, and that I should find I had drove out one Nail with another (as the Proverb has it) and, to my Cost, a lesser with a greater, since Flattery is justly reputed to be the most servile thing a Man can be guilty of, and upon that Account is so universally condemn'd. Now if I am neither permitted to urge this or that in my defence, what remains

mains but that I should give up my Cause, and frankly own, that I have no Reason on my side? And yet perhaps I have one whole Anchor still to trust to, and that is, to deplore my old Age, and frequent Indispositions of Body; and, in the next place, to deplore my Poverty, which is so uneasy a Companion that a Man would do and suffer any thing in the World to get rid of her. And here it may not be *mal à propos* to call *Euripides's Medæa* to my Assistance, which with a little Variation may repeat these Iambicks somewhat alter'd from the Original to you

*I know 'tis wicked what I now pursue,
But Poverty rebels against my Reason.*

For altho' I don't cite that famous Passage out of *Theognis*, yet who is ignorant of it? Who does not think it below a Man to throw himself into the Sea, or leap headlong from a Precipice, if it were possible for him to escape Poverty by so doing? And this seems to be all that a Man might say in these Circumstances, altho' I must acknowledge that none of them have a very plausible outside with them. But, dear Friend of mine, be of good Courage, for, assure your self, I am not going to make such a sort of defence. For *Argos* can never be pinched by so severe a Famine, that they must be forced to sow in hollow *Arabia*, neither are we so unprovided of a defence, that for want of better Reasons to justify our Conduct, we must have recourse to such miserable Subterfuges. Therefore, before I proceed any farther, I would
recommend

recommend it to your Consideration, whether there is not a mighty difference between waiting in a Nobleman's Family for hire, where you must put up all those Affronts my Book enumerated; and having a Hand in the Administration of Publick Affairs, for which you receive an honourable stipend from your Prince. I wou'd desire you, I say, to observe the mighty Disproportion between these two Conditions, and to state the Matter fairly, and without prejudice: You will then be sensible, that there is as much odds between them as between Lead and Silver, Brass and Gold, an Anemony and a Rose, a Monkey and a Man. On both sides 'tis true, a Pension is received, and an Inferiority to be allow'd, but then there's a great disparity in the reason of the thing. Those that have the ordering of Publick Affairs, in which Capacity they are very serviceable to the respective Kingdoms and Cities where they live, are unjustly traduc'd for receiving a Pension from the State. For if this reason were allowed, all your Deputies and Proconsuls ought immediately to be discarded, nay, all your Officers in the Military List, from the Subalterns up to the General in chief, wou'd not escape the Imputation of doing unrighteous things, since all of them receive certain Rewards and Appointments for their Labours. Now I humbly conceive, that as the Reins of Government ought not to be laid aside, nor all things left in Confusion for the bare name of a Pension, so that all Persons who receive a Pension be not put in the same Predicament. In fine, I never said
that

that all Hirelings, without Distinction, take up a scandalous way of living, but only pitied those unhappy Gentlemen, who, under the pretence of Learning, are Slaves in great Families. But, dear Friend, my Case is clearly different from this, for tho' we stand upon the same level in relation to what respects a Domestick Life, yet we have some share of the Government lodg'd in our Hands. If you consider rightly, you'll find that no small part of *Egypt* falls under my Jurisdiction, while I order Tryals and dispatch them, while I write Commentaries of all that is said or done, and correct the Speeches of the Pleaders. Lastly, while I keep all our Prince's Decrees in the most exact and easie Method imaginable, and take care to get them registred for the benefit of Posterity. Besides, I receive my Pension, not from any private Person, but from my Prince; and it is no contemptible Matter too, it amounts to several Talents. In fine, if things go in a regular Channel, as they ought to do, I am in good hopes to be chose Governor of some Province, or enjoy some Honourable Office under our Emperor. I have thus, with great freedom of Speech, encounter'd the Crime objected against me, and I think defeated it. Thus much I affirm to you, that no body does any thing *gratis*. I will not except the chief Ministers and Administrators of Publick Affairs, since our Prince himself is not free from the guilt (if it be any) of receiving a recompence for his Pains. I don't speak of the Customs and Duties that are yearly paid him by his Subjects. The
greatest

greatest reward a Prince can receive is to be praised and celebrated, nay, adored for the Benefit he does his Country. Images, Altars and Temples erected to him by his Subjects, are but so many Rewards for his Care and prudent ordering of the Government, and making it to flourish. And that I may once in my Life-time compare small things to great ones, if you begin at the top of a Hill, and descend through all the Particulars out of which it is compounded, you'll see that we differ from the greatest Persons in no other Circumstance but that of Greatness, but that we are all of us equally mercenary. Now if I had enacted such a Law that none should concern themselves with any Employment, I had justly lain open to Reproach and Calumny. But as there is no such thing to be found in my Book, and every honest Man is obliged to do something or other for his maintenance, how can he better imploy his Time than in helping his Friends to Preferment, and giving a publick Specimen to the World, with what faithfulness, diligence and sincerity he performs the Duties incumbent on him, least he should be what *Homer* describes,

The Lumber, Plague and Burden of the World.

But I wou'd have my Adversaries remember above all, that they that have quarrel'd all this while, not with a wise (if there be any such Creature in the World) but a mean ordinary Man, somewhat versed in

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in Oratory, and who has acquired some little Reputation by it. As for those Vertues that are so familiar to Persons of Quality, he does not pretend to have cultivated them. Altho' I don't think I ought to be mortified much at that, since it was never my fortune to light upon any single Man that ever attained to that pitch of Wisdom he pretended to. But the truth on't is, I cannot but admire, that you, of all Men living, should reproach me for taking up this way of living, since you knew I made no scruple to receive considerable Fees for pleading of Causes, at the same time when you having a curiosity to see the Western Ocean fell into my Company, and both of us made the *Towr of France* together, and were reckon'd amongst the ablest Lawyers. Thus, my dear Friend, I have unbosomed my self to you, amidst the hurry of a thousand other Businesses, and shall think my self very happy to have my Conduct approved by so judicious a Person as your self. As for the rest of the World, though they all conspire to Censure me, I value them not a Farthing.

AN

An Apology for his mistaking one Word for another in Saluting a Friend.

By Mr. BROWN.

The ARGUMENT.

Lucian, one Morning met a Gentleman, and instead of saying *χαίρε* or, good Morrow Sir, happened to stumble upon *ὑγιαίνε* which is as much as to say good Night Sir, or Farewel. He owns himself to have committed an Error, since by inverting the Order he said that first, which he ought to have said at parting. However to attenuate the thing, he shows that the Word *χαίρειν* was not only used by the Ancients when they met, but at their Parting too, and that *ὑγιαίνειν* was indifferently used in both Places by abundance of Authors, that some used it in the beginning of a Conversation, and that there it has the most Emphtical, and efficacious Signification. This he proves by citing several Passages out of the Ancient Poets and Historians, where one Word

is

is frequently used for the other, and that it was looked upon as auspicious when it was bestowed upon a Friend; He makes it apparent that this Compliment is always suitable, and fit to be used at any time, nay that it is better than any other, and attributes this Mistake to some unaccountable Consternation of Mind he then laboured under. But as the whole Discourse runs upon two Greek Words, which are not used in our Language; I am afraid that after all the pains I have taken with it, I shall still remain obscure to an English Reader.

TIS no easy matter for a Man to secure himself against all the Traverses of Fortune, but infinitely more difficult to invent a handsome excuse for some unexpected Mistake, the Original of which is wholly unaccountable. At present 'tis my fate to labour under both these Misfortunes, for going to salute you one Morning, instead of pronouncing the Word used upon those Occasions, and bidding you good Morrow, like a rattle brain'd Sot as I was, I said Farewell: Which Word altho' it is ominous enough, however 'tis unseasonable and not altogether so proper for the Morning. This foolish Mistake threw me into a strange Disorder, I blushed and fell into a cold Sweat; in short I was mightily put to it, how to manage my self upon this Occasion. Some of the Standers by took it to be an ordinary *Lapsus Linguae*, from which the best Men are not exempt, and were in the right for so doing. Others thought I was grown delirious with old Age, and lastly, a third Party

ty imagined I had been drunk the Night before, and was not perfectly recovered. But you, Sir, who were most concerned in this Matter took this innocent blunder of mine in good Part, and did not so much as alter your Countenance, or show by any other sign you were inwardly displeased. However I thought it wou'd not be time ill bestowed to attempt to relieve my self under these Circumstances, that I might not lay this Error too much to Heart, or believe I had committed an unpardonable Offence, who in my old Age stumbled upon an infortunate Solecism before so large a Company. After all I thought I lay under no necessity to make so solemn an Apology, which fell upon so good a wish by Mistake. When I first set Pen to Paper upon this Account, I was of Opinion that I had engaged in an intricate Affair, but when I had considered somewhat better of the Question, abundance of things offered themselves to my Mind, which however I will not let alone, till I have laid down whatever is necessary to be said by way of Exposition upon the Words *χαίρειν* and *ἐν πρώτῃν*. To begin with the former, *χαίρειν* is an ancient form of Salutation, which was used not only in the Morning, and in the beginning of Conversation, but even when they had not seen one another before, as appears by this Passage

Hail mighty King of the Tyrrhian Soil.

As likewise frequently after Meals, when the Discourse began to grow warm with Wine, as this makes it appear,

Hail

*Hail Son of Peleus, now thou dost not want
A full repast.*

which are the Words of *Ulysses* to *Achilles*, when he recounted to him the Orders of his Embassy. And lastly they used it when they took their Leaves of one another, as is plain by this Verse

*Hail then but know I'm not of human Race,
A God.*

Now 'tis evident beyond all Contradiction, that no certain time was particularly set aside for this Salutation, and that it was not only used in a Morning, as the Fashion is now-a-days, since it was indifferently employ'd even upon mournful and unlucky Occasions, as we find *Polynices* in *Euripides* when he was going to die.

Hail, for with Darknes I am all o'erspread.

Nor was it only a sign of Friendship, and good Will, but likewise a symbol of *Warred*, which People made use of to show that they wou'd no longer keep a Correspondence one with another; for if one took a long farewell, it was an Argument that he did not care what became of him hereafter. *Philippides* is said to be the first Man that made use of this Expression, who having in a day's Compass, run from *Marathon* to *Athens*, acquainted the Magistrates who were in Suspence about the event of the Fight, with
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the news of the great Victory their Forces had obtained. *Hail*, said he, *for we have overcome*, and no sooner had he delivered this agreeable Message, but he expired upon the Spot with the Word *Hail* in his Mouth. *Cleon*, that popular Ring-leader of the *Athenians*, used the Word *Hail* in the beginning of the Letter, which he writ to that Republick from *Sphaacteria*, when he sent them the joyful News of a great Overthrow he had given the *Spartans*. And lastly, long after him *Nicias* their Generalissimo writing to them out of *Sicily*, thought fit to retain the ancient Form of enditing Epistles, which was by falling immediately upon the Business in hand. But that admirable Philosopher *Plato*, a Man whose Authority may be safely relyed upon, and who has prescribed Rules to be observed in these Occasions, has condemned the Word *Hail* as too Complimental and Trifling. In the room of which he introduced the Word $\epsilon\upsilon\ \pi\rho\acute{o}\tau\epsilon\iota\lambda\epsilon\nu$, as a common Symbol, that both Body and Mind were well affected. And in some of his Letters which he addressed to *Dionysius*, he blames him for that in some Verses which he had written upon *Apollo*, he presumed to treat the God with that Expression, which he said was so far from being fit for a God, that it was not to be used toward Men of Eminent Rank and Condition. Nay the Divine *Pythagoras*, altho' he was not so kind to Posterity, as to leave any Monuments of his Writing behind him, yet as far as may be reasonably conjectured from *Ocellus*, *Lucanus*, and *Archytas*, and some other of his

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Disciples, he did not use the Word *χαίρειν* in the beginning of his Letters, but rather that of *ὕγιαίνεν*. And therefore all his Followers, when they write Letters to one another about serious Business, used to preface their Epistles with it, as being a Word that best suited all Circumstances of Body and Mind, and Comprehended the most emphatical Blessings that a Man can Enjoy; and that triple Triangle of theirs, which being alternately joyn'd together, constitutes a sort of a quinquelinear Figure, which was a private token by which the Disciples of *Pythagoras* knew one another, was by them called Health. In short they looked upon it to be the very same with *ὕγιαίνεν*, and that neither the Words *εὐ πράττειν* nor *χαίρειν* were Equivalent to that, or signified the same thing. Now some People maintain that their mystical Quaternity, which was the most solemn Oath they used, did make up a perfect Number, but others called it the principle of Health, in which number we find *Philolaus*. But what need I enumerate the Ancients, when *Epicurus* himself who preferred Pleasure to every thing besides, and took a particular fancy in the Word *χαίρειν*, yet in those Letters he writes about Affairs of Weight and Consequence, (which I must own are not very many) and in those which he addressed to his dearest and most intimate Friends, he always ushers them in with the Word *ὕγιαίνεν*. Nay often both in Tragedy, and the ancient Comedy you will find that auspicious Word in the very beginning. For that Expression *οὐλέ τε* and *μέγα*

χαῖρε does prudently prefer ὑγιαίνειν before χαίρειν. For thus *Alexis* is introduced.

ὦ Δέσποτ' ὑγιαίνε, ὡς χράνιος ἐλήλυθας

And thus the *Grecian* answers him

* Ἡκω πεπραγῶς δεινὰ, σὺ δ' ὑγιαίνέ μοι.

And *Philemon*.

Ἄιτῳ δ' ὑγείαν πρῶτον, εἴτ' ἐνπραξίαν
Τρίτον δὲ χαίρειν. εἴτ' ὀφέλειν μηδένι.

The Author of the *Convivale Carmen*, mentioned by *Plato* has the following Passage.

ὑγιαίνειν μὲν ἄριστον. τὸ δεύτερον
Καλὸν γιγνώσκειν. Τρίτον δὲ πλεονέειν.

But he does not so much as take the least notice of the Word χαίρειν. And lastly to quote that common saying which every body almost has in his Mouth, ὑγεία πρεσβύσας μακάρεσσιν, μετὰ σεῦ νέοιμι τὸ λειπόμενον βιοτάς.

*Health, thou most Ancient Goddess, kindly Smile,
And let me pass my Days in thy soft Arms.*

Therefore if Health is the most Ancient Blessing, whose business it is to keep our Bodies in a true Temper, then certainly it ought to take place of all other Advantages. But tho' if I were so minded, I cou'd produce a Thousand other Instances, both out of the Poets, Historians, and Philosophers, where the Word ὑγιαίνειν is always preferred, but shall
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at present forbear to cite them, lest I should justly incur the Imputation of Pedantry, and substitute one inconvenience into the room of another. However I think I may be safely allow'd to lay down a few Examples which now occur to my Memory, and may be serviceable to the cause in Hand. When *Alexander* the Great was just ready to begin the famous Battle at *Issus*, as *Eumenes* the *Sardian* relates the Story in his Epistle to *Antipater*, his Favourite *Hephaestion* came very early into his Tent, and either happening to forget himself, or being under some disorder of Mind, which was my own fate, ὦ βασιλεῦ, O King Farewel, 'tis now high time that the Army were drawn out into the Field. All the Company were strangely alarmed at this unusual manner of Greeting, and *Hephaestion* himself being ready to faint away with the Confusion he laboured under, *Alexander* was pleased to relieve him by saying he interpreted it to be a good Omen, because it denoted that they should return with Honour and Safety from the Battle. *Antiochus*, whose Sir-name was *Soter*, being upon the point of Engaging with the *Galatians*, imagined he saw *Alexander* appear to him in a Dream, who commanded him to give ὦ βασιλεῦ for the Word before he begun the fight, which he accordingly did, and obtained a most Glorious Victory. *Ptolemy* the Son of *Lagus*, writing once to *Seleucus*, happened to invert the order of the Words, and in the beginning of his Letter writ Farewel; and in the close of it, where 'tis the fashion to use it, he fell upon the

Word *Hail*; as *Dionysiodorus* relates, who made a Collection of all his Letters. I must by no means omit a remarkable Passage, concerning *Phyrrhus* King *Epire*, who was the next Man to *Alexander* the Great for Military Atchievements, and in his time underwent several vicissitudes of Fortune. He was a most devout Prince, and mightily given to the Worship of the Gods, as appeared by his frequent Praying and Offering Sacrifices, and Consecrating vast Presents to them. However he never begged a Victory at their Hands, nor Glory, nor abundance of Riches, nor did he desire them to extend the Limits of his Kingdom. All he prayed them to grant him was only the Continuance of his Health; for so long as he enjoy'd that Treasure, he did not question but that the rest wou'd be attendants upon him. And in my Opinion he is much to be commended for his wise Choice, for he prudently considered that he cou'd take no manner of Satisfaction in all the Advantages of Art and Nature, if that sovereign Ingredient, which alone makes Life palatable, were wanting. Thus we have clearly shown the proper time when each of these Words was used. But perhaps some body may still object and tell me that in altering the Situation of them, (even tho' I had not spoke a Word more) I committed a mistake as much as if a Man should go to put a Head-piece upon his Feet, or Boots upon his Head. In answer to which I will only tell you, most worthy Sir, whoever you are, you had certainly been in the right were there but one
single

single Hour in twenty Four, when a Man has no Occasion for his Health. Now, Sir, 'tis a plain Case, that from the King down to the Beggar, we have all of us occasion for our Health both at Morning, Noon and Night; but especially you great Princes, and Men of Quality, who have so many important Affairs to take up your Thoughts, and therefore stand in need of a sound and vigorous Constitution to support your selves under such continued Fatigues. Besides he that barely cries χαῖρε, does only use a lucky greeting, and indeed the Word implies a Prayer, whereas he that salutes you with ὑγιαίνε is so far serviceable to you, that he refreshes your Memory to use all those things that contribute to the Preservation of Health, and does not only pray for your Health, but also commands you to look after it. Is it not likewise certain that in

all the * Commissions or Dispatches, that come from any Royal Hand, the first thing they are ordered is to take care of their Health, and that with very good Reason, for you wou'd never be able to

perform any Business, if want of Health made you incapable to attend it. Nay, if I may pretend to any Knowledge in the Roman Tongue; the *Gracians*, when they return their Salutation, do for the general part cry ὑγιαίνε to them. Thus I have laid down these several Instances before you, not because I wou'd have the Word χαῖρεν banished out of Conversation, or affect to sub-

* The Form was Valitudinem tuam cura diligenter, or Da operam ut valeas, or Fac ut Valetudinem cures. All which are to be found in Tully's Letters to his Wife Terentia.

stitute ὑγιαίνειν in the room of it, but because it dropped from me unawares: Otherwise I should show my self to be a ridiculous Fop, if I should pretend to introduce an unusual Expression into Society, and go about to alter the established Times and Fashions, in greeting one another. But Heaven be praised, that since I was fated to make a Mistake, it was my good Fortune to stumble upon a more significant and auspicious Term, and perhaps this was designedly done by the Advice of *Æsculapius* himself, who promises you the Continuance of your Health by me; for how is it possible that I shou'd do this of my own Head, without the Intervention of some Deity, who never made such a blunder in all my Life before. But if you will needs oblige me to assign you a natural Reason for this strange Mistake, pray, Sir, be pleas'd to believe that being willing with the rest of the World to offer my Service to you, my over forward Desire, and too much Zeal, so disordered me at that Interview, that I committed the abovementioned Error. The Appearance too of so many great Officers and Soldiers that were about you, might well throw me into some Disorder and Confusion, some of whom thrust by all that stand near them, and others will not tarry till your Compliment is ended. As for your self, I am very well satisfied, that tho' some malicious Persons may impute this Misfortune, either to my want of Breeding, or good Sense, yet that you fixed no unkind Interpretation of it, that you are convinced it proceeded from my

my Modesty, and Simplicity, and not at all from a crafty designing Temper, for upon such Occasions too much Boldness is not far distant from downright Impudence and Temerity. I hope with all my Heart that I may be so happy as never to blunder after this Manner any more, but if such a thing befalls me, I wish it may be construed for a happy Prayer. I have read some where or other, that such an accident as this happened in the time of *Augustus* the first. This excellent Emperor had ended a certain Process to the great Reputation of his Justice, and quitted an innocent Person, who was indicted for some enormous Crime. The Man going to return his Thanks, cryed out with a loud Voice; I am obliged to thee most noble Emperor, that thou hast judged justly, and unjustly in my Affair. The whole Company being offended at this insolent Behaviour in him, were going to tear him to Pieces, when the Emperor reassuming the Discourse, *Come*, says he, *don't be angry with him, we ought to consider the Man's Intentions, and not his Expression*. Thus that most admirable Prince put a stop to the Matter. To come now to an Application.

As for you, whether you reflect upon my Mind, you will find it is Hearty and Sincere towards you, or upon my Tongue, that too predicts happy things to you. 'Tis true my Case is so Fantastick, that I have reason to fear that the World will imagine, I committed this Mistake designedly, that I might furnish my self with an Occasion to write this
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Apology. And grant, my dearest *Æsculapius*, that this Discourse may meet that Character Abroad, that People may believe that I sought an opportunity not to make an excuse, but to discover my own Affectation and Vanity.

Of True History.

By Mr. THO. BROWN.

The ARGUMENT.

As in the foregoing Discourse Lucian has laid down the Instructions and Rules that are to be observ'd in writing a true History; so in this he gives us a Specimen of one that has no Foundation in Truth, but is wholly feigned. He design'd it partly as an Entertainment to the Reader after more severe studies, and partly as a Satyr upon some of the ancient Poets and Philosophers, who have related so many monstrous and incredible Stories in their Works. But as most of the Writings of those Authors, who are here exposed, have been lost since Lucian's time, it must follow of course that a great deal of his Wit must be dark and unintelligible to us for want of a Key, as I am afraid Hudibras, and the Rehearsal will be in the next Age for the same reason.

IT has been always Customary with those of the Athletic Profession, not only to recommend Exercise to their Disciples, but also

also to look after their Sports and Recreations, which they justly conclude to be no less useful to them than the former. The same Conduct, in my Opinion, ought to be followed by those Gentlemen that are desirous of Learning, that by this means they may relieve their Minds, and enable them to sustain a new fatigue. Now this sort of Entertainment will be of singular use to them if the Matters related not only engage them with an Air of Wit and Gayety, but carry some apparent Profit along with them, which Censure I hope the impartial Reader will pass upon these Writings. For not only the novelty of the Matter, and the pleasantry of the Design, with a continued series of Fables that are all along told with an Air of Probability will entice him to read on, but almost every line glances at one or other of the ancient Writers, Poets and Philosophers, who have left abundance of fabulous and absurd things in their Writings whose names I could have set down, but that their Writings are sufficiently known in the World, so that the meanest Reader will be able to discover them at first sight. * *Ctesias the Cnidian* has deliver'd a world of things of the *Indians*, their Country, and their Rarities to be found there, which he neither beheld himself, nor received from the relations of other People. After the same manner *Jambulus* when he comes to give us a Description of the Great Sea, tells us a thousand improbable things, which every Reader knows to be lyes, and yet he has so artificially managed his Argument, that 'tis agreeable enough.

* He was the Son of Ctesiochus and lived in the time of Artaxerxes. The Sir John Mandevil of his time.

nough. Several other Writers there are, who pitching upon the like Subject, have left behind them strange Narrations of their Travels, and wandring up and down, of strange Beasts, of savage People, and odd fantastical Customs, which liberty they copied from that Father of Legends *Homer's Ulysses*, who at *Alcinous's* Table banter'd the poor *Phaaciens* with Stories of the Wind's being imprison'd in Leather Bottles; of an one-ey'd Generation of People that never regal'd in boil'd or roasted, but eat their Victuals raw; of strange Animals, with the Lord knows how many Sets of Heads; of his Companions being changed into Swine by the Enchantments of a confounded Harlot, with the Devil and all of such unaccountable *Otisms* of the same stamp. Now as it was my fortune to light upon these same things, I did not blame the Authors for lying, since that I saw was so often practised by a grave sort of Gentlemen that call themselves Philosophers: Only I could not chuse but wonder, that when they told such swinging Rappers, they should be such Coxcombs as to imagine other Folks would not find out their blind side. And now since I too have an Inclination to make my self known in the World, and to leave some of my Compositions behind me, that I may not be the only Author that denied himself the liberty to coin Stories, and having at present nothing of Truth to recount, which deserves to be made publick, rather than spoil Company I soon resolv'd to follow the Example of my Predecessors, and betook my self

self to the Trade of Lying, for which I think I have a juster Excuse : For tho' the only true Word in the following History is, that 'tis wholly made up of Lyes, yet I fantasie I shall hereby avoid the Reader's Censure, since I frankly tell him 'tis to expect nothing but Lyes at my Hands; for, I honestly declare, that what I here write I neither saw my self, nor suffer'd in my own Person, nor yet heard from other People, that never were, and what is more, never will be in the World, let it last never so long : Wherefore the Reader is advised beforehand not to believe one Syllable of this Story, for if he does, he must e'en take it for his pains.

To begin then : Some Years ago, but I will not be particular to the time, I sailed with a fresh gale out of the *Streights* into the *Atlantick* Ocean. The itch of Curiosity, with which all Men are possessed at one time or another, and the earnest desire I had to know how far this mighty Ocean reached, and what People lived beyond it, put me upon undertaking this adventurous Voyage. So after I had laid in good store of Provisions, and as much fresh Water as I judged sufficient, and engaged some fifty young Fellows of my own humour in this Design, I went on Board. We had taken care to provide a good quantity of Arms, nor were we less careful to furnish our selves with an experienc'd Pilot, to whom we allowed extraordinary Wages. The Ship we sailed in was a Galley, and as we expected to meet with a long and dangerous Voyage, we took our Measures

Measures accordingly. For the first Night and Day, tho' we had a fair gale of Wind, we did not lose the sight of Land, and consequently sailed none of the quickest; but the next Morning, about Sun-rising, the Wind began to blow hard, the Waves swelled, and it grew wondrous dark, so that we were not able to furl the Sails. So we fairly resigned our selves to the Mercy of the Sea, and after this manner we floated for seventy nine Days exactly. On the eightieth, just as the Sun was got up, we beheld, not afar off, a white Island plentifully provided with Woods, nor was the Sea about it very troublesome, for by this time the violence of the Storm was over. We were so fatigu'd with this Tempest, that, as soon as we came on shore, we all laid down to rest our selves: After a small Refreshment, up we got and deputing thirty of our Company to look after the Ship, the other twenty went along with me to make our Discoveries of the Island. Having marched thro' a Wood of about three Leagues distance from the Sea, we saw a Brass Pillar bearing a *Greek* Inscription, but the Letters were antique, and somewhat wore out; the Words were these, *So far Hercules and Bacchus travell'd*. There were two prodigious Footsteps to be seen in the neighbouring Rock, one of them as large as an Acre, the other not altogether so big; the lesser of the two we judg'd was *Bacchus's*, and the other we concluded belong'd to *Hercules*. We paid our Adoration to the Place, and then pursu'd our Journey, but we had not gone far before we came to

to a River which flow'd with a Liquor very much resembling *Chian* Wine : It had a large and plentiful Stream, so that in some places it wou'd bear Ships of a considerable Burthen. And now we bethought our selves to give greater credit to the Inscription on the Pillar, since we saw such convincing Testimonies that *Bacchus* had travell'd in this Country. Being resolv'd to find out the head of this River, we went up against the Stream, but the Devil of a Spring that we cou'd discover : Only there were abundance of large Vines, out of the Roots of which dropt a clear Wine, and this supplied the River, wherein we could see several Fish that resembled Wine both in Colour and Taste ; some of these we took, and opening their Bellies found them to be full of Lees, and grew drunk upon eating of them. However, after trying a few Experiments, we mingled them with other Fishes that we found in this River, and so temper'd the strength of the Wine, upon which the former fed. Passing over the River, where it was fordable, we discovered Vines of a prodigious bigness. The lower part of their Trunks that arose out of the Earth were thick, and full of Boughs ; the upper part were Women, that from their Bellies upwards were perfect enough ; such as the Poets describe *Daphne* to us, who, when *Apollo* was going to lay his Hands upon her, was turned into a Tree. At their Fingers ends grew stalks full of Grapes ; instead of Hair they wore Garlands and Leaves, and bunches of Grapes upon their Heads. They courteously saluted us when we

we came near them, and shaked us by the Hand. Some of them talked the *Lydian* Language, some the *Indian*, but others discoursed in *Greek*. They favour'd us too with kisses, by the same token that whoever was admitted to such an Honour grew mad on the sudden, and as drunk as a Wheel-barrow. But they would not suffer us to pluck the Fruit by their good Wills, for, as often as we did it, they cry'd out for meer Pain: They were willing enough to have Copulation with us, and two of our Fellows that ventured to Consummate with them, could by no means be got asunder, but were inseparately tack'd together at the Privities, and took root with them. And now their Fingers were turned into Branches, their Heads adorn'd with Garlands, and they were in a fair way to bear Fruit. So we left them, and return'd to our Ship, where being arriv'd, we, among other things, acquainted our Companions with the fate of these two Fellows, and how dearly they paid for fornicating with the Vines. After this we filled our Hogsheads with Wine and Water out of the River, and passed the whole Night near it, but in the Morning we put to Sea again, the Wind blowing but indifferently. Towards Noon we lost sight of the Island, and immediately a Hurricane arose, which blowing our Ship about some three thousand Furlongs into the Air, did not let it drop down again into the Sea, but held it there still, and a fresh gale arising filled the Sails, and onwards we jogg'd very merrily. We thus continu'd our Course through the Sky for the space of seven

seven Days, and as many Nights. At last, on the eighth Day, we discover'd a great Land in the Sky, like a shining Island, round and bright, where we arriv'd, and coming into a convenient Harbour, went ashore, and soon found it to be inhabited. In the Day-time we could see nothing, but at Night several other Islands appear'd to us, some of them lesser, and some greater, and in their colour resembled Fire. Below us there was another Earth, containing Cities, and Rivers, and Seas, and Woods, and Mountains, which we conjectur'd to be the very same with that which is inhabited by us. As we offer'd to advance farther into the Country, it was our misfortune to fall into the Hands of the *Hippogypi* as they are called, who took us, and secured us. Now these are Fellows that ride upon huge Vulturs, and put them to the same use as we do our Horses; and very well they may, for these Birds are of a prodigious bulk, and for the most part have three Heads. You may frame to your self some Idea of their bigness, when, I tell you, that their very Wings are not only longer but thicker *In the O-* than the Mast of a large Merchant-Man. 'Tis *original* the business of the *Hippogypi* to fly round the *ἵππεδες* Country, and if they see any Strangers, to *φορτί-* bring them before the King. So they ac- *δ' ὅ,* cordingly carried us to the Monarch of the *which pro-* Place, who no sooner spied us, but he told *perly sig-* us we were *Gracians*, which, I suppose, he *nifies a* guess'd by our Habits. We made no scruple *Ship of* to own so much to him, when he, pursuing *burden.* his Discourse, But how, in the name of wonder, says he, came you to pass over so great

a Tract of Air? And we satisfied him in every particular. After which, he was pleas'd to relate to us all the Occurrences of his Life, telling us his Name was *Endymion*, that he was carried away from the Earth when he was asleep, and brought into this Country, where he commanded in Chief. Then his Lunar Majesty told us, that what seem'd to us to be the Moon was a solid Earth, and bid us take heart of Grace, and suspect no ill Usage, for I will take care, continues he, to supply you with all manner of Necessaries: At present I am engag'd in a War with the Inhabitants of the Sun, which, if 'tis my good Destiny to end honourably, and with success, you shall live with me here as happy as any Lords. Upon this we made bold to enquire of him what sort of Enemies they were, and what was the occasion of the Quarrel? Why, you must know, says he, that the Sun is inhabited as well as the Moon, and *Phaeton*, the King of those People, has, for this long while, carried on a fierce War against us, and the reason of it is as follows; some time ago I got together all the poorest People in my Dominions, intending to plant a Colony with them in *Lycifer*, which was then Unpeopled, and void of Inhabitants; but *Phaeton*, stirr'd up with Envy, frustrated this Design, by stopping them in the middle of their march with the *Hippomyrmeces*. At this time, I must own, we were soundly beaten, for, to say truth, we were inferior to the Enemy in all respects, and so they oblig'd us to retire. But now I am resolv'd to begin the War with fresh Vigour,
and

and to carry on my Project of a Colony. Now if you think fit to accompany me in this Expedition, I will furnish each of you with a Royal Vultur, arm you after the manner of the Country, and to morrow we'll begin to march. Be it so, said I in the name of the rest, with all my heart, since your Majesty is fix'd upon this Affair. Then he treated us with a noble Entertainment, and early the next Morning we were called up to join the Army, for their Scouts had brought them word that the Enemy approach'd : Our Forces consisted of a hundred thousand effective-Men, not reckoning the Sutlers, the Engineers, our Foot and hired Soldiers : Of the latter sort eighty thousand were *Hippogypi*, and twenty thousand of those that were carried by *Lachanopteri*. This is a most wonderful Fowl, and encompassed with bunches of Cabbages on all sides instead of Wings : The swiftest of them had Wings exactly resembling the Leaves of a Lettice, and the *Cenchroboli* and *Scorodomachi* were ordered to ride upon them. From the North there came to serve in the nature of Auxiliaries the *Psyllotoxotæ*, thirty thousand of them in number, and fifty thousand of the *Anemodromi* : Of these the *Psyllotoxotæ* rode upon Fleas of an extraordinary size, from whence they had their Name, and one of these Fleas might be as big as a dozen Elephants. The *Anemodromi* serv'd on foot, and are carried in the Air in the following manner; they girt themselves round with Coats that reach down to their Heels, and hollowing them after the fashion of Sails, they are driven a-

long like Ships, and these, in the time of fight are generally armed with Targets. It was confidently reported, that from the Stars that are directly over *Cappadocia* there would come seventy thousand *Struthobalani*, and fifty thousand *Hippogarani*: But, for my part, I saw them not, for they did not come, and therefore I will not pretend to give you a Description of these People, because wonderful, and indeed incredible things are related of them. *Endymion's* Army was composed of these Forces, they were all armed after the same manner; their Helmets were made of Beans, which in these Countries are extraordinary great and hard; their Coats of Mail were made of the Husks of *Lupines* sown together, which here are as hard as a Horn. Their Shields and Swords are such as the *Grecians* use to wear. As soon as a fair opportunity presented it self they ranged their Army in order as follows; on the right Wing stood the *Hippogypi*, and the King himself with a select band of Soldiers, among whom we were. The *Lachanopteri* were placed on the left, and the middle space was possessed by the Auxiliary Forces: The Foot consisted of about ten thousand Myriads, who were plac'd in the following Disposition; they have great store of large Spiders in these Countries, each of which is infinitely bigger than any of the Islands in the *Archipelago*. These he order'd to weave all the middle space of the Air which reaches from the Moon to *Lucifer*, and when they had accordingly done so, and made a firm footing for the Infantry, he drew them

them out upon it, who were commanded by *Nycterion* the Son of *Eudianax*. He was the third himself. The left Wing of the Enemy was composed of the *Hippomyrmeces*, and in the midst of them *Phaeton* was: These are prodigious Beasts, furnished with Wings, and resemble our Ants, only they are infinitely bigger, for one of the largest takes at least two Acres of Ground; and not only the Persons that ride upon them, but themselves also, fight principally with their Horns, and their Numbers were said to amount to almost fifty thousand. On the right Wing were placed some fifty thousand *Aeroconopes*, all of them Archers, and mounted upon great Gnats. Behind these stood the *Aerocordaces* that serv'd on foot, but a very Warlike Nation; for they darted huge Radishes at a distance, and whoever was wounded by them was not able to make the least resistance, but immediately died of the stink that was occasioned by the Ulcer; and this was ascribed to their Arrows, which were said to be anointed with the Poyson of Mallows. Near these were placed the *Caulomyceles* in Armour, that always engaged near at hand, and might be about ten thousand in Number: They are so called because the Shields they carry are made of Mushrooms, and their Darts of the tops of Asparagus. Not far from these stood five thousand *Cynobalani*, whom the Inhabitants of the Dogstar sent to serve in this Engagement. These were Men with Dogs Faces, and fought riding upon winged Wall-nuts. They said some of their fellow Soldiers were coming

after them, to wit, the Slingers that were sent for out of the *Galaxy*, and the *Nepheleocentaurs* that came up after the fight was begun. It had been well for us if they had staid away, but as for the Slingers they came not at all; for which reason *Phaeton* was so angry with them, that they say he destroy'd all their Country with Fire. These were the Numbers, and this the Disposition of *Phaeton's* Army. As soon as the Standards were erected, and Asses on both sides had given the Signal with horrible braying, for these, you must know, were their Tumpeters; the two Armies encountred with wonderful vigour: The left Wing of the Men of the Sun immediately gave ground, upon the first Onset, as not being able to sustain the shock of the *Hippogypi* hand to hand, and so following the pursuit, we cut them in pieces. In the mean time their right Wing got the better of our left, when the *Aeroconopes* marching forward, pursu'd them to the very Infantry, and these supporting them, away they ran in great Precipitation, especially when they found their left Wing was totally routed. And now upon this great disorder, several of them were taken Prisoners of War, the rest were put to the Sword, and their Blood in great quantity fell upon the Clouds, which were tinged with a red Colour, and looked just as they do with us upon the setting of the Sun: A great deal of it too fell upon the Earth, so that I consider'd with my self whether some such might not formerly have happened in Heaven, when *Homer* thought that

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Jove upon *Sarpedon*'s death rained Blood. After we were returned from the pursuit, we erected two Trophies, one for the Foot-engagement that was fought upon the Webs of the Spiders, and the other for the fight that happen'd in the Clouds. We had no sooner made an end of this Work, but our Scouts brought us word, that the *Nephelo-Centaurs* were marching towards us, who should have come to *Phaeton*'s Assistance before the Fight begun. Upon their arrival they gave us an incredible Spectacle, being composed of Men and winged Horses. The Men from the Waste upwards were as big as the *Colossus* of *Rhodes*, and their Horses as large as a good Merchant-man. I purposely omit to set down their vast Numbers, because they may seem incredible. Their Commander in Chief was *Sagittarius* in the Zodiac. As soon as they understood that their Friends were beaten, they dispatch'd an Express to *Phaeton* to return to the Onset; then drawing up in rank and file they fell upon the Inhabitants of the Moon with great fury, who being now disorder'd with pursuing their Enemies, and dispersed in getting the plunder of the Field, were soon put to flight, after which they pursu'd the King to the very Gates of the City, and killed abundance of his Birds. Then they demolished the Trophies we had set up, and run over the whole Field that was woven with the Spiders. They took me and two of my Companions alive, by the same token that *Phaeton* was by this time come up, and they erected two new Trophies in the room of the former. That very Day we were

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brought

brought before the Sun with our Hands bound behind us with part of a Cobweb. They thought it not convenient to lay Siege to the City, so returning homewards they threw up a great Retrenchment in the middle space of the Air, so that the Sun-beams cou'd now no longer come to the Moon. It was a double Wall made up of thick substantial Clouds, by means whereof the Moon suffer'd a manifest Eclipse, and was totally overwhelm'd with darkness. This obliged *Endymion* to send Ambassadors in all haste, who begged that these Works might be demolished, and that he might no longer languish in this uncomfortable Condition. To obtain which Concessions he promised to pay Tribute for the future, to enter into a League Offensive and Defensive, and to make War no more: Nor was this all, for he offer'd to send Hostages. *Phaeton* and his Allies summon'd two Councils, and at first persisting in their anger refused to hearken to any Propositions, but at last altered their opinion, and agreed to these Articles. The Men of the Sun and their Allies enter'd into a League with the People of the Moon and their Allies, upon these terms, that the former were to throw up their late Intrenchments, and were not to invade the Dominions of the Moon for the time to come, and to ransom the Prisoners at a price appointed. On the other hand, the People of the Moon promis'd to let the other Stars at Liberty, and not to make War any more upon the Men of the Sun, and to assist them with their Forces, in case of any Invasion. The King of the Moon was yearly
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to pay Tribute to the King of the Sun, namely, ten thousand Barrels of Dew, and to send ten thousand of his Men as Hostages for better performance of Articles. The Colony of *Lucifer* was to be left free for all, and any one might be a Member of it who was so pleased. This League was to be engraven in a Pillar of Amber, and erected in the middle of the Air upon the Frontiers. On the side of the Men of the Sun *Pyronides*, *Therites* and *Phlogius* pass'd their Words, as on the other *Nyctor*, *Menius* and *Polylampes*, and thus the Peace was concluded. Immediately the Wall was demolish'd, and we that were Captives were set at Liberty. As soon as we were upon our return to the Moon, both our Companions and *Endymion* himself came out to meet us, and saluted us with Tears. His Majesty desired us to tarry with him, and particularly promis'd to marry his Son to me, (for they have no Women in this Country) but for my part, I utterly refused to accept his offers, and begged to be sent back to Sea again. When the King saw we were not enclined to comply with him, he entertain'd us nobly for seven Days, and then dismiss'd us. Now what remarkable things fell under my Observation, during my stay in the Moon, I will here relate, tho' some of them may seem to exceed Belief. In the first place, they are not propagated from Women, for the Climate affords no cloven Conveniencies, as I hinted above, but from Men; for this Reason they marry none but Males, and never so much as heard of the Name of a Woman.

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When they arrive to the Age of twenty five, they marry, and likewise are given in Marriage. They Conceive not in the Belly, but in the Calf of the Leg: After Conception the Leg swells considerably, and when the time is come they cut out the Fœtus dead, which being exposed to the Air, receives Life. From hence, as I imagine, the *Grecians* borrow'd the term *Gastrocnemia*, because with these People the Calf of the Leg conceives instead of the Belly. But now I will relate a much stranger thing than this. They have a sort of Men among them call'd *Dendritæ*, which are produc'd after this manner, They plant the right Testicle of a Man in the Ground, from which rises a very great Tree, fleshy like a *Priapus*; it has Boughs and Leaves, and the Fruit it produces are Nuts of a Cubit-long, which when they arrive to Maturity, they gather with care, and take Men out of them. Their Privities are prominent before, some wear them of Ivory, but the Poor are contented with Wooden ones, and with these they copulate, and perform the Matrimonial Duties. When any of them is grown old, they don't dye, but turn to Air, and dissolve into Smoak. All of them have the same Food, without any difference. They kindle a Fire, and then broil Frogs upon the Coals, which in that Country fly in vast Numbers in the Air, and when they are broiled enough they sit about a Table, and licking the Smoke or Steam that comes from them, think they dine like Princes. And this is the Food that nourishes them. As for their drink, they squeeze the Air into a Cup, which

which affords them a Liquor much resembling Dew. They never make Urine, nor go to Stool, neither indeed are they perforated in that part as we are. Their Boys don't do you know what you know where, but in the Hams, a little above the Calf, where they have a hole for the purpose. They reckon that Man handsome who is bald, and without Hair, but abominate those that have, whereas among the Inhabitants of the Comets no Man can pass for a Beau that has not a good Head of Hair, as I have been inform'd by some Gentlemen of those Countries, who have given me a large account of their respective Customs and Manners. They wear their Beards a little above their Knees, they have no Nails upon their Toes, and have but one Finger to help themselves. Each Man has a large Cabbage growing out of his Fundament in the shape of a Tail, which is always green, and will not break, though a Man should happen to fall full upon it. Their Honey is exceeding sharp, and whenever they are minded to use any laborious Exercises, they anoint all their Body with Milk, and then dropping a little of this Honey upon it, it turns to a Cheese in a moment. They have a trick of squeezing Oyl out of Onions, which is very fat and high scented, like an unguent. Great plenty of Vines grow in their Country, which supply them with Water; the Stones of their Grapes are exactly like Hail, so that I am wholly of Opinion, that when a high Wind shakes their Vines, and breaks the Grapes, the Stones fall down and make that which we call Hail. They put their Bel-

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lies to the same use as we do a Sack, and put whatever they have occasion for into it, for they can open it, and shut it again when they please. Neither do any Bowels or Liver appear in it, for within 'tis only rough and hairy, so that when their Children are a Cold they run there to warm themselves. The Habits of the Men of Quality among them are made of Glass, exceeding soft ; but poor Men's Clothes are made of woven Brass, for this Country abounds in that Metal, which the People soak in Water, and afterwards manage as easily as we do Wooll. But now I am afraid to relate what sort of Eyes they have, because the Reader will be apt to think I banter him, the thing being so monstrously strange, however, I will venture to acquaint him with it. Their Eyes then they can take in and out, when they please, and use them as they have occasion. Several that have lost their own borrow of other People, and so make a shift to see. He that has the greatest store of them about him, passes for a wealthy Man. Their Ears are the Leaves of a Plane-Tree, only I must except such as were produc'd from Nuts, for these worthy Gentlemen alone have wooden ones. In the King's Palace I beheld another sort of a Miracle ; over a Pit, which is none of the deepest, stands a very high Tower, if a Man goes down into the Pit, he hears every Syllable that is said among us here below ; but he that gets up to the top of the Tower, sees all the Cities and Nations in the World as exactly as if he were in the midst of them. The Truth of this I know by my own Experience, for when I

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was there, I saw my own Country, and all my Acquaintance; but whether they saw me or no, that I can't determine. And if any one will not take my Word for't, but says he does not believe that things were so as I have related them, let him e'en make a Voyage thither himself, and then he'll be satisfied I have told him nothing but the Truth.

Having taken our leaves of the King and his Courtiers, we repair'd to our Ship out of Hand; but before my departure *Endymion* presented me with two Glasses, and five Copper Suits of Cloaths, with a compleat suit of Armour made of *Lupines*, all which it was my great misfortune to lose in the Whale's Belly. He likewise sent a Thousand *Hippopygi* with us, who were to carry us five hundred Furlongs onward on our way. While we were sailing we past by several other Countries, we call'd at a new built City in the Morning Star, where our business was to take in fresh Water. From hence entring the Zodiac we left the Sun on the left hand, and sailed close by the Land, but we did not go ashore, altho' my Companions earnestly desired it. The Truth is, the Wind wou'd not give us leave, otherwise we saw 'twas a pleasant, fruitful Country, well water'd, and abounding in several good Commodities. The *Nepbelo-Centaurs*, I mean those that fought so successfully under King *Phaeton*'s Banners, chancing to spy us, made immediately towards our Ship, but finding the League concluded upon as soon left us, but the *Hippogypi* were gone before. Now when we had continued under sail next Night and Day, towards

wards Evening directing our course below, we arriv'd safely at a City called *Lychnopolis* which is situate in the open Air exactly between the *Pleiades*, and *Hyades*, but lies somewhat below the Zodiack. As soon as we were landed we cou'd not see one Man in the Town, but a world of Wax-lights walking up and down, and fluttering about the Shore, and in the Market-place. Some of these Links were small, and, as I may so express my self, poor and beggarly: Others were large and rich, made a fine show, and looked very bright. Each of them has a several House and Candlestick for himself, and goes by a particular name as Men do. We heard them discoursing Matters with one another, but they gave not the least reproachful word to us, but what shew'd them to be a well-bred civiliz'd People, they invited us to take a Dinner with them. However, we were afraid of receiving some Mischief from them, for which reason not one of us durst eat or sleep at their Houses. Their Palace is built in the Center of the City, where their Prince sits all Night long, and calls over every Link by his particular Name. Whoever of them proves refractory, is condemn'd to die as a Deserter from his Colours, and the Death they put them to, is to extinguish them. Here we stood for some time, and were Spectators of every Passage that happen'd; we heard these Tapers, or Links, or Candles (call 'em which you please) give in their Answers to what was objected against them, and making their several Excuses why they came in so tardy. Here I perceiv'd among the rest
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our own Domestick Candle, and enquir'd how every body did at home, and how squares went there, to all which the courteous Candles return'd me a satisfactory Answer. In this place we tarried all Night, and the next Morning set sail, and sail'd near the Clouds. We had a sight of the City *Nephelococcygia*, and were surpriz'd to behold it: However, we did not put in there because the Wind was contrary. *Coronus*, the Son of *Cottyphion* is King of that Place. Then I thought of *Aristophanes* the Poet, a Man of great Wisdom and Probity, whose word you may very well take as to these Matters. On the third day we plainly discovered the Ocean, but saw no Land at all, but those airy Regions which looked to be very glittering, and seemed to be all on Fire. On the fourth Day about Noon having a fair and gentle Gale, we were let down upon the Sea. As soon as we touch'd Water, you cannot imagine how greatly we rejoiced, so out of the remainders of our Provisions we made a Supper for all that were in the Ship; and seeing the Sea was extremely calm, we diverted our selves with swimming in it. But I have often observed, that fortune's veering from a bad to a good Point, is frequently the Prologue to some greater Misfortune. For, we had scarce sailed two days more, when on the third by break of Day we might discover Eastwards of us, abundance of Monstrous Animals and Whales, besides other remarkable things. The largest of the Tribe was about a thousand five hundred Furlongs in bigness, and came towards us open-mouth'd, beating the Sea before him into a foam, and showing

showing his Teeth, which were much longer than the tallest of our May-poles, all of them as sharp as Needles, and as white as Ivory. With this we solemnly took our leaves, and embraced one another, expecting every moment the coming of our Adversary, who swallow'd us up, Ship and all, without the least Difficulty; neither did we receive the least Injury from his Grinders, for by singular good Fortune the Ship pass'd through the vacant spaces or turn-pikes of his Teeth. We were no sooner got within this Monster's damn'd Carcass, but it was as dark as Hell, and we cou'd not see so much as our Hands: At last, this watry *Garagantua* happen'd to gape, and then we saw, to our Sorrow, that our Landlord was a high and mighty Whale, big enough to contain a City within him, which should hold ye at least ten thousand Inhabitants. In the middle of him were a world of small Fishes, and other Animals beaten to Mash, as likewise Masts of Ships, and Anchors and Mens Bones, and Bales of several Commodities. Around this dismal space was firm Ground, and Hills form'd, as I conjecture, out of that Mud which he so plentifully swallow'd. And here grew a large Wood, and all sorts of Trees and Pot-herbs, and it seem'd to be as well cultivated a spot of Ground as ever we beheld; it might be about some two hundred and forty Leagues in compass: There was also abundance of Sea-fowls and Pucts and King's-Fishers built their Nests upon Trees. And now we had leisure enough to think of our deplorable State, and wept plentifully. At last, when I had somewhat

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what comforted the dejected Spirits of my Companions, we propt up the Ship, and then striking Fire we provided a Supper, such as the place wou'd allow. We had all sorts of Fish you can name, and as for Water, we had still some of that which we brought from the Morning Star. We got up early the next Morning, and whenever the Whale thought fit to gape, we cou'd discover sometimes Mountains, and sometimes nothing but the plain Sky, but Islands we saw very often. For you must understand that this Whale was mightily addicted to rambling ever from his Cradle, and that he wou'd move ye from this to t'other part of the Sea as swift as Lightning. After we were pretty well accustom'd to this Mansion (and Custom, you know, will reconcile the most disagreeable things) I took seven of my Companions along with me, being desirous to see the Curiosities of this Place, and took my way through the above-mentioned Wood. I had scarce measur'd with my Feet five full Furlongs when I happen'd upon a little Chappel dedicated to *Neptune*, as the Inscription informed me, and not long after I saw several Sepulchres with Pyramids upon them, and hard by a Fountain of clear Water. Nay, we heard the barking of a Dog, and at some distance from us, could easily discern Smoke, by which we immediately guess'd that there was some House or other thereabouts. So hastening our pace, we saw an old and a young Man busie in making a Furrow, into which they turned the Water that came from the Fountain. At this sight we were struck with Joy and Fear,

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and they, on the other hand, as 'tis but reasonable to suppose, were possessed with the same Apprehensions, and spoke not a word. At last after some recollection the old Gentleman broke silence, *And who are ye, Friends,* says he, are you Sea Gods or poor wretched Mortals like us? We were formerly Men, and born and bred on dry Ground, but now we are become Sea Animals, and float up and down where it pleases this Whale to carry us. Nor do we well know what is become of us, for we seem to be dead, tho' we fancy we still live. To which I replied, Father we two are unfortunate Men, but lately came to take our Quarters hither, for yesterday this confounded Whale (the Devil take him for't) swallow'd us and our Ship. The reason of our coming this way was to see how squares went in this Wood, which seem'd to take a vast extent of Ground, and to be full of Trees. Some kind God or other I believe has brought us hither, that lighting upon your Company we might know we are not the only Persons that are immur'd in this melancholy Place. But pray, Sir, be so kind as to acquaint us with your History, and tell us what you are, and how you happen'd to come hither? I had no sooner done, but replies the old Blade, you shan't have a Syllable more about this Matter from me, 'till I have thwack'd your Guts with good cheer. With that he leads us to his House, which was a pretty commodious dwelling, and reaching every Man his Chair, makes him a Compliment, and desires him to sit down to a sorry Entertainment. He regal'd us with Fish,

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Wall-nuts, and a Sallad : Nor was he sparing of his Wine, so the Glass walked cheerfully about, and after we had filled every corner of our Bellies, our honest Host asked us what strange Accident had befallen us ? I briefly laid before him all the remarkable Occurrences of our Lives, as namely, how severely we had been used by a Tempest, what had happen'd in the Island, then our sailing in the Air, all the particulars of the late War ; in short, every thing that had happen'd to us till we took up our Lodging in the Whale's Belly. He seem'd to be much astonish'd at what I told him, and then was so Complaisant as to tell us his own Story. *As for my Birth, Gentlemen,* says he, *I am a Native of Cyprus,* but travelling out of my Country with my Son here, whom you see, and several of my Servants, upon the score of Merchandize for *Italy*, I Embark'd in a stout Merchantman, which perhaps you saw shatter'd all to pieces in the Mouth of the Whale, with valuable Goods of all sorts. We had the finest Weather in the World till we came to *Sicily*, and then unluckily surpriz'd by a furious Tempest ; we were on the third day blown into the Ocean, where we met with a Whale that swallow'd both our Ship and all our Men, and all of them are dead except we two, who have had the luck hitherto to escape. Having interr'd our Companions we erected a Temple to *Neptune*, and have ever since led such a Life as you see here, planting of Herbs, and feeding upon Fish and Wall-nuts. This Wood you find is of a large extent, and abounds in Vines that affords a

most delicious Wine, and the Fountain you saw is of the best and coolest Water in the World. We make us a Bed of the Leaves of Trees, we consume abundance of Fuel, and keep a Fire always Nose high: We take Birds flying, and angle for live Fish in the Gills of the Whale, where we wash our selves when we see convenient. Not far from hence is a Salt Water Pool, about twenty Furlongs in compass, which abounds in all sorts of Fish, where we swim and sail up and down in a small Pinnace, which I built my self. To give you the *Ara* of my Imprisonment, this is the twenty seventh Year since this huge scaly Privateer took us Prisoners, and indeed we might make a shift to pass our Lives here tolerably well, but that our Neighbours are such insupportable Beasts, ill-condition'd Devil's, so over-run with a Spirit of Cruelty and every thing that's abominable, that there's no living comfortably near them. How, says I! what are there any other People besides us in the Whale's Dominions? Besides us! replied he, Why, we have infinite Numbers of them, but then they are so cruel to Strangers, and the ugliest Toads in the Universe. The farthermost part of this Wood, which lies to the Westward, is inhabited by the *Tarichanes*, devourers of raw Flesh, a Bold and Warlike People that look like Eels, and have strange hatchet Faces. The other Extremity on the right Hand the *Tritonomenetes* possess, who in the upper parts resemble Men, and in the lower Cats; but are not altogether so rude and injurious to their Neighbours as the others. On the left we find the

Carcinobires,

Carcinochires, and the *Cynocephali*, between which two Nations there is an Alliance: The *Pagurade* and *Psittopodes* are quarter'd in the Inland Country, a Nation naturally addicted to War, and the best Footmen in the World. But the Eastern Parts, near the Whale's Mouth, are for the most part, uncultivated and unpeopled, and the reason is, because they are so often overwhelm'd by the Sea. For my part, I am content to take up my Quarters here, for which I pay five hundred Oysters yearly by way of Tribute to the *Psittopodes*; and this is all the Account I can give you of the several Nations that inhabit the Whale. Now it wou'd be worth our while to see if we cou'd find out a way to encounter so many Nations, and keep our Ground against them. How many of them are there, said I? Above a thousand, answer'd he. But what sort of Arms do they use? Nothing in the World, said he, but the Bones of Fishes. Why then, said I, we shall certainly carry the day if we engage them, for the Devil's in't if arm'd Men don't beat a Herd of naked Fellows: And if we do but maul their Jackets for them once, we'll e'en live here without disturbance, and bid defiance to all that hate us. This advice being receiv'd *Nemine Contradicente*, away we went to our Ship, to Arm our selves. Now the pretence that we design'd to occasion the War was to deny the payment of our Tribute: The day appointed for that purpose being now come, our Neighbours sent their Gatherers to the Old Gentleman to demand it, but he gave them a cross answer, and made

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them

them glad to scamper home again. Upon this the *Pagurade* and the *Psittopodes*, mightily incensed at this Treatment of their Messengers, march'd with great Fury towards *Scintharus*, for that was his Name it seems, but we, who expected some such matter, laid twenty five of our Men in Ambuscade for him, and were thus prepar'd to receive them: We order'd these Fellows to lie still, till the Enemy had passed by, and then to gaul them in the Rear, which they accordingly did with great Bravery. At the same time the rest of us, being twenty five likewise in number (for *Scintharus* and his Son fought with us) went out to meet them, and attacked them in the front with no less Resolution. In the end we got the better of them, and pursu'd them to their own dark Habitations. Of the Enemy a hundred and seventy were slain. On our side we had but one Man kill'd and the Pilot, who was run through the Back with the Rib of a Sea-fish. We continued all that Day and the Night following in the Field of Battle, and erected a Trophy in remembrance of our Victory, which was the dried Back-bone of a Dolphin. The next day the other Nations hearing how Matters went, came up against us. The *Tarichanes*, commanded by *Pelamus*, were on the right Wing; the *Cynocephali* brought up the left, and the *Carcinobires* led the main body of the Battel; for the *Tritonomendetes* lay still and declared for neither Party. About *Nep-tune's* Temple we met the Enemy, and both sides engag'd with a great Noise, so that the Cavities of the Whale reverberated the Noise

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as a mighty Vault wou'd do. We soon oblig'd them to give Ground, as being a parcel of unarm'd Men, and beat them back into the Wood, and so return'd home Conquerors. Not long after they dispatched Trumpeters to us to carry off their dead, and to treat with us about Articles of Accommodation. But we did not think it *à propos* to enter into any Alliance with them, so we fell upon them the next Day, and cut them all in pieces, Root and Branch, except the *Tritonomenetes*, who seeing what had happen'd, slipt away through the Gills of the Whale, and so leapt into the Sea. This being done, we entred the Country, now free from Enemies, and liv'd merrily, without the least Apprehension of being disturb'd for the future. We sometimes employ'd our selves in Wrestling and Hunting, we planted Vineyards, and gathering the Fruits of the Trees carried them Home. In short, we resembled those People who being confin'd to some great Prison, and have no hopes of being ever enlarg'd, abandon themselves wholly to Pleasure and Luxury; and this blessed sort of Life we lived for a Year and eight Months compleatly. But on the fifth day of the ninth Month, about the second opening of his Mouth (which the Whale most punctually did once a Quarter, and by it we guess'd at the Season of the Year) I say, about the second opening we heard, to our great Astonishment, a prodigious Uproar and Noise, like that of Seamen and Rowers, encouraging one another. At which, being strangely alarm'd, we stole privately to the Whale's

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Mouth,

Mouth, and standing between his Teeth, beheld the whole Scene. Of all the odd sights I ever saw in my Life, this was the most surprising by far ; they were huge two handed Fellows, half a Furlong in Stature, who sailed upon great Islands as easily as if they had been so many Gallies. And tho' I am satisfied the Reader will not believe one Syllable of what I tell him, yet I will proceed in my Narration. These Islands were not very tall, but long, and about a hundred Furlongs in Compass, and each of them was Mann'd with some twenty eight of these strapping Youths. Some of them planted on each side of the Island, rowed in great Order, and great Cypress Trees with the Leaves on served them instead of Oars. Behind, that is to say, in the Poop of the Island, the Pilot stood upon a high Hill, managing a Brass Rudder that was a full Furlong in length. At the fore-deck some forty of these thundering Sparks in Armour fought, resembling Men in every particular but their Hair, which was perfect Fire, and flamed out, so that they had no occasion for Helmets. Each of these Islands was well provided with Woods, upon which, whenever a fresh Gale of Wind blew they served for Sails, and so the Pilot directed his Charge as he pleased. They had a Commander in Chief over them, but they were order'd to their rowing Seats, as 'tis customary in great Vessels. First we saw but two or three, at last six hundred appear'd, who quarrelling among themselves began a furious Naval Engagement. Many of these Islands were sorely shatter'd in the dispute by the opposite

posite Prow of the Enemy, and some of them sunk to the bottom. Others managed the fight with great obstinacy, and cou'd not easily be disingag'd one from the other: For the Soldiers that fought upon the Quarter-deck show'd all the Skill and Address imaginable in gauling and annoying the Enemy, but no body gave Quarter on either side. Instead of grappling-Irons they hurl'd great Shark-fish joyn'd together, which catching hold of the Woods, held the Islands close together. They likewise assailed and wounded one another with Oysters, one of which wou'd go near to overload a Waggon, and with Sponges that were as big as an Acre. Those that fought with the former were commanded by *Aolo-Centaurus*, and those that used the latter, by *Thalassopotes*; between which two Heroes a Battle arose about dividing the Booty, for *Thalassopotes* was accused of driving away several Flocks of Dolphins belonging to *Aolo-Centaurus*, as we cou'd easily hear by the mutual Recriminations they made one against another, and by their calling upon their respective Kings by name. At last *Aolo-Centaurus's* Party won the day, and sunk about two hundred and fifty Island, and took three more with all their Men, but the rest being shatter'd in the Stern fled away. After they had chased them a while, towards Night returning to the Shipwrecks, they saved several of them, and recover'd their own things, and sunk no less than eighty Islands in all. Then they erected a Trophy in Memory of this Island Engagement on the Whale's Head, by placing one

one of the Enemies Islands there. So they tarried all that Night about the Whale, tying their Harpers to him, and dropping their Anchors in his Sides, which are exceeding large and strong, by the same token they are cast of Brass. The next Day, after they had performed Sacrifice upon the Whale's Back, and buried their dead, away they went, singing Songs of Victory, and as joyful as Princes. And this is all the Account I can give of the Island Engagement.

O F

True HISTORY.

B O O K II.

FROM this Moment being no longer able to endure this Dog's Life, and as weary of this cursed Imprisonment, as ever poor Cur was of a Stone tacked to his Tail; I was everlastingly Cudgelling my Brains how to break Jail, and set my self and my Companions at Liberty. At first I was of Opinion we might make our escapes by cutting

cutting our way through the Wall on our right Hand, so we accordingly set Hand to Work; but finding that after we had dug forward for some five Leagues, we were not a Farthing the better for't, we e'en resolv'd to give it over. It was agreed at last, after mature Deliberation to set the Wood within him on Fire, which, if we cou'd once effect, there was no question to be made but we might easily get clear of the Monster. So we began to set him on fire at the farther-most end, and he burnt seven Days and seven Nights compleatly, and yet all this while the mighty Lubber did not perceive himself to be burning. On the eighth and ninth we began to perceive he was sick at heart by his lazy gaping, and by his squeezing his Mouth soon after. Lastly, he died on the tenth, and stunk like any Carrion on the eleventh. It was the twelfth before we were sensible that we run an inevitable risk of being poison'd to death in his Carcass, unless we took care to prop up his Grinders, so that he might be able to shut his Jaws no longer: So stretching his Mouth with great Beams, we got our Ship ready, laying good store of Water, and other Necessaries on board, and pitched upon *Scintbarus* to be our Pilot. The next morning the poor Whale was as dead as a Door-nail; so then without any farther Ceremony we drew our Ship through the Intervals of his Teeth, and hoisting the Sails, let her gently down into the Sea. Then mounting upon his Back, we offer'd Sacrifice to *Neptune* near the Trophy, and having staid there three days, we set sail on the fourth,

fourth, seeing the Sea so very calm. Here we fell among abundance of Carcasses of those that were Conquer'd in the late Naval Engagement, and took an exact measure of their Bodies, that were large to Admiration: Thus after we had sailed several Leagues in very fine Weather, the North-wind at last began to play his Gambols, and withal it froze so vehemently, that the whole Sea was frozen over, and that not only in the Superficies, but four hundred Ells deep, so that we quitted our Ship, and diverted our selves upon the Ice. The Wind was so extremely sharp, that we cou'd not endure it any longer. To prevent which Inconvenience, by *Scintharus's* Advice we dug a large Pit in the Water, where we tarried thirty days, keeping a jolly Fire all the while, and feeding upon the Fish that we found in the Ice as we were digging our way through it. But after our Provisions were all spent, we quitted our Pit, and lugging our Ship by main force out of the Ice, we hoisted our Sails, and sailed upon the Ice as evenly and gently, as if we had been in the Water. On the fifth day the Ice was all dissolved by the heat, and returned to its primitive Constitution, Water. Having sailed about three hundred Furlongs from hence, we landed at a small uninhabited Island, where we supplied our selves with fresh Water, for our old Stock was all spent, and after we had shot two wild Bulls we weighed Anchor, and put to Sea again. I cannot forbear but remark by the by, that these Bulls had their Horns not in their Forehead, but under their Eyes, as

Momus,

Momus, had he been trusted with the Management of the Creation, would have plac'd them. Soon after this we sail'd into a Sea of Milk, where we had sight of a white Island that abounded in Vines. It was nothing but one large Cheese, as we discovered upon tasting it, and took up twenty five Furlongs in length. The Vines had store of Grapes hanging upon them, which when they were squeez'd, did not afford Wine, but Milk. In the midst of the Island we found a Temple consecrated to *Galatea* the Sea Nymph, as was evident by the Inscription. So as long as we tarried here the Earth liberally supplied us with Food, and the Grapes with Milk. *Tyro*, the Daughter of *Salmonesus* is reported to have been so far honoured by *Neptune*, that after her Death she received from him the Government of this Country. We spent five days in this Island, and then having a favourable Wind, we sailed out of the Harbour, the surface of the Water being ruffled with no Waves. On the eighth day we were got out of this milky Sea, and came again to Salt Water, where we saw abundance of Men running Races upon the Sea, who in their Bodies and Stature were like other Men, but differ'd from them in their Feet, which were made of Cork, for which reason, as I imagine, they were called *Phellopodes*. Seeing these Men not sink at all, but walking a top of the Water as carelessly as if it had been a Bowling-green, we were surpriz'd with great Admiration. They came up to us, and saluted us in the *Greek* Tongue, and told us they were making all haste to their own Country *Phello*.

lo. They kept us Company for some time, running all the while by the Ship's side, at last they turn'd off, and wish'd us a happy Voyage. Soon after we gained sight of several Islands. At no great distance from us on the left hand we saw the City *Pbello*, to which Place the abovemention'd Men were making the best of their way, which is built upon round and white Cork: But afar off, and more to the right we saw five great and very high ones, where we might discover abundance of Fires. Right before us we discover'd one very broad, but low, no less than five hundred Leagues distant from us. When we came nearer the shore, a wondrous Air came to us from the Land, sweet and odoriferous, such as *Herodotus* the Historian tells us uses to blow from *Arabia Felix*. It was exactly of such a fragrant smell as proceeds from Roses, Hyacinths, Lilies, Violets, Narcissus's, and besides from Mirtle, Lawrel and Ampelantke, wherewith we were wonderfully refreshed, and as we fed our selves with hopes, that after so many Fatigues some good Fortune would now attend us, we came by little and little to the Island. Here we saw several large and secure Harbours, and clear Streams gently emptying themselves into the Sea. Besides delicate Meadows and Groves, and harmonious Birds, some of which sung upon the Trees, and others upon the shore. The Air was serene, and gentle breezes fann'd the amorous Leaves, so that the very motion of the Boughs gave us a continued and admirable Consort, like to that Musick which Shepherds make

make with their Pipes in solitary Places : We heard the found of promiscuous Voices not tumultuous and disagreeable like that at a publick Entertainment, where one plays upon the Flute, another Sings, a third Dances, or thrums a Guittar. While we were charmed with these Modulations, we arriv'd at the Harbour, where leaving *Scintharus* and two of our Companions to look after the Ship, we landed to make a farther discovery of this happy Country. As we were walking through a flowry Mead, the Sentinels that were upon Duty, happen'd to light upon us, who bound us with Garlands of Roses, the only Fetters they use, and so carried us before the King. We understood by these Fellows upon the way that this was the fortunate Island, and that *Rhadamanthus* of *Cræet* was Prince of it, before whom we were brought, and plac'd in the fourth rank that were to receive their Trial. The first Cause was concerning *Ajax* the Son of *Telamon*, whether he had any right to be reckon'd in the Number of Heroes or no, and the Accusation against him was, that being transported with a frantick Passion he had laid violent Hands upon himself. After the matter had been warmly debated on both sides, *Rhadamanthus* sentenc'd him to drink such a quantity of Hellebore, and to be delivered to the Care of *Hippocrates* the celebrated Physician, and that after he was restored to his Senses, he should take his Place among the Heroes. The second was a love Trial between *Theseus* and *Menelaus*, contending for *Helena*, which of them ought to cohabit with

with her. And *Rhadamanthus* very honestly adjudged her to *Menelaus*, both because he had taken so much Pains, and undergone so many Dangers to secure her to himself, both before and after Marriage; as also because *Theseus* had other Wives, as that termagant fighting Harlot *Phædra* the *Amazon*, and *Minos's* Daughter, the disconsolate *Ariadne*. The third Matter under debate was, who was the better Man of the two, *Alexander* the Son of *Philip*, or *Hannibal* the *Cartaginian*; and the Court was of Opinion, that *Alexander* ought to take the Wall of the latter in all Places, so he had a Throne erected for him next to *Cyrus* the Great, Emperor of *Persia*. In the fourth place we were brought up to the Bar, then he asked us, how we durst presume, being alive, and so forth, to set Foot upon that consecrated Ground. I fairly gave him an Account of every thing that had happen'd to us: After which we were order'd to withdraw, while the Court was considering what course to take with us. Several Persons of Note sate upon the Bench with him, and among the rest *Aristides* the *Atbenian*, firnam'd *The Just*; in pursuance to whose Sentence it was agreed, that we should receive due Punishment for this idle Rambling and vain Curiosity after Death, but that for the present we should tarry in this Island for a limitted term, and converse with the Heroes, which being expired we were to go about our Business. Now the time appointed was the space of seven Months, and no more. Immediately the Garlands falling off of their own accord, we were unbound, and conducted

conducted into the City to the Feast of the Blessed. This City is all built of beaten Gold, and encompass'd with a Wall of Emerald. It has seven Gates belonging to it made wholly of Cinnamon Wood. The Pavement of the City, and all the Ground within the Walls is pure Ivory. All their Temples are built of Beryl Stone, and have Altars of a prodigious bigness, consisting but of one entire Stone, and that an Amethyst, upon which they Sacrifice their Hecatombs. A River of admirable Ointment encompasses the City, the breadth of which is a hundred Royal Cubits, and 'tis deep enough to swim in conveniently. Their Baths are vast Houses of Glass, in which they burn Cinnamon: Warm Dew serves them instead of Water in their bathing Vessels. They always go clad in Purple made of the finest Cobwebs. They have no Bodies, but are impalpable, and without Flesh. They have only an appearance and no more; yet tho' they are incorporeal, they walk, move, understand, and talk. In short, their Souls seem to wander up and down naked, and are only cloathed with the Similitude of a Body: But unless a Man goes to touch them, he will not be perswaded but that it is a true Body which he sees, for they appear like right, not like black shadows. No one grows old in this Country, but in that Age he came so he continues: Neither have they such a thing as Night among them, and yet it is not perfect Day. 'Tis such a sort of light they enjoy, as we have here upon Earth in the dawn of the Morning, before the Sun

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is

is risen. They know only one Season of the Year, for 'tis perpetual Spring with them, and no other Wind blows but *Zephyrus*. The Place abounds in all sorts of Flowers and Plants both for Fruit, Shade, and Ornament. Their Vines yield them Grapes twelve times a Year, for they fructify Monthly. As for their Pomegranates, and all other Fruit-Trees of that kind they are said to answer their Master's care thirteen times at least: For in that Month, which with them derives its name from *Minos*, they report it bears Fruit twice. As for their Corn, the Ears produce Loaves ready made in the tops of them, like Mushrooms. They reckon there are about the City three hundred and sixty five Fountains of Water, the same number of Honey, five hundred of Unguent; but then these are less than the former: Seven Rivers of Milk, and eight of Wine. The Feast is kept without the City, in the *Elysian* Field, which is the most beautiful spot of Ground in the Universe, encompassed with a tall Grove of all sorts of Trees, which afford a pleasant shade to those that lie down; and the Ground is all strow'd with Flowers. The Winds wait at the Table, and bring them what they want, only they don't pour out the Wine, because there is no occasion for so doing: For all about the Tables there stand great Trees of the most transparent Glass, which, instead of Fruit, bear Drinking Glasses of all sorts and sizes. Now when any one sits down to Dinner, he plucks off one or two of these Glasses, lays them upon the Table, and they are immediately filled with

Wine.

Wine. So much for their way of Drinking. As for their Garlands, the Nightingales and other harmonious Birds, gather Flowers in their Mouth out of the neighbouring Meadows, and then flying over their Heads and singing, they let them drop down upon them like Snow. Their manner of anointing is as follows, the Unguent is attracted by thick Clouds out the Fountains and River aforesaid, which Clouds hovering over the Place, and being gently squeez'd by the Winds, rain a thin sort of an Exhalation like Dew. While they are at Table, they have admirable Musick, both Vocal and Instrumental, but particularly *Homer's* Verses are sung, and the Poet himself is present all the while, and sitting above *Ulysses*, participates of the Feast. The dancing part is perform'd by Boys and Virgins, and the Persons that sing to them are *Eunomus* the *Locrian*, *Arion* of *Lesbos*, *Anacreon*, and lastly, *Stesichorus*, who has made his Peace with *Helen*. After these have done singing, a second Consort is play'd by Swans, Swallows and Philomels, and as soon as they begin, the Wind and whole Grove joins in the Chorus. What contributes to their Mirth and Jollity, there are two Fountains near the Place, one of Laughter, and the other of Pleasure. Each of the Guests at the beginning of the Feast, takes a Glass of both, and this makes them continue the remainder of it with so much chearfulness. I saw several Persons of Eminent note here, whose Names I will recount to you, every one of them a Demi-God, and had his share in the Expedition against *Troy*, except *Ajax*,

the Son of *Oileus*, who alone, as I was inform'd, by way of Punishment was condemn'd to the Mansions of the Wicked. Of the *Barbarians* there was both the *Cyrus's*, *Anacharsis* the *Scythian*, *Zamolxes* of *Thrace*, and *Numa* the *Italian*, besides *Lycurgus* the *Lacedæmonian*, *Phocion* and *Tellus* the *Athenians*, and all the wise Men in short, except *Periander*. I likewise saw *Socrates* the Son of *Sophroniseus*, bantering with old *Nestor*, and *Palamedes*, and about him there was *Hyacinthus* of *Lacedæmon*, *Narcissus* of *Thespia*, *Hylas* and other beautiful Youths. I had abundance of reasons to make me conclude, that the old Gentleman was mightily smitten with *Hyacinthus*, and it was commonly reported, that *Rhadamanthus* rally'd him severely upon that score, and threatned to expel him the Island, if he did not leave these foolish Tricks, and manage himself with more discretion. *Plato* was the only Philosopher of any repute that I did not see there, but they inform'd me, that he liv'd in a Commonwealth of his own erecting. *Aristippus* and *Epicurus* are in the greatest vogue here, because they are always chearful, and have the Name of being the best Company over a Glass of Wine in the whole Island. *Æsop* the *Phrygian* serves them instead of a Buffoon; but *Diogenes* is so much alter'd from that grave, formal, godly Fellow he was formerly, that he has married *Lais* the Strumpet of capacious Memory; nay, he sets up for a Rake, drinks, and roars, and dances, breaks Windows, bilks Coaches, lamp-blacks People's Signs; in short, no manner of Mischief comes amiss to him. I could

not

not find so much as one Stoick in the Company, at which I was surpriz'd, but I was told they were climbing up the steep and craggy Hill of Virtue. Nay, we heard this News of *Chrysippus* the Father of their whining Tribe, that he was denied access into the Island, till he had cleared his Brains with taking four Doses of Hellebore. Those of the Academy said they wou'd come with all their Hearts, but the reason why they stood hesitating, and demurred upon the Matter was, because they were not fully satisfied, whether there was such an Island or no. But I rather incline to believe that they dreaded the displeasure of *Rhadamanthus*, whom they had reason to fear, because by their Sceptical Principles they had ruin'd, as far as in them lay, all Authority of Judicature. However, 'twas pretended, that several of that gang were forced to follow those that went before them, but that for mere laziness they fainted, and were not able to overtake them, and so came back like Fools after they had gone half way. But of those that got thither, the most memorable and most respected is *Achilles*, and after him *Theseus*. To give you now their Sentiments of Copulation, they do it in publick, without any regret, not only with Girls but Boys, for they don't look upon it to be scandalous: Only *Socrates* swore till he looked black in the Face, that he was never naughty with them, but innocently toy'd and sported with them, but all the Company knew him to be perjur'd, since *Narcissus* and *Hyacinthus* deposed to the contrary, and confess'd lewd things of him.

All their Women are in common, nor does any Body envy his Neighbour, in which particular chiefly they follow *Plato* : And as for the Boys, they are so far from being squeamish in this Point, that they grant free use of their Person to any one that desires such a favour at their Hands. I had not pass'd above two or three days in this Island, but I went to pay a visit to *Homer*, at a time when both of us were at leisure, and among other things made bold to ask him what Countryman he was, telling him, that this was a Controversie warmly debated with us. His answer was, that for his part he knew no more than the Man in the Moon : For some wou'd have him to be of *Chios*, others of *Smyrna*, and some again of *Colophon*. But to deliver his own opinion freely, he fancied himself to be a *Babylonian*, and that his Countrymen call'd him not *Homer* but *Tigranes* ; but afterwards, when he became a Hostage among the *Greeks*, they changed his Name. Then I ask'd him whether he writ those Verses that were rejected, and he own'd them all to be written by himself, upon which I cou'd not but think with my self, how that foolish couple of Grammarians *Zenodotus* and *Aristarchus* had banter'd the World with their impertinent Observations. After he had fully satisfied me as to this particular, I went on, and asked him for what reason he had begun his Poem with the falling out between *Achilles* and *Agamemnon*. For no design at all, said he, but only the whim came into my Head. Then I begg'd him to inform me, whether, as some People pretended, he writ
his

his *Odysses* before his *Iliads*, and he told me no. I now found that the report of his being blind was without any Foundation: However, I durst not interrogate him upon that Article, for fear of being thought too troublesome, especially at the first Visit. I frequently did my self the Honour to wait upon him, when I knew he was at leisure, and always found him affable and ready to answer any Question I put to him, especially after he had come off with flying Colours in his Tryal. *Thersites* it seems had brought an Action against him, because he had scandalously defamed him in his Poem, but *Ulysses* stood his Friend, and so the old Bard got the Victory. At the same time *Pythagoras* of *Samos* came here, he I mean that had run through so many Changes, he that had done penance in so many Animals, whose Soul was always upon the ramble, and loved to be everlastingly masquerading. I observed that all his right side was Gold, and though he was not as yet satisfied in his Conscience, whether he ought to go under the Name of *Pythagoras* or *Euphorbus*, yet he was by common consent admitted into the Society. *Empedocles* too came to beg the same Favour. To say the Truth, he made but an indifferent Figure, for since his mad Frolick of Divinity-hunting in the bottom of *Aetna*, he was so effectually singed, and looked so dismally, that he'd have turn'd even a Cannibal's Stomach. He made several Instances to be received, but they would not grant it, notwithstanding all his Importunity. Some time after this we saw them celebrate certain Games, which, in the

Language of the Country are called *Thana-
tusca*. *Achilles* instituted the fifth, and *The-
seus* the seventh. It wou'd be too tedious
to relate all the Particulars, and therefore I
will set down a compendious Account of
them. *Caprus*, the next to *Hercules*, won the
Prize at wrestling, his Antagonist was *Ulysses*.
Epeus engag'd at Fifty-cuffs with *A-
rius* the *Egyptian*, who is buried at *Corinthus*,
but they were so well match'd that neither
got the Victory. They have no such thing
here as a Reward propos'd for him that
comes off Conqueror in all Exercises. I have
utterly forgot what his Name is that beat
them at running. To come now to the Poets,
Hesiod had the Prize adjudg'd to him, tho'
Homer, to do him Justice, did infinitely ex-
cel him in all respects. A Crown artificially
woven of the Plumes of Peacocks was the
Reward that fell to the Victor's share. As
soon as these Sports were ended, News came
that the Prisoners in the Mansions of the Wic-
ked had broke Jayl, beaten their Keepers,
and were marching directly to take possession
of the Island. The Heads of them were said
to be *Phalaris* the *Sicilian*, *Busiris* the *Egyp-
tian*, *Diomedes* of *Thrace*, and *Sciron* and *Pi-
tyocampes*, all of them thorough-pac'd Sinners,
and Villains of the first Form. Upon the
receit of this Advice, *Rhadamantus* draws
out his Heroes on the Sea-shore. The Ar-
my was commanded by *Theseus* and *Achilles*,
and *Ajax*, the Son of *Telamon*, who was by
this time restored to his Senses again. The
Dispute was managed with great Resolution
on both Sides, but at last the Heroes got the
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Day, chiefly through the bravery of their General *Achilles*, who perform'd Miracles: *Socrates* likewise, who was plac'd on the right Wing, behav'd himself with great Gallantry, and indeed behav'd himself much more like a Man than when he was alive and fought at the Battle of *Delium*. For when the Enemy made a vigorous attack, he did not run for't, but look'd as dauntless as a Lion. For this good Service the Government, by way of Reward, bestow'd a large and curious Garden upon him in the Suburbs, where, calling his Companions about him, he us'd to Harangue and Dispute with them, and called the place *Necrademia*. The Mutineers being thus defeated, were soon made Prisoners, and after they were strongly fetter'd, for fear of making their escapes, had the satisfaction to be sent to a place of greater Torment than before. *Homer* writ a Poem about this Fight, and at my departure presented me with one of them, in order to bring it with me, and show it the Criticks of our World: But it was my misfortune to lose this, and several Curiosities afterwards. The Poem began thus, as I remember,

Sing Muse, the Fight by the dead Heroes won.

To return now to the Conquerors: After they had so successfully made an end of the War, they boil'd Beans, as their Custom is after a signal Victory, and kept a solemn Feast. Only *Pythagoras* sit aloof by himself, and lost his Dinner, as having an inveterate aversion to Beans. In this manner six Months were past, when towards the middle of the seventh,

seventh, new Disturbances arose: For *Cinyrus*, Son of *Scintarus*, a lusty well-favour'd young Fellow had been passionately in love with *Helen* for some time, and she, as it appeared by several Tokens, had no small Inclination to her Spark: For when they were at Dinner they used to ogle, and cast the *deux yeux*, and drink to one another, and sometimes wou'd rise from the Table, and walk together in the Neighbouring Wood. At last his Affection grew to so violent a pitch, that he form'd a Resolution to carry off *Helen*; and the compassionate Lady for her part was willing enough to comply with his desires, provided he would carry her to *Phello* or *Tyroessa*, or any of the adjacent Islands. He durst not open his Intentions to his Father, because he knew the old Gentleman would call him to a severe reckoning, for so impudent an Attempt; but he engag'd three of my Companions, Men of Resolution and Secrecy in his Design; and accordingly, as they had concerted Matters between themselves, they put the business in Execution. When Night came, I was got asleep at the Feast, so fearing no disturbance from that Quarter, they privately moved off with the willing Dame, and made all the haste they cou'd to get out of our Clutches. But *Menelaus* waking about the middle of the Night, and finding his comfortable Importance was elop'd, immediately raised all the House, and taking his Brother along with him, went in all haste to *Rhadamanthus's* Palace. The next Morning some of our Scouts brought word that they had discover'd a Ship at some distance from the shore,

shore. So *Rhadamanthus* having order'd fifty of his trusty Heroes to go on board a Ship of *Asphodelus*, and built of solid Timber, he commanded to pursue the Ravishers. These Blades managed their Oars so nimbly, that about Noon they took them, by that time they were just got into the milky Ocean, so much Expedition they had made to escape with their Prize; and having bound their Ship with a chain of Roses, were returning to the Harbour. The afflicted *Helena* blush'd and wept, and cover'd her self with her Veil. But *Rhadamanthus* after he had first enquir'd of *Cinyrus* and his Accomplices, whether any more were privy to the Rape? and they answered No? he sentenc'd the Criminals to be hung by the Privities, and when they had been soundly scourged with Mallows, he sent them to the Mansion of the Wicked. They likewise ordered us to quit the Island before the time appointed, and wou'd only allow us the next day to get every thing in readiness. At this harsh Decree I cou'd not forbear shedding some Tears, as being now obliged to abandon this happy Life, and betake my self to my old trade of Rambling. But they endeavoured to alleviate my Sorrows, by representing to me that in a short time I shou'd return to them again, and shou'd me the Place destin'd for me, which was a Tent next to those of the best fashion. Since it was impossible to get this Sentence revers'd, I humbly begg'd of *Rhadamanthus* to acquaint me with the future Occurrences of my Life, and instruct me how to direct my course to the best Advantage. He told me, that after I had

had undergone several Fatigues, and suffer'd many Hardships at Sea and Land, I should at last arrive safe to my own Country. However, he refus'd to tell me the precise time when I should return, but pointing at the Neighbouring Islands, which seem'd to be five in number, and a sixth, which lay at a greater distance: These Neighbouring Islands, says he, where you may see so many fires light-ed are the Receptacles of the Wicked; and that sixth there is the City of Dreams, and behind that lies the Island of *Calypso*, which you cannot see. After you have sailed by these Places, you must come to a large Continent, directly opposite to the Land which we inhabit. Here you must expect to suffer abundance of Hardships, and to travel through several Countries, and meet with a Race of barbarous Salvages, but after you have overcome all these Difficulties, you will arrive safely at the other World. After he had done speaking, he pluck'd up the Root of a Mallow out of the Ground, and gave it me into my Hand, commanding me to invoke that when I was in the greatest Dangers. He likewise admonish'd me, that whenever I came to Land, I should take care never to poke my Sword into a Fire, ne'er eat Lupines, and never converse with any Boys above eighteen; adding, that if I remember'd this Advice, I might then expect to return back to this Island. In the mean time I laid in good store of Provisions to serve us in our Voyage, and when I saw it convenient, I din'd along with them. The next day I went to take my leave of *Homer*, and desir'd him to
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give me one Distich at parting: As soon as he had answer'd my Request, I inscrib'd them upon a Pillar of Beryl Stone, which I erected near the Harbour: The Epigram he gave me was as follows,

*Below'd of Heaven, and welcome to this Isle,
Lucian's return'd to see his native Soil.*

All that day I staid there, but early on the next, the Heroes bearing me Company to the Harbour, I departed. Before I set sail, *Ulysses* came privately to me, his Wife *Penelope* knowing nothing of the Matter, and desir'd me to favour him so far as to carry a Letter from him to his old she-acquaintance *Calypso* in the Island *Ogygia*: And, to crown all his Kindnesses, *Rhadamanthus* sent the Ferry-man *Nauplius* along with us, that if by stress of Weather we should happen to be driven upon the Island, no body should detain us, as if we came there upon the Account of Merchandize. Now after we had sailed so far that we were past our Odoriferous Air, on the sudden a most confounded stink like that of Bitumen, Sulphur and Pitch burning together, saluted our Nostrils. Besides this we had a grievous insupportable Steam, like that of Men broiling upon a Gridiron; the Air too was dusky and obscure, distilling a pitchy sort of a Dew. With this we heard the ratling of Chains, and noise of Whips, and that Comfortable Musick the howling of Men in extremity of Pain. The Island we landed at (for we had no inclination to call at the rest) was steep, rocky, and parched up.

The

The Devil of a Tree in the whole Country, or the least drop of Water. We crept up terrible Precipices, and scrambled our way through a thorny dark Path in a manner overgrown with Briars, and saw the most wretched Landskips in the World. When we came to the Jail, or place of Punishment, we were surprized to behold the nature of it. The Soil produc'd nothing but sharp-pointed Daggers, Swords and Stakes, and was water'd (if I may use the Expression) with two Rivers, one of them ran Mud, and the other putrid Gore, but within was fury: The former was deep and large, having a slow lazy Current, and was tossed like the Sea. It abounded too in Fishes, some of which were like Firebrands, but those of the smaller sort like burning Coals, which they call'd *Lychnisci*. There was only one entrance into it, and that very narrow, by the same Token that *Timon* the *Athenian* was the Porter. *Nauplius* led us the way, and we following him, beheld the several Tortures of those that were punished. There were many Kings, and a world of private Men, whose Names we knew. Among the rest we saw *Cinyrus* blacken'd with smoke, and hung up by the Privities. Those that shew'd us the Place gave us an account of their Lives, and the Reasons why they had such Punishments allotted them: But the greatest Tortures of all were reserv'd for those that had been great Liars in the other World, and in their Writings had transmitted things untrue to Posterity, among whom were *Ctesias* of *Cnidus*, *Herodorus* and several more. When I saw this

this I thought don't my Life this me immed of hon been t distanc appear seem'd which approa moved much the du bour o where Night pass'd ent D a Def has do Person curate sides Trees which have and t There Gates the ot exceed exactl two C

this I began to take Heart of Grace, for thought I, I shall muster well enough, since I don't remember that ever I told a Lye in my Life. But being unable to look upon this melancholy Scene any longer, I return'd immediately to my Ship, and taking my leave of honest *Nauplius*, put to Sea. We had not been there long but we discover'd at a small distance from us the Isle of *Dreams*, which appear'd obscure and dull to the sight, and seem'd to resemble the Nature of that from which it deriv'd its Appellation. For as we approach'd nearer to it it still shifted and removed farther from us. But at last, with much ado, we gain'd our Point, and towards the dusk of the Evening landed at the Harbour of *Sleep*, near the famous Ivory Gates, where we saw a Temple dedicated to that Night-disturbing Animal a Cock. Having pass'd this Gate, we saw several and different Dreams. But first, I intend to give you a Description of the City, because no one has done it yet, and *Homer*, who is the only Person that has mention'd it, has not writ accurately enough concerning it. It is on all sides surrounded with a dark Wood, the Trees are tall Poppies and Mandrakes, upon which vast numbers of Bats perch, for they have no other Bird in the Island but that; and the River *Nyctiporus* runs just by it: There are likewise two Fountains about the Gates, one of which is call'd *Negretus*, and the other *Pannychia*. The City Walls are exceeding high, but not uniform, in colour exactly resembling the Rain-bow. It has not two Gates, as *Homer* erroneously tells us, but

but four, two of which look upon the Field of Effeminacy, the one of solid Iron, the other of Potter's Ware, through which horrible and un auspicious Dreams are said to pass: The other two face the Sea and Harbour, one of them built of Horn, the other of Ivory, through which we pass'd. As soon as you have enter'd into the City, you see the Temple of Night on the right Hand, to which Goddess chiefly, they pay a profound Veneration, as likewise to a Cock, who has a Chappel consecrated to him, near the Harbour. On the left hand stands the Palace of Sleep, for he is supreme Governor of the Place, and has two noble Peers to attend his Person, *Taraxio*, the Son of *Mataogencs*, and *Plutocles* of *Phantasion*. In the middle of the Market-place is a Fountain, call'd *Careotis*, near which are two Temples, of Imposture and Truth, that have their Adytum and Oracle, which is managed by *Antipho*, one that has been so far honour'd by *Somnus*, as to be created by him Interpreter of Dreams. Now Dreams are extremely different both in their Shape and Nature, for some of them are long, handsome and pleasant: Others are short and deform'd. Some of them again in appearance are golden, and others vile and despicable. Some of them are monstrous, and have Wings, and others design'd only for Pomp and Magnificence treat of Kings, and Gods, and such like. Many of them, which we had formerly seen, we knew at sight, and they came towards us, and like old Acquaintance, courteously ask'd us how we did, and after they had lull'd us asleep,

regal'd

regal'd with a handsome Entertainment, and promised to make us Lords and Emperors. Some of them carried each Man to his native Country, showing him his Friends and Relations, and brought them back again the same day. Thus for the space of thirty days and as many nights, we continued sleeping and feasting with them, and then being awak'd with a mighty Thunderclap, up we got and departed with full Stomachs. On the third day we arrived at *Ogygia* and landed there, but before I deliver'd my Letter I made bold to break it open and read the following Contents.

Ulysses to Calypso, Greeting.

‘**Y**OU must understand, that after I had repair'd my Ship, and taken my leave of you, I had the ill fortune to suffer Shipwreck, so that it was with much ado that *Leucothea* got me safe upon the *Pheacian* Shore, by whom being conducted to my native Country, I found that my Wife was almost plagued out of her Life by a parcel of hectoring Suitors that made havock of my Goods, and squander'd my Estate as they pleased. After I had knock'd them all on the Head, at last it was my fate to be murder'd my self by my Son *Telegonus*, whom I begot of *Circe*. But now I am in the fortunate Island, where I am griev'd to the Heart that I was such a cursed Coxcomb as to leave thy sweet Company,

N and

‘ and so lose that Immortality which thou
 ‘ didst so courteously offer me. But if ever
 ‘ I find a fair opportunity to escape from
 ‘ hence, be assur’d that I will fly to thy
 ‘ Arms.

Adieu.

In the Postscript he desir’d her by all Means to make much of us, and give us a hearty Entertainment. At a little distance from the Shore, I found the Cave to be exactly such a Place as *Homer* has describ’d it, and the good Gentlewoman her self very busie at spinning. After she had receiv’d the Letter and read it over; she wept at first very plentifully; then she took us into her Apartment, and gave us an admirable Treat. All the while she asked us a thousand Questions about *Ulysses* and *Penelope*, enquiring what sort of a Woman she was, and whether she was so Handsome, and so very Chaste as *Ulysses* reported her to be. We returned her Ladyship such Answers as we thought won’d please her best; then going back towards our Ship we slept near the Shore. The next Morning the Wind blowing very hard, we weigh’d Anchor, and after we had been tossed two days successively by a violent Tempest, on the third we fell among the *Colocynthopyrates*, who are a wild sort of Men, and make Prizes of those that sail from any of the Neighbouring Islands. Their largest Ships are made of Gourds, and may be about six Cubits in length. After a Gourd is sufficiently dried, they hollow it, and taking the pulp out of it, they make it serve as a Vessel

fel to sail in. They use Reeds instead of Masts, and the Leaves of the Gourd supply the place of Canvass. Two of these Ships bore down directly upon us, and engag'd us with great Vigour, hurling the Grains of Gourds at us instead of Stones, with which they wounded several of our Men. The Fight had thus continued on both sides for some hours, when about Noon we saw the *Caryonautæ* make up to the *Colocynthopyrates*, who as it afterwards appeared, were at War with one another. For as soon as they saw them direct their Course thither, they left us, and bore up towards them. In the mean time we hoisted sail, and leaving them to decide the Quarrel between themselves, made away as fast as the Winds could carry us. The *Caryonautæ* in all probability we thought wou'd get the better, because they were superior in number. There were five Ships of them, and those much stronger than the Enemies, as being made of half a Nut hollow'd, and might be about some fifteen Ells in length. As soon as we were got out of sight of them, we began to look after our wounded Men, and afterwards stood to our Arms all day, for fear of being surpriz'd, and we had good reason for so doing, as you shall hear. The Sun was not yet gone down, when from a lonely and deserted Island, about twenty Men sitting upon Dolphins rode towards us, which carried these Rogues as safe as any Vessel could do, and came capering and neighing like Horses all the way. Dividing themselves into several Squadrons, they assaulted us on all sides with dried Scuttle-fish, and Crab's-Eyes.

But we soon made the place too hot to hold them, for as we plied them incessantly with Darts and Arrows, they were unable to sustain the shock, and being most of them wounded they return'd to the Island, in not so merry a posture altogether as they came out. About Midnight the Sea was wonderful calm, and we unawares fell foul upon a Kings-fisher's Nest of a prodigious bigness; it was some threescore Furlongs in compass, and the Bird her self, who was not much less than the Nest, happen'd then to be sitting her Eggs. As she fled away, she had like to have over-set our Ship with the breath of her Wings, and made most dismal crys as she went: When it was Day-light we went upon the Nest, and found it to be made of huge Trees join'd together, so that it resembled a Ship of great bulk. There were five hundred Eggs in the Nest, each of them larger than a Hoghead, and we could not only see, but distinctly hear the young Chickens chirping within. Having therefore cut open one of these Eggs with our Hatchets and other Instruments, we let out a young one unfeather'd that was considerably bigger than twenty large Vultures. After we had sailed about two hundred Furlongs from the Nest, we were surpriz'd with certain strange and wonderful Prodigies; for the *Cheniscus* of the Fore-deck on the sudden put forth Wings and cry'd aloud, and *Scyntharus*, the Master of our Ship, who was before as bald as the back of your Hand, had a curious head of Hair. Nay, what is the most incredible thing of all, the very Mast of the Ship budded, and put forth

forth Boughs, and bore Fruit on the top, which were Figs and Grapes of an extraordinary size, but not as yet come to maturity: We were exceedingly troubled at these strange sights, and that not without good cause, and pray'd to the Gods, that they wou'd avert these fore-boding Omens. We had not gone five hundred Furlongs farther but we saw a most wonderful Wood of Pines and Cypresses, which at first sight we took to be solid Ground; but in truth it was a Sea of prodigious depth, which was cover'd over with these Trees that had no Root at all, and yet they stood erect, immoveable, and strait as if they floated at top. Being arrived hither, and finding how Matters were, we could not tell for some time what Measures to take: For there was no sailing through the Trees they stood so thick and close, and on the other hand, it seem'd in a manner impracticable to go back. So climbing up one of the highest Trees, to observe how it was on the top, I found this Wood reach'd at least fifty Furlongs or more, and that another Ocean lay behind it: Then it was unanimously agreed that it would be our best way to haul up our Ship on the tops of these Trees, because the Wood below was so intolerable close, and see whether we cou'd not carry her to the other Sea: Which we accordingly put in Execution, for our Men binding the Ship Fore and Aft, with substantial Ropes, climbed up the Trees, and then, not without great difficulty, drew her up.

* As ridiculous as this strange sailing upon the Bough of Trees may appear to some Readers, yet

* As soon as we had placed the Ship a top of the Boughs, we put out all our sails, and the Wind gently driving us forward, we sailed as cleverly as if we had been in the Sea: At this time a Verse of the Poet *Antimachus* came into my Head, for some where or other he says,

Those that thro' Woods do steer their nimble Course,
Josephus

Acosta, l. 4. Hist. Ind. c. 30. has a Passage almost, if not altogether as surprizing. Take the Story in his own Words; One of our Companions, a Man worthy of belief, told us, that being strangely bewildred and lost in the Mountains, not knowing which way to take, or where to go, he found the Bushes so thick, that he was forc'd to walk upon them, without so much as setting his Foot once upon the Ground for the space of fifteen days together; and that if at any time he was minded to see the Sun, or to find out the way in this vast Forest that was so overgrown with Trees, he was forc'd to climb to the tops of the tallest Trees to discover the Road.

However, having sailed o'er the Wood, at last we came again to the Sea-side, and then letting down our Ship, we sail'd through clear and transparent Water, till we came to a vast *Hiatus* occasion'd by the parting of Water asunder, as sometimes we see such Chasms are made at Land by Earthquakes. We immediately furl'd our sails to stop the career of our Ship, but we were come so near that it was a hundred to one but we had fallen directly into it. Looking down we saw a most incredible and dismal Precipice, about a thousand Furlongs in compass, for the Water stood as it were divided. On the right hand we saw a Bridge carried on a great way, the Water joyning the two Seas in the surface, and flowing from one Sea into the other. By the help

help of our Oars we got over it, the Labour was great, but met with success beyond our Expectation. After this we came into a calm Sea, and to a small Island, the passage to it being very easie. A Savage sort of People called *Bucephali*, and horned just as the Painters with us represent *Minotaurus*, do inhabit it. We landed here to take in fresh Water and Provisions, if it were possible, because our old Stock was quite spent; and we had not gone far before we found Water, but the Devil of any thing else that we cou'd see, only afar off we heard a great bellowing. Upon this we marched slowly forward, imagining it to be a Company of Oxen, when we light among some Men, who as soon as they saw us, pursu'd us, took three of our Companions Prisoners, but the rest of us fled to the Sea. There we arm'd our selves, being fully resolved to revenge the Quarrel of our Men, and made a fierce Onset on the *Bucephali*, who were dividing the Bodies of the dead amongst themselves: This put them into a strange Consternation, so that they fled for't in great precipitation, but we pursuing them, put about fifty of them to the Sword, took two others Prisoners, whom we bound and carried along with us, and so retir'd. But we cou'd find no Provisions, so some of my Men were immediately for cutting the Throats of the two Captives, but I oppos'd it, and resolv'd to keep them in durance till such time as Ambassadors came from the *Bucephali* to demand and redeem the Prisoners, for I saw well enough by their nodding, and by a mournful

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bellowing

bellowing they made, that they were willing to come to Terms of Accommodation with us. The Ransom we agreed upon was store of Cheefe, dried Fish, Onions, and four Stags which had but three Legs apiece, two behind, and the foremost join'd into one: Upon these Conditions we deliver'd up our Captives, and having tarried here one day and no more, we put to Sea again to seek new Adventures. And now we cou'd discover the Fishes, the Birds flew to us, and several other things we took notice of that fully convinced us we were near the Land. Soon after we saw certain Men sailing after a new fashion, for they were both their own Ships and Seamen too; and this was their Contrivance, they lay flat upon their Backs in the Water, with their Privities that are said to be of an extraordinary size, standing erect, to which they fasten'd the Sail, and then holding the string in their Hands, sailed as the Wind carried them. After these we saw others sitting upon Cork, and rowing with two Dolphins joyn'd together, while others before them dragg'd the Cork. These were a Civil, Complaisant and Well-bred People that neither offer'd us any Affront, nor fled from us, but sailed on quietly and peaceably by us, wondring at the shape of our Ship, and looking about them on every side. About Evening we came to a small Island which was inhabited, as we imagin'd, by Women that spoke the *Greek* Tongue: For they came towards us, and chatted with us merrily, all of them Youthful and Handsome; they wore a long Habit that

that reached as low as their Heels, and both their Mein, Behaviour and Dress discover'd them to be Harlots. The Name of the Island was *Cabalusa*, and of the City *Hydamardia*. These Women seem'd to be very fond of our Men, and each of them carried home a Man with her for her Guest. But for my part, I staid behind, because I thought no good wou'd come on't, and looking carefully about me, I saw the Bones and Skulls of several Men lying up and down. And now thinking it by no means convenient to make an outcry to call my Companions to me, nor to take up Arms, I took the Mallow Root into my Hands, and earnestly besought it to deliver me out of this present Exigence: Not long after, as my Doxy was waiting upon me, I discover'd the Hoofs of an Ass, and not the Feet of a Woman. Then I drew my Sword, and laid hold of her, and when I had bound her, commanded her to discover all to me. She, with a great deal of Reluctance, at last told me, that she and the rest of her Companions were Sea-Women call'd *Qnosceleæ*, and that they fed upon the Bodies of Strangers, for we lye with them said she, when they are drunk, and knock their Brains out when they are fast asleep. When I had heard this Confession I left her bound in the Place, and getting up at the top of the House, I cry'd out as loud as I was able, to alarm my Men, and call them to me. When they were all come, I discover'd the whole Affair to them, show'd them the Bones, and led them in to the Woman I had bound. But she was immediately turned into Water and vanish'd.

vanish'd. Being desirous to know what became of her, I thrust my Sword into the Water, and in a minute it turn'd to Blood: So we made all the haste we cou'd towards our Ship and weigh'd Anchor. As soon as Day-light appear'd we had sight of Land, which we conjectur'd to be that which lies directly opposite to our World: So we kneel'd down and pray'd, considering what course we should take; some advis'd just to Land, and return again to Sea, others gave their Opinion to leave the Ship there, and travel into the Midland parts of the Country, to make a full discovery of the Customs and Nature of the Inhabitants. While we were seriously debating of these Matters, a violent Tempest arose that tore our Sails, split our Masts, and broke our Ship into ten thousand pieces on the Rocks. Every one strove to save his Arms, and what he could besides, and thus with great difficulty we swum to the Shore. In fine, these are the principal Accidents that besel me till I came to the other World, in the Sea, in sailing on the Islands, and in the Air, and afterwards in the Whale, of cursed Memory, and when we got free from her, among the Heroes and Dreams; and lastly, among the *Bucephali* and *Onosceleæ*. But what remarkable Occurrences I met at Land, shall be recounted in the following Books.

Lucian's

Lucian's *Tragopodagra* :

O R,

GOUT-FARCE.

Made *Englisb* from the Greek, by J. P.

The ARGUMENT.

Lucian has in this Fable represented the Gout as a Goddess, and the Priests to this new Deity are a Set of People troubled with that Distemper. As she was boasting of her invincible Power she receiv'd Advice that certain Quacks from Syria had threatned wholly to dispossess her, and send her packing. At which being heinously offended, she sent her trusty Executioners to torment and plague them ; who, after they had in vain applied their Remedies, were forc'd at last to put up their Supplications to her, and acknowledge themselves to be overcome. At last she recalls her Tormentors, and contents her self with the honour of the Victory. The design of this Drama is either to expose the swelling fustian of the ancient

ancient Tragedies; by applying the same Phrases to a more ignoble Subject, something like which has been since done in the *Secchia rapita*, and Boileau's *Lutrin*, or (what I rather believe) to ridicule those noisy Empyricks who have the Impudence to pretend to cure all Diseases, and with a little Variation it may still serve for a Satyr upon the Modern German Doctors and Mountebanks.

Enter a Gouty Person limping and halting, with swell'd Feet, cut Shoes, and making wry Faces.

L Oath'd name of Gout, and hated by the
(Gods
Whene'er pronounc'd; *Cocytus* baneful Brat,
That in the dismal Shades of deepest Hell,
From Womb of Fury, curs'd *Megara* fell;
Whose Infamy *Alecto* fed
From swagging Dugs, with vile corroding
(Milk.

Which of the *Demons* wou'd not let thee reign
Eternal Plague, among the damn'd alone,
But his officious Malice must convey thee,
To torture poor Mankind before their time?
For if the punishment of Crimes pursue
Offending Mortals to the dark Abyss,
Those meaner Torments of perpetual Thirst
Had needless been in sooty *Pluto's* Cells,
To punish the Misrule of *Tantalus*,
Or bold *Ixion* lab'ring at his Wheel.
Thy Tendon-tearing Pains wou'd have suffic'd
To expiate the most Gigantick Crimes.

How is this poultis'd, nasty Corps of mine
From Finger's ends to Soals of Feet and Toes
By gnawing Choler's vile Corruption maim'd,
That

That with astringent Steams contracts my
 (Pores,
 Enters the Sinews, and with exquisite Pains
 Renders my Life a Burthen insupportable.

The scalding Mischief through my Bowels
 (runs,
 With flaming Torrents wasting all my Flesh :
 My Bones (if great I may with small compare)
 Resembles *Aetna's* Cavities, that vomit
 Eternal Fire, or the *Sicilian Bay* (tion
 Where th'anger'd Waves in hideous Opposi-
 Revenge their mad Repulses on the Rocks.

Strange Malady ! which Man, the World's
 (proud Master,
 With all his quaint Invention strives in vain,
 With Oyls and Fomentations to atone,
 Yet still derides the Doctor's useless Care.
 My Pains light on 'em All ; they promise ease,
 Yet all are cully'd by the damn'd Disease.

Chorus.

The tops of *Dindymus*,
 * *Cybèle's* sacred Hill,
 Th' Enthusiast *Phrygians* fill
 With Howlings hideous,
 In tender *Atte's* praise.
 With jolly Roundelays
 The *Lydians* revel to the sound
 Of *Phrygian* Airs,
 While *Tmolus* dark Retreats
 Their publick Joys resound.
 The *Corybantes* arm'd,
 And with their frantick fury warm'd,
 To *Cretan* Measures beat the Ground ;

* The middle syl-
 lable ought to be
 pronounc'd long,
 for 'tis written in
 Greek with an u.

They

They riot, dance and sing,
 'Till *Ida* with their *Evan's* ring.
 The thundring God of War
 The hoarser Trumpet's Clangor
 For Action does prepare,
 And wakes his sleeping Anger.
 But, Goddess *Gout*, to Thee,
 Soon as the Spring appears,
 Thy true Adorers, We
 Thy Orgies solemnize
 In Groans and bitter Cries.
 Fetter'd in Oyly Rag and Clout,
 Swearing sometimes, sometimes devout.
 Soon as the Meadows once begin
 To reassume their lovely green,
 And smiling Zephyr thaws the Floods
 And new adorns the wanton Woods,
 Thy tortur'd Patients lie
 'Moaning thy Torment's fresh Supply.
 No sooner in her Sooty Nest
 The harmless Swallow wails
 Her fatal Nuptials,
 And tuneful Nightingales
 The hard Disaster tell
 Of ravish'd *Philomel*,
 But We, thy trembling Votaries
 On nasty Beds daub'd Hip and Thighs,
 As on thy Altars lie,
 Thy Orgies solemnize,
 Both Priest, and Sacrifice.

Gouty Patient.

Dear Staff, my Succour, and my Pain's Re-
 (lief,
 Performing th'Office of a third sound Leg,
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Not subject to the Rage of Tyrant Gout,
Support my trembling steps, and guide my Feet
To tread, and walk unlaught at in the Street.
Raise up my suffering Limbs from loathsome

(Bed ;

'Tis time to leave drawn Curtains and a Room
Cram'd with vile Gally pots and nauseous

(Clouts.

With thy strong Aid encourage me to send
For nimble Barber to renew my Face.

Then down Stairs help me, mad to be abroad,
To suck fresh Air, from Smoak of Chimney

(free,

And bid the Sun in his Career good Morrow,
For now 'tis five whole Weeks that I, laid up
In Lavender, have been deny'd the sight
Of his enlivening Beams, in ill made Nest
Tormented sore, but no where taking rest.

'Tis true, my Mind was good, and oft I strove
To set my tender Toes upon the Floor ;

Mangled my Shooes, but all in vain ; for still
My feeble Joints would not obey my Will.

Why do we gouty Slaves pretend to live,
Since he that cannot, when he fain would walk,
Does but make up the number of the Dead ?
But hold ———

Who are all these, with Cudgels in their Hands,
And Temples round begirt with * Elder

(Branches ?

* For as *Marcellus de Medicinâ*, cap. 36. says, *ad podagram frigidam sambucum quoque cum axungia, & brassicæ cinis cum axungia impositus plurimum juvet* : And *Scribonius Largus* affirms the same, *de compos. Med.* cap. 41. *de Podagrâ frigidâ*.

To honour which of all the Gods do they
Such Hair-brain'd Rites in tipsie Measures
pay?

'Tis not thee, *Peon Phœbus*, they adore,
Since they appear not crown'd with Delphick
(Lawrel ;

Or is it any Feast to *Bacchus* due?

But then they'd shake their Spears with Ivy
(bound.

What are ye, Friends? Whence come ye thus
(accouter'd?

Speak, and speak truly, to what anger'd Deity
Are these unusual Ceremonies design'd?

Chorus.

Pray what are you, or by whose powerful
(Order

Do you so like a Lord examine us?

Yet by your Staff, your gouty Feet and Shooes,
You seem to be some Priest of that same God-
(deffs

That uncontroll'd makes all Physicians Nod-
(dies.

Patient.

I am indeed, and by my Tortoise pace
I think I do the Goddesses no disgrace.

Chorus.

Within the Chambers of the Sea,
With Mother of Pearl so Rainbow-gay,
And gaudy Periwinkles deck'd,
Old *Nereus* out of pure respect
The *Cyprian* Goddesses bred with care,
Spawn'd first by the Prolifick Air, And

And *Tethys*, near the deep Abysses
Where the spacious Ocean rises,
Fair *Juno* Nurst, with Lily white Arms,
Besides a thousand other Charms ;
Olympick *Jupiter's* own Sister,
E'er he in lawful Marriage kiss'd her.

But in his own Immortal Head,
As Bards relate, *Saturnian Jove*,
Chief Sovereign of the Gods above,
Both brought to light, and choicely bred
Th'undaunted *Pallas*, she that toils
To plague the World with Civil Broils.

But our blest *Bedlam*, yes forsooth,
Old *Ophion*, Son of Dragon's Tooth,
Mother and Midwife both, brought forth,
To be the Torment of the Earth.
And thus it chanc'd, when Night was gone,
Chac'd by *Aurora* and the Sun,
That they no sooner 'gun to gild
Th'aspiring Hills and Mountain tops,
And waken every Plant and Flower
With their sweet-falling pearly drops,
Which from their Dewy Locks distill'd,
But from that very fatal hour,
Our Goddess shew'd her dismal Power.

Patient.

But what fine Mysteries has she prescrib'd
For the Imitation of her Priests ?
Is she so curious as the other Gods ?

Chorus.

We use no sharpen'd Knives to spill our Blood,
Nor twist our dangling Locks about our Necks,
O Nor

Nor throw the rattling Dice upon our Backs ;
Nor feed we on the rank raw Flesh of Bulls,
Not fairly cut but mangled from the Bones ;
But when the Spring revives the blooming
(Elm,
And in the Woods the Black-bird 'gins to
(prattle,
With her envenom'd Darts she pierces deep
The reverend Skin of her astonish'd Priests.
Straight the curst Poison, lurking out of reach
Invisible, and inaccessible,
Slily conveys it self from place to place,
Preys upon, tears, devours, inflames and burns
The Feet, the Knees, the Boxes of the Joints,
And Hinges of the crazy Body's Motion,
The Heels, the Hips, the Thighs, the Shoul-
(ders, Hands,
Arms, Wrists, and most remote Recesses
Of Periosteum, Arteries and Tendons,
(Which Nature thought she had conceal'd
(from danger,
Until this diving Goddess found 'em out)
And undermines the whole Frame of Humane
(Structure,
'Till she commands her Hangmen to retire.

Patient.

I must confess my self one of her Priests,
Tho' newly enter'd, nor indeed as yet
With her severer Rites so well acquainted:
Let me behold her then in a good humour,
I'll meet her with a load of Burdocks crown'd,
And dance and stamp in praise of her Civility,
As far as she permits my Heels ability;

If not, I'll roar her Orgies out as loud,
As the chief Senior of her crippled Crowd.

Chorus.

Then Silence, Air, and Winds be still,
And give good Language you that feel
Th' Effects of her tormenting Spleen.
See where the Bed-admiring Queen
To her own Altars now approaches,
Leaning upon her trusty Crutches.

Meekest of all the Goddesses,
The kind Disturbress of our Ease,
Welcome, if we may say it, hither;
Favour thy Slaves, this Vernal Weather,
And give their Pains some Relaxation;
They'll ne'er forget the Obligation.

Goddess her self.

What Mortal lives, to whom the mighty
(Queen

And chief of all Diseases is not known?
She that no Fumes of Incense can atone,
No Blood upon her smoaking Altars spilt,
Nor gorgeous Presents in her Temples hung.
Paon himself, Physician to the Gods,
Long have I dar'd, with all his Host of Oint-
(ments.

What has great *Asculapius*, *Phœbus* Son,
To give my Power the least disturbance, done?
The *Protomedic*'s great in Gowns fantastick,
Could never scare me with their dreadful
(Jargon.

Nay, I have made the best of 'em out-rave
Perillus Bull, and *Theseus* Minotaure.

Thousands of Quacks and Mountebanks have
 (boasted
 In Bills o'er all the Pissing-places posted,
 To raise me from the Earth, but I have still
 Their vain insulting Pride. (defy'd
 How have they teaz'd their Brains, how ma-
 (ny Tricks,
 In hopes of Medals, and of Coach and Six,
 Have Men been playing, famous in their Art,
 To send me packing to the other World.
 How do they toil ! how do their Mortars ring
 With pounding Plantane Leaves and Parsley
 (Seed,
 Lettice, wild Purslain and large Burdock,
 Grounfil and Chickweed, with Marshmallow
 (Root,
 Long Speargrass, and strong scented Camomil,
 Houseleek from tops of Houses, Orpin always
 (green,
 With Early Violets and Primrose Leaves.
 Some load the Patient's Legs with Turneps
 That better would besit a Leg of Pork. (boil'd
 What Nose-annoying Mishmashes they make
 Of Poppies, Squills, Pomegranate rinds and
 (Fleawort,
 Frankincense, Roots of Hellebore and Nitre,
 Fengreek and Cypress Nuts with Barley-Meal.
 While others Spiders, Toads and Lizards
 (boil,
 And to the Hodge-podge, Frog-spawn Wa-
 (ter add,
 With Flesh of Weefels, Foxes and *Hyæna's*
 (mash'd,
 And whate'er else they squeeze from rack'd
 (Invention.
 All Metals have been try'd, all Juices, Fruits,
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And all the Tears of sweet *Arabian* Groves.
They rummage all Created-Beings for
Their Grease, their Fat, their Marrow, Hearts
(and Lungs,
Their Piss and Dung, their Livers and their
(Stones,
Their Blood, and some more efficacious Bones.
And these Ingredients variously they jumble
Into strange Ointments, Oyls and Cataplasms,
Baths, Poulisses and useless Fomentations,
More numerous, if more can be, than are
The several Beasts that make the Compositions.
Some drink a Dyet-drink of four Ingredients;
Another chooses eight, another seven;
Take crys the fifteen hundred thousandth Fool,
Gum *Galbanum* dissolv'd in Spirit of Wine,
And *Tacamahac* in Spirit of Turpentine,
And Plaister Oxycroce, mix all together,
And spread 'em to no purpose upon Leather.
Some to the Wells are sent to piss me out,
Others with Charms assail poor Goddesses Gout,
At last the *German* Doctor comes, and he
Has forty thousand ways to ruin me.

But I have all along defy'd 'em all;
Nay, tho' a Goddess, I am still inex-
orable to the Lady's of my Sex, (Closets
Who will be vexing me with their Queen's
And think to scare me with their Pepper-
(Possets.

All pound, and toast and roast, and boil and fry,
But still I stand my Ground, Immortal I,
By Transmigration to Eternity.

To those who thus offend me more severe;
But as for those that let me take my swinge
They find me mild and gentle as a Lamb:
For He that shares our sacred Mysteries

Must first of all be taught to rule his Tongue,
 Pleasant to all, and full of merry Jokes;
 Him all behold with Laughter and Applause;
 So going to the Bath, he's well receiv'd,
 Because he makes good sport with his Di-
 (stemper;

And I, by nature pensive and morose,
 Not loving Mirth, so much the sooner leave
 (him.

To say the Truth, 'tis fruitless to contend.
 So rather than to Mutiny and Suffer,
 'Tis better for a Man to laugh and mend.
 For I am she that *Homer* MISCHIEF calls:
 I trample on the Heads of Men, and seize
 Their tender Feet, and therefore call'd *Podagra*,
 Or Masculine *Diana* of the Toes. (gra,
 True Huntress I, my self not being fleet,
 That to secure my Game, bind fast the Feet.
 Now then my Priests your well-tun'd Voices
 (raise,
 To celebrate your Conqu'ring Lady's praise.

Chorus.

Goddess, with *Adamantine* Heart,
 How Potent and Renown'd thou art!
 Hear tho' the pitiful Complaints
 Of thy afflicted Suppliants.
 Great is thy Power, blest Deity,
 And therefore, like true Courtiers, we
 Must take care to flatter thee.
Olympick Jove, with all his Thunder,
 Thy Sinew-piercing Fury dreads;
 Nor is it to be thought a wonder,
 Considering the lewd Life he leads.
Pluto, the Tyrant of the damn'd,
 Trembles to hear thy Torments nam'd:

The

The Ocean, and his roilstring Waves
 Themselves acknowledge thy poor Slaves.
 To thee are all these Honours due,
 Thou Clout-admiring, Bed-desiring,
 Race-impeding, Ankle-burning
 Heel-tormenting, Touch-ground-scorning,
 Bones-affrightning, Knee-pan-stiffning,
 Eyes-near-shutting, Finger-knotting,
 Great Ham-crickling, powerful Goddess,
 Sovereign over all our Bodies.

Messenger, Goddess, Doctors and Tormentors.

Messenger. Great Queen, most lucky I to
 (meet you here;

Then listen, for my Tidings are not idle;
 By your Command with slow and crawling-
 (pace

I view'd the Cities, Eves-dropt all the Houses,
 Lifting to hear who durst thy Pow'r contemn.
 And when all others quietly obey'd,
 Vanquish'd, great Queen, by thy subduing

(Hand,
 These two *Toms Thumbs*, with an audacious
 (Boldness,

Harangu'd the People upon Stages-rear'd
 In large Piazza's of the Towns adjacent,
 And there with huffing, swaggering Oaths
 (maintain'd,

That only Fools admir'd thy wondrous Might;
 Deriding it as a meer idle Scare-crow
 Not worth the Veneration of the Rabble,
 But rather by Mankind to be exploded.

And therefore, having tightly swath'd my Feet,
 After a March of five whole Days together,
 In all which time I travell'd two whole Fur-

(longs,
 Hither

Hither in haste I came, your faithful Spy.

Goddeſs.

Swifteſt of Meſſengers, thou haſt out-flown
The flight of Pigeons, or of Partridge wild.
But from what diſtant Regions of the Earth
Art thou arriv'd? Diſtinctly let me know,
That I may judge the better of thy ſpeed.

Meſſenger.

In the firſt place I left a pair of Stairs
Of five ſhort eaſie ſteps, that as I trod,
Trembled as if the Joices had been looſe;
Then on the quaking Floor I ſet my Feet,
Scarce able to reſiſt the ſtamps I gave it.
Having with much ado perform'd this Journey,
I came into a way all ſtrew'd with Stones,
That looſe and rugged plagu'd my tender
(Toes.

Thence lighting on a Pavement broad and
(ſmooth

I readily advanc'd, and made ſome Progreſs:
But entring by and by a ſcurvy Lane
Inch thick with Dirt, it tir'd my very Heart,
To diſengage my feeble ſticking Heels,
And made me ſweat huge drops as big as
(Beans,

Almoſt diſſolv'd with Breathleſs laſſitude.

Thus ſpent, a broad, but leſs ſafe way, receiv'd
(me,

For there, the Carmen rumbling to and fro,
Forc'd me to hobble at a ſwifter rate,

To gain ſome Alley till the Carts were paſt
(me.

For being one of your Novitiates, Madam,
It was not in my power you know to run.

Goddeſs.

Goddeſs.

Moſt faithful Meſſenger, remain aſſur'd
 This Act of thine is not perform'd in vain :
 Thy readineſs to ſerve thy Sovereign Queen
 Merits a Guerdon equal to thy Love.

Therefore be free for three whole Years to-
 (gether,
 Only a few ſlight twitches now and then.

But you, curſt Rakeſhames, odious to the
 (Gods,

What are ye? Whence d'ye come? By whom
 (begot?

Who thus preſume to dare my gouty Might?

More than *Saturnian Jove* durſt e'er pre-
 (tend.

Speak, worſt of Slaves——For I, as well 'tis

(known,
 Have tam'd and vanquiſh'd Hero's where I
 (came.

Swift-footed *Priamus* I lam'd at length :

Achilles, *Peleus* Son, I ſhot i'th' Heel;

Bellerophon ſome years I kept in Chains;

Nor did I ſpare old *Theban Oedipus*.

Among the Sons of *Peleus*, *Pliſtenes*

For many years lay wrapt in Poultiſſes.

But dy'd a young Man, for to tell ye Truth,

I ſeiz'd him for debauching in his Youth.

And *Philoctetes*, *Polas* Son, tho' brave

And valiant too, was forc'd to be my Slave;

And as the *Trojan* Hiſtory well knows,

I liv'd at rack and manger on his Toes.

The King of *Ithaca*, *Laertes* Son,

I mean *Ulyſſes*, 'twas my ſelf that kill'd,

And not *Telemachus* with Scate-fiſh Bone.

Live then, tormented Caitiffs, as ye are,

And

And suffer the just Punishments
That my Revenge is going to prepare.

Doctors.

We are two Syrian Doctors, both of us,
By pinching Want, and urging Hunger forc'd
To Vagabond it up and down the World,
Only by Vertue of this Oyntment here,
Of which our Parents the Receipt bequeath'd
(us,
We make a shift to live, and ease the Pains
Of all Diseases that afflict Mankind.

Goddeſs.

What Oyntment, Rascals, what's the Com-
(position?

Doctors.

Madam, you must excuse us, for we lie
Under a certain Oath of Secrecie.
We dare not disobey the last Behests
Of our expiring Parent, strictly charging us
Not to disclose the secret of his Medicine,
That has the power to tame thy raging fury.

Goddeſs.

How, Canting Rascals ! born to die in
(Ditches,
Is there on Earth a Medicine so effectual
That can by smearing vanquish my strong
(Pains ?
Come on then—and be sure your Quackships
(use
Your utmost skill; for I'm resolv'd to try,
Which of the two shall get the Victory,
Your Kitchin-stuff, or my devouring Flames.

Holah

Holah there — all my Hangmen-visag'd
 (Slaves,
 That fly about the World at my command,
 Assistants of my furious *Bacchanals*,
 Approach — and seize those Rebels 'gainst
 (my power.
 You---burn the Toes and Joints of both their
 (Feet ;
 You---prey upon their Ankles ; from their
 (Hips
 Down to their Knees, do you, be sure, diffuse
 The deep-corroding Juice ; and you---as soon
 Their Finger-knuckles, and their Wrists in-
 (vade.

Tormentors.

Madam, your fierce Commands are all obey'd ;
 Hark how the bold, unpity'd Scoundrels roar,
 Grasp'd in the tortures of your dire Embraces.

Goddeſs.

What, Mr. Doctors, will your Ointment do ?
 For if your Doctorships have got the knack
 To conquer my as yet unconquer'd Empire,
 'Tis time i'faith, for me to run my Country,
 And leaving this bright World to sneak away
 Unseen, and my stern Majesty conceal
 In the profoundest depths of darkest Hell.

Doctors.

Oh---we have daub'd and smear'd and chaf'd
 (it in
 Before a Charcoal Fire, but all in vain.
 Oh Heav'ns ! undone---undone ; see how we
 (perish :
 I am all Gelly, th'undiscover'd Mischief
 Like *Aqua-fortis* preys upon my Limbs.

Jove

Jove brandishes no such destructive Thunder ;
 Th'unbridl'd rage of the tempestuous Sea,
 And Whirlwinds tearing up whole Woods
 (before 'em,
 Fall vastly short of this impetuous Fire.

Could I feel more, tho' torn by *Cerberus* Stags,
 Tho' I had drank the *Vipers* poison down,
 Or so us'd in fulsome *Centaur's* Blood ?

O Mercy, Mercy----Mercy, dreaded Queen,
 Alas--our Qyntment that we so much brag'd
 (of

Is only fit to 'noint the Common-shore ;
 Able no more to stop thy fell Career,
 Than fasting Spittle, or some slight Pomatum ;
 And therefore we, with all the Race of Man
 Acknowledge thee the Sov'reign Queen of
 (Pain.

Goddeſs.

Torments forbear, and cruel Pains surcease,
 Since they repent their sawcy Arrogance.
 But take it for a warning, Friends, and know
 That I the only Goddeſs am, who dumb
 To Tears and Supplications, Sighs and Shrogs,
 And quite inexorable then become,
 When once assail'd by 'Pothecaries Drugs.

Chorus in different Measures.

The proud *Salmonæus* would be thund'ring
 (too,
 In Imitation of *Jove's* Flames, but *Jove*
 With Nitrous Bolt of Thunder from above,
 To *Pluto's* Regions his mad Rival threw.
 The Satyr *Marsyas*, as Vain-gloriously,
 With *Phæbus* would contend the Prize to
 (win,
 For

For which the Victor Deity
Triumphing flay'd his Skin.

Fair *Niobe* that bore
A numerous Issue did *Latona* scorn;
Who now congeal'd into a Stone,
Her fatal Pride does mourn,
That prompted her deserved Fate
To feel the dire effects of Female hate.

Arachne too, that Cambrick-spinster,
Would needs provoke *Minerva's* wrath a-
(gainst her,

But prick'd to Death with her own Pins,
She lost her form, tho' still she Cobwebs spins.
Assuming Mortals vainly do pretend
With heavenly Deities to contend :
Such as *Latona*, *Pallas*, *Phæbus*, *Jove*,
The chiefest these of all the Gods above.

But thou, the universal plague of Men,
Whenever thus provok'd again,
Be not so rigorously strict ;
Thou art not yet so great in Heaven,
Tho' here the Balance on thy side be too un-
(ev'n.

And therefore some more gentle pains inflict ;
Slight, easie, kind, and void of Torture,
Sooner aton'd, and somewhat shorter,
Content to punish, not to Martyr ;
That will not tease Men so severely
For drinking Sack or Claret fairly ;
Some Shooe-admitting, tender load
Will suffer Men to walk abroad.

For many are the Shapes, Heav'n knows,
Of thy Toe-penetrating Woes.
But use us to it by degrees,
For 'Use and Custom oft' release
The Rigour of a sharp Disease.

Where

Wherefore, most dear Companions, set
 Your Hearts at rest, and Pains forget.
 Or if the Goddess fierce disdain
 To cease the fury of our Pain,
 The Gods, more merciful than she,
 Will find a way to set us free.

In the mean time let us that share
 Of Miseries the most severe,
 With Patience our Afflictions bear.
 Let the Rabble laugh on, and sawcily prate,
 We're happy by knowing the worst of our
 (Fate.

As for Ocypus, being a Piece altogether mutilated and imperfect, and upon which Erasmus has past his Judgment, that neminem quidem Luciani satis habet, I did not think fit to meddle with it, as not deserving to be plac'd among the celebrated Lucian's Works: And the Epigrams that go under his Name do yet deserve a much meaner Character.

THE

THE
LAPITHÆ:
OR,
The Drunken Feast.

By Mr. THO. BROWN.

THE ARGUMENT.

This Dialogue is a very severe Satyr upon the Lewdness and Hypocrisie of the Philosophers, a sort of People whom our Author seldom spares, when he can conveniently meet them. He supposes a parcel of 'em invited to a Marriage Feast, where, instead of behaving themselves like Men of Learning and good Manners, they committed all the Indecencies in the World, and from proclaiming one another's Villanies and Immoralities, at last fell to Logger-heads. Erasmus who translated it into Latin, and exposed the Vices of the Roman Clergy with the same freedom as Lucian treated the Heathen Priesthood seems to have taken the hint of one of his most diverting Colloquies, I mean that intitled the Funeral, from this Dialogue.

Philon.

Philon. Lycinus.

Phil. **N**A Y, 'tis in every Body's Mouth, I can tell you.

Lyc. How!

Phil. Why, what a world of disputing and Philosophical wrangling ye had among you yesterday at *Aristænetus's* House: Nay, *Charinus* wrongs the Company most damnably, if ye did not go to Logger-heads at last, and demolish one another's Countenances like mad Men.

Lyc. Prithee, honest *Philon*, how should *Charinus* come to know of it, for he did not Sup with us?

Phil. He said he had it from *Dionicus* the Physician, who, as I take it, was one of the Guests.

Lyc. Right indeed; but then he was not at the beginning of the Feast, but dropt in when it was half done, just before our noble Champions went to Fisty-cuffs. So I wonder how he could pretend to give you an exact Relation of this Affair, who beheld none of the first Scenes that had such an influence upon the following turn of the Tragedy.

Phil. Nay, *Charinus* told us as much himself, and therefore advised us to apply our selves to you, if we desir'd to be inform'd of all that happen'd: For that *Dionicus* had told him, you were there from the beginning to the end, and remember'd all that was said or done upon this Occasion, and added, that you were a Gentleman of great Curiosity, and us'd to take singular notice
of

of any such remarkable Farce as this was. Therefore let me conjure you to regale me with this Narration, which will be the most agreeable Feast you can make, and that so much the more, because we shall have no boxing, nor fighting, nor tugging here, as your Philosophers had you know where.

Lyc. Wou'd you have me then betray those foolish Freaks that were the effect of too much Wine, and so proclaim them to all the World, when they ought rather to be suppress'd and buried in Oblivion? Besides who knows but all this was of *Bacchus's* own doing, who uses now and then to possess his Votaries after this Enthusiastical manner? After all, 'tis by no means done like a Gentleman, to remember every thing that is done at a drunken bout. The Poet was in the right on't, when he said I heartily hate the Fellow that remembers next Morning, what was done over Night; for which Reason I think *Dionicius* had done much better to have kept his Tongue within his Teeth, than to acquaint *Charinus* with this Matter, and proclaim the Drunkenness of such grave solemn Persons as these Philosophers are. For my part I wou'd not by my good Will discover the least syllable of this Matter.

Phil. This is a jest with all my Heart? Why prithee, old Friend, don't be so resery'd to the Man that knows you so well as I do. If I am acquainted with your Temper, which I suppose you won't deny, I dare swear you are ten times more desirous to tell the Story, than I can be to hear it. Come 'tis in vain to pretend to be reserved with me. I durst

pawn my Life, that if you wanted People to tell it to, you'd go to the next passive Statue or poor Pillar, and there harangue it most Plentifully to ease your self of this tormenting Secret. Nay if you carry on this Hypocrisy any longer, I'll e'en leave you, and then you may entreat, and follow, and pull me as long as you please, but the devil a Word that I'll hear. So, worthy Sir, you may save your self this Trouble, for I'll go to some body else, who will not be so shy to communicate.

Lyc. Nay don't be so cholerick? Well then since I find you are so bent upon the Matter, I'll fairly disclose all to you, but first you shall give me your Honour, that you won't blab it to the next Company.

Phil. If I am not a Stranger to your Character, you'll sooner do it your self; but you need not give me this Caution. However before you begin your Story, pray answer me one Question? Did not *Aristanetus* give you this Entertainment, upon the score of his Son *Zeno's* being married?

Lyc. No, but you must know he married his Daughter *Cleanthis*, to old *Eucritus* the Usurer's Son, who by the bye is a great Virtuoso, and admirer of Philosophy.

Phil. A handsome young Lad I'll swear for him, but alas he does not carry Horseman's weight about him. 'Tis a meer Strippling, and not fit for the Business you wot off.

Lyc. No matter for that, the old Gentleman was resolved to bestow his Daughter upon him, for as I told you before he's a mighty lover of Learning, and as Sober and

Ver-

Vertuous as one cou'd wish. But this is not all, he's Heir to a prodigious Estate, as being his Father's only Child; and Wealth, let me tell you, is no despicable Quality.

Phil. You are in the right on't; this curfed Money carries all the World before it—Well now, and who were the Guests.

Lyc. 'Twould be too tedious to reckon up all of them. But since I know you care only to hear what Philosophers, and Orators were invited, I'll soon satisfy your Curiosity. In the first place there was old *Zenothemis* the Stoick, and with him that famous Puzzler of Disputations *Dipbilus*, for that noble Quality nick-named the Labyrinth, and Tutor to *Aristænetus*'s Son. Then there was *Cleodemus* the *Peripatetic*; I need not describe him to you, a noisy Wrangling Sophister, whom his Disciples call the two edged Cutter. Then, let me consider, there was *Hermon* the *Epicurean*, by the same token that when he came into the Room the Stoicks started back, and frown'd, and looked askew upon him, as if he had been guilty of Sacrilege, and Parricide, and all the horrid things in the World. Now these Gentlemen you must know were *Aristænetus*'s intimate Friends and Acquaintance, and for that Reason invited to the Dinner. In this Class we must reckon *Istæus* the Grammarian, and *Dionysodorus* the Rhetorician. Then for *Charea* the young Bridegroom's sake, *Ion* the Platonist his Tutor made one of the Guests, a Man of à grave modest Aspect, and personable Appearance, whom for the great Regularity of his Life and

Conversation, the People here use to call the Rule. He no sooner made his Appearance but all the Company rose up, and paid him as much Respect, as if he had been a Man of the greatest Quality. Nay if a God had come into the Room they cou'd not have received him with greater Veneration. The Guests being almost all come, it was now high time to sit down to Dinner, so the Ladies of whom there was a great Number, and the Bride in the midst of them covered with a Veil from top to toe, sate on the right Hand, and over against them the rest of the Company I told you of, according to their respective Degrees and Quality. *Eucritus* sate in the uppermost Place, and next to him *Aristanetus*. But here a Dispute arose who was to be seated above the other, I mean *Zenothemis* the Stoick upon the score of his old Age, or *Hermon* the *Epicurean*, because he was Priest of *Castor* and *Pollux*, and descended from one of the noblest Families in the City, but the Stoick soon put an end to the Controversy. If, says he to *Aristanetus*, you don't take me to be a better Man than that *Epicurean* Fellow there, to say no worse of him, I am ready to go, and leave you to eat the Dinner among your selves; and immediately calls to his Boy as if he were agoing. Then said *Hermon*, well, *Zenothemis*, for once you shall sit above me, tho' if there were nothing else in the Case, yet methinks I might be allow'd this Favour upon the score of my Priesthood, to take no notice of your unmannerly Reflexion upon *Epicurus*. No matter for that, replied

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Zenothemis, I don't care a brass Farthing for all the *Epicurean* Priests in the Universe, and having so said, sate him down. Next to these two Blades sate *Cleodemus* the Peripatetick, below him *Ion*, then the Bridegroom, and next to him my self; below me was *Diphilus*, next to him his Pupil *Zeno*, then *Dionysodorus* the Rhetorician, and last of all, *Istius* the Grammarian.

Phil. Oh strange! why this was a Banquet for the Muses, where you had such a compleat set of Sages and Virtuoso's. As I hope to live I must needs commend *Aristanetus* for culling out the wisest Men of every Sect to adorn his Entertainment.

Lyc. Why, you must know he's not like your other rich Men, that are intent upon nothing but their gain, but as he is a Patron of the *belles lettres*, so he passes a considerable part of his Life among his Books. But to pursue my Story,——we fell to very peaceably at First, for there was plenty of Victuals, and extremely well drest. However I don't think it worth the while to give you our Bill of Fare, or to trouble you with an Account of all the Sauces and Ragous that were served up. 'Tis enough to tell you that after we had been some time at table, *Cleodemus* whispering *Ion* in the Ear, do but mind, says he, (for I over heard every Word he said) how old *Zenothemis* there lays about him, how furiously he attacks every Dish that comes in his way, and then do but observe how out of mere Greediness, he lets the Soupe drop upon his Cloaths, and how he gives toll of every thing

to his Boy that waits behind him, without perceiving that all the Company takes notice of it. Give a gentle Jog to *Lycinus*, that he too may divert himself with so merry a Sight; but there was no Occasion for that, for I had taken notice of it before. *Cleodemus* had no sooner done speaking, but *Alcidamas* the Cynick bolted into the Room, tho' he was not invited, with that verse of *Homer* in his Mouth, *Menelaus is come without being sent for*, which is now grown into a proverbial Expression. But most of the Company thought him an impudent Fellow for his Pains, and had something to fling at him upon this Occasion. One pelted him with that Passage out of the same Poet; *Menelaus thou art a Coxcomb*; another cited *But this does Agamemnon much displease*. And after this manner whatever came uppermost, but they only mutter'd it between their Teeth, for no body in the Room was so hardy as to speak his Thoughts aloud; for this *Alcidamas* was a plaguy Fellow at his Tongue, and to say no more of him, more obstreperous than any of his snarling Profession, so that every one dreaded him. But *Aristanetus* thanking him for the Favour he had done him to come of his own accord, desired him to take a Chair and sit down next to *Istiaus* and *Dionysodorus*. How, cries this reverend Piece of Formality, do you take me for such a nice Effeminate sort of a Man, that I must sit upon a Chair or Bench, or else like you loll full stretched at my Length upon a purple Bed, and so eat. No, no, I will either stand all the while, or else walk about the Room, and

and when I find my self Weary, I'll e'en throw my Cloak upon the Ground, and lie leaning on my Elbow, in such a Posture as *Hercules* is usually painted. Well then, says *Aristanetus*, so be it, since 'tis your Fancy to do so. After this *Alcidamas* casting a Hawk's Eye round the Table, singled out the Dishes that pleased him most, and like a *Scythian* shifted his Quarters when he had graz'd them bare, Eating sometimes in one Place, and sometimes in another, and walking round the Company like the Servants that brought in the Victuals. All the while he was thwacking his Guts with this good Cheer, he preached most strenuously about Virtue and Vice, and cou'd not forbear to rail at Gold and Silver after an unmerciful Manner; asking *Aristanetus* for what reason he us'd so much Plate in his House, when honest Earthenware wou'd serve the turn as well. At last the Raskal began to be troublesome upon this Chapter, so our Landlord tipt the Wink to one of the Waiters to give him a swinging Bumper, thinking by this means to stop his impertinence, but he little imagined what a world of Mischief that Confounded Brimmer wou'd Occasion. *Alcidamas* took it in his Hand, and for some time was Silent, then throwing himself on the Ground, as he had promised to do, he lay half naked leaning upon his Elbow, with his Cup in his right Hand, in such a manner as the Painters use to represent *Hercules* at the Centaur *Pholo's* Feast. In the mean time the Glas walked round very Chearfully, and the Company entertained one another with merry Stories: At

last Lights were brought in, and now I must tell you of a very merry Scene that happened, for I think my self obliged to acquaint you with all the Particulars of this Feast, but especially such as are remarkable as this is. The Waiter that stood behind *Cleodemus*, was a pretty smock-faced Boy, and I observed often smiled to himself, which made me watch his waters narrowly, to find out what was the Matter. After some time he came to take the Glass from *Cleodemus*, who gently squeez'd his Finger, and withal slipt two Pieces of Silver into his Hand. The Boy laughed when he squeezed him, but it seems was not a ware of the Mony, so down it fell upon the Floor and made a Noise, which put them both into a horrible Confusion. Those that sate next cou'd not tell to whom the Money belonged, for the Boy protested that he did not drop the Pieces; and as for *Cleodemus*, he made as if he knew nothing of the Matter. Thus the thing was hushed up, and indeed very few in my Opinion cou'd tell what lay at the bottom on't, but only *Aristanetus*, for he immediately made a sign to the Boy to withdraw, and ordered a rough-hewn hatchet-faced Fellow, like one of your Muletiers or Grooms, to stand behind *Cleodemus*. You may easily guess how plaguely out of Countenance this scurvy Business wou'd have put him, if it had once taken Air, and *Aristanetus* had not cunningly waved it, by pushing the Glass about merrily. And now our blessed Cynick *Alcidamas* (who by this time you must understand was got as drunk as a Drum) having enquir'd

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enquir'd what the Bride's Name was, order'd silence in the Room, and turning himself awkwardly towards the Ladies, Madam *Cleanthis*, says he, I drink to you, in the name of our Patron *Hercules*. At this merry Passage all the Company fell a laughing, which rais'd old *Morose's* Spleen exceedingly. What, crys he, you Impertinents, do you laugh at me for drinking to the Bride in *Hercules's* Name: I would have you to know, that if she does not pledge me, she'll never be blest with such a Son as I am, of an undaunted Courage, and equal strength of Mind and Body; with that he strips himself to the Waste, at which the People fell into a greater fit of Laughter than before, so that up he got, staring about him like a Fury, and in all probability had drub'd some body well favour'dly with his Cudgel, if they had not pacified this *Cerberus* with a Sop; for just in the nick of time as he was going to discharge himself of his Choler, a great Cake was laid before him, at the sight of which he grew better humour'd, and forgot his Passion, eating and walking at the same time. And now most of the Company having plentifully dipt their Bills, were got pretty drunkish, so that a Man could scarce hear what his Neighbour said for the tumult and noise. *Dionysodorus* the Rhetorician repeated some Orations, to the great admiration of the Servants that stood behind him, and the damn'd Grammarian that sat next him was very troublesome with his fragments of Plays, and wretched scraps out of *Pindar*, *Hesiod*, and *Anacreon*,
which

which he very oddly tack'd together, and murder'd as abominably in the Pronunciation. But he seem'd to have the Spirit of Prophecy upon him when he said, *The Warriors met, their Bucklers clash'd together*; as likewise another Passage, *And now a dreadful noise and din was heard*: And then *Zenothemis* was reading a Book written in a very small Character, which a Boy brought him. But while we were waiting for another Course to be serv'd in, *Aristænetus*, who took care that our time should not lie idle upon our Hands, but be reliev'd by some Diversion or other, sent for a *Merry Andrew* to make the Company sport by his ridiculous Sayings and Gestures, and presently after we saw a deform'd Fellow enter, with his Head shav'd, only a Lock left him upon his Crown. This Buffoon danc'd, distorting his Body with a thousand ridiculous Postures, and entertain'd us with two or three smutty *Egyptian* Songs. Then he set himself to rally every Body in the Room, but no Exceptions were taken at what he said, but all pass'd off with a laugh. At last he fell foul upon *Alcidamas*, calling him his pretty little Puppy-dog, but the surly Gynick (who secretly envied him because the Company was in a manner wholly taken up with him) threw off his Cloak, and challeng'd him to wrestle with him, which if he refus'd to do, he threaten'd to thrum his Jacket with a good Oaken Plant. So that poor *Satyrio* (for that was the Buffoon's name) was forc'd against his Will to comply with his Proposals. 'Twas a very pretty sight methought to see a grave Philosopher

Philosopher enter the Lifts with a *Jack-Pudding*, and Kick and Cuff, and likewise to be Kick'd and Cuff'd in his turn. Some of the Spectators blush'd to see so monstrous a Scene, others again laugh'd till their Sides ak'd; at last the Cynick, who had his Bones very handsomely thrash'd, was pleas'd to give out, and thus, to the great Satisfaction of every Body the honest Mimick came off with flying Colours. Soon after this Fray was ended, *Dionicius* the Physician came in, excusing himself for coming no sooner, upon the score of a very odd Adventure that befel him. He told us he had been to visit one *Polyprepon*, a Patient of his, and a Musician by Profession, whom he was to cure of a Phrensy, but did not know that the Fit was upon him at that time. He was no sooner got into the Room, but the other shut the Door, and drawing out his Sword, swore he wou'd nail him to the Wall, if he did not play upon a Flute which he gave him, but not being able to do it, he lash'd him o'er the Knuckles with a Whip. In this Extremity he bethought himself of a Stratagem, which was to challenge the mad Man to play with him, upon this Condition, that he that was beaten should receive a certain number of blows from the Conqueror. The other accepted the Condition, so the Physician took the Flute, and began to play upon it as well as he could. When he had done, he deliver'd him the Instrument, and took the Whip from him, and while he play'd, threw the Sword out of the Window.

Window. Being deliver'd from this fear, he called out to the Neighbours to come to his help, who broke open the Door, and freed him from the Paws of *Bruin* the Bear. He show'd us some marks of this Scuffle in his Face, which in truth had been very uncivilly handled. When he had concluded his Story, which diverted the Company no less than the Combat between the Cynick and the *Merry Andrew*, he sate him down next to *Istiaeus*, and fed heartily upon what was left. For my part, I believe it was not without a particular Providence that this honest Doctor came to us, considering what occasion we had for him afterwards, for in this nick of time a Boy belonging to *Etamocles* the Stoick, stept into the Room, having a Letter in his Hand. He told us his Master had order'd him to read it aloud before us all, and when he had so done, to come Home again. As soon as *Aristanetus* had given him leave to read it, he drew near the Light, and began to read.

Phil. Some piece of Nuptial Poetry, some *Epithalamium* I warrant you, in praise of the Bride and Bridegroom, for these are usual Compliments you know upon such Occasions.

Lyc. Why, so we all expected, but found our selves finely disappointed, for the Letter was to this effect;

Etamocles

*Etamocles, the Philosopher,
to Aristanetus, Greeting.*

‘ **W**HAT little delight I take in Ban-
‘ quetting and Feasting, let all my
‘ past Life bear me witness : For though I
‘ am daily importun’d by Persons of great-
‘ er Quality than your self, to dine with
‘ them, yet I constantly refus’d them, be-
‘ cause I knew well enough what Excess and
‘ Irregularity is to be found at the Tables
‘ of great Men. However, I cannot for-
‘ bear to take it ill at your Hands, that
‘ having paid my Respects to you for so
‘ many Years, you thought me unworthy
‘ to be invited to your Daughter’s Wed-
‘ ding, but have only pass’d by me of all
‘ Mankind, although I am your Neighbour;
‘ which inflames the Affront. At the same
‘ time I am troubled, not for my own, but
‘ your Account, to find you guilty of such
‘ horrid Ingratitude ; for, alas, I don’t
‘ place my Happiness in transitory Boar, or
‘ Hare, or frail Pasty Crust, which I can
‘ have, whenever I please, at those Gentle-
‘ mens Houses who know what Civility is
‘ due to a Man of my Learning. Even
‘ this very Day I might have din’d, if I
‘ had been so minded, with my Disciple
‘ *Pammenes*, who had provided a most mag-
‘ nificent Entertainment ; and though he
‘ was

' was very importunate with me on this
 ' score, yet I refus'd to give him my Com-
 ' pany, because, like a Coxcomb as I was, I
 ' thought to reserve my self for you. For
 ' which piece of Civility I am finely re-
 ' warded, since you cou'd invite so many
 ' egregious Fops to your House and forget me.
 ' But why should I trouble my self about the
 ' Matter? Since thou know'st no better the
 ' Lord help thee, but art the most shallow, the
 ' most fordable Monster in the whole U-
 ' niverse, that a Man may take the depth
 ' of thee with a Barley-Corn: Not but
 ' that I know well enough whom I am
 ' partly beholding to for this, I mean your
 ' too lousie Philosophers *Zenothemis* and *Di-*
 ' *philus*, both which Block-heads, without
 ' Vanity be it spoken, I could dumb-found
 ' with one single Syllogism, if I thought
 ' it were worth my while. Let that hope-
 ' ful Brace but tell me what are the first
 ' Elements of Learning, what is the De-
 ' finition of Philosophy, and how a Cu-
 ' stom differs from a Habit, and I promise
 ' I'll not trouble them about more difficult
 ' Matters? As for instance, what is a Di-
 ' lemma, what a Sorites, and what a mow-
 ' ing Syllogism? But, in *Jove's* Name, en-
 ' joy their blessed Conversation, for I'll ne-
 ' ver envy it you. I that place the Supreme
 ' Happiness in Virtue alone, am above
 ' all these pitiful Affronts and Contume-
 ' lies. However, that thou mayst not have
 ' recourse to such a scoundrel Excuse, as
 ' to say 'twas mere forgetfulness occasion-
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‘ ed by the hurry and business of the Day, I
‘ spoke with thee twice this Morning, once
‘ at thy own House, and the second time
‘ at the Temple of *Castor* and *Pollux*,
‘ when thou wast assisting at the Sacred
‘ Rites there. This is what I had to say
‘ to thee upon this Subject. Now if thou
‘ dost think that the loss of a dinner has
‘ put me into a Passion, do but recollect
‘ with thy self what happen’d to *Oeneus*.
‘ Thou knowest how heinously *Diana* took
‘ it of him, that he had not desir’d her
‘ Company at the Sacrifice, when he in-
‘ vited the rest of the Gods to that Col-
‘ lation. *Homer* somewhere speaks of it to
‘ this purpose,

Tb’ affronted Goddess burnt with direful Anger.

‘ And *Euripides*,

*What Place can boast a happier richer Soil
Than Calydon, where by the Sea ’tis wash’d?*

‘ And *Sophocles*,

*Diana sent a Boar to waste his Fields,
And threw her fatal Arrows from afar.*

‘ I have given my self the trouble to cite
‘ these few Passages, to put thee in mind
‘ that thou hast pass’d by a Person of
‘ my Worth and Learning, to invite such
‘ a Fellow as *Diphilus* to thy Feast, upon
‘ the Merit, I suppose, of being Tutor to
‘ thy

thy Son. And to say the truth, he's ve-
 ry Complaisant to the young Gentleman,
 and loves him exceedingly. Were it not
 that I am loth to pollute my Pen with
 the Narration, I could tell thee a fine
 Story of him, but if thou hast a mind to
 be further satisfied, thou mayst go to his
 Pedagogue *Zopyrus*, and know the whole
 Matter. But 'tis not good Manners to
 disturb the jollity of a Marriage-Feast, or
 to accuse any Man, especially of Crimes
 that are of so black and detestable a Na-
 ture, though *Diphilus* deserves no better
 a Treament from me, who t'other day
 stole two of my Disciples from me. How-
 ever, for the respect I bear to Philoso-
 phy I will hold my Tongue. To con-
 clude, I have order'd my Servant, that if
 you should offer him part of any of your
 Dainties to bring home to me by way of
 Atonement, not to touch it, least you might
 think I sent him for that Intent and
 Purpose.

While the Letter was reading, I was all
 over in a sweat for meer Shame and Vexa-
 tion, and could almost have wish'd my self
 a hundred Miles off. Every Line set the
 Company a laughing, especially those that
 by the length of his Beard, and his demure
 Looks judg'd him to be a Saint, though for
 my part, I wonder how he could impose
 upon the People so long. Now as for *A-
 ristænetus*, the reason why he did not in-
 vite this peevish old Fellow was not out of
 any

any disrespect to him, but because he thought he would not promise to do as the rest of the Company did, and so would not so much as ask him the Question. As soon as the Boy had read over this familiar Epistle, every Body in the Room cast his Eyes upon *Diphilus* and his Disciple *Zeno*, who were in a strange Confusion, which their frequent changing of Colour, their trembling and paleness sufficiently testified, and indeed this disorder seem'd to confirm what *Etæmocrates* laid to their Charge. *Aristanetus* was not a little discompos'd at this Business; however, to dissemble his Pain, he turn'd the thing into Raillery, and put the Glass about; then he dismiss'd the Boy, and bid him tell his Master, he would think of it. Some time after, *Zeno* stole out of the Room, his Tutor privately whispering him to withdraw, as if his Father had desired it. But *Cleodemus*, who heartily wished for an Opportunity to vent his Spleen against the Stoicks, and had now the fairest he could desire afforded him by this Letter. Ha, says he, what does *Chrysippus* and *Zeno* and *Cleantes*, all three of virtuous Memory, commit these Extravagancies? The Censorious World will be apt to say, that all your mighty Wisdom consists only in Words, and that you are but Philosophers in Masquerade. A very pretty Fellow this, i'faith, that writ the Letter (no doubt on't but his Brethren are of the same Kidney) to compare *Aristanetus* to *Oeneus*, and himself to *Diana* (no less than a Deity could serve his turn)

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and is not this Example very proper for the Occasion, and suitable to the jollity of the Day. Before *Jove*, crys *Hermon*, who sat above him, and knew, I suppose, that a Boar was to be served up in the next course, we must desire *Aristænetus* to send this old Fellow a good handsome slice of it, lest he should kick up his Heels as *Meleager* did, though even that ought to be indifferent to him, according to the Doctrine of *Chrysippus*. How dare you prophane that Name in your Mouths, says *Zenothemis*, raising himself in a hoarse angry Tone; or, where is the Justice to measure those Immortal Heroes, *Zeno* and *Cleantes*, by one profligate Impostor that abuses his Profession? But who are you, in the Devil's Name, that make these Objections? As for you, *Hermon*, did you not shave *Pollux* and *Castor's* golden Locks, for which piece of Sacrilege the Gallows groans for you? And you, worthy *Cleodemus*, did not you debauch your Disciple *Softratus's* his Wife, by the same token you were caught in the Fact, and suffer'd all the Indignities that the enraged Cuckold thought fit to make you undergo; therefore be advis'd once in your Lives, and since you are a pair of notorious Raskals, learn the Wit to hold your Tongues: But, by your favour, noble Sir, reply'd *Cleodemus*, I am no Cock-Bawd to my own Wife, as some Body is; neither do I remember that ever one of my Boarders deposited a thing of Value in my Hands, and

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I had the Impudence to forswear it; neither does the griping Sin of Usury stare me in the Face; neither fourthly, and lastly, do I offer to strangle my Scholars, if they don't pay me exactly on the Quarter-day. However, crys *Zenothemis* in a Passion, you are not such a Monster sure as to deny that you furnish'd *Crito* with Poison, to send his old Father out of the World. With that he drank, and threw the remainder of the Glass, which was about half full, in his Face: *Ion*, the Platonist, that sate near 'em, had his share of the sprinkling, as well as *Hermon*, who wip'd the Wine from his Face, and desir'd the Company to bear Witness how he was affronted. But *Cleodemus*, who had never a Glass in his Hand to return the like Civility, spit upon *Zenothemis*, and catching him by the Beard, was going to get out of his Debt, and, I believe, had knock'd his Brains out, if *Aristænetus* had not interpos'd, and plac'd himself between the two Warriors, to prevent the effusion of Philosophical Blood. All this while, my dear *Philo*, I was Contemplating with my self how insignificant and foolish a thing it was for a Man to amuse himself in the pursuit of Knowledge, unless his Life and Conversation were regulated by it, when I saw those very Persons that could discourse so infinitely better than the common Herd, show themselves such Asses and Buffoons in their Actions. And then I consider'd with my self whether the common saying were true, that

Learning debauches and corrupts the Manners of those that abandon themselves wholly to their Books, and the insipid Commentators upon them : For of all these Reverend Philosophers that were at Table, I could not see one that was exempt from the ordinary Frailties of Mankind, but made himself a Jest to the Standards-by, either for some indecent thing that he did, or something worse that he spoke. Neither cou'd I with Justice impute this to their Wine, since I found that *Etæmocles* writ the aforesaid angry Letter fresh and fasting, without the least appearance of Drunkenness to excuse his unmannerly Language. Thus methought the World was turn'd topsy-turvy, the poor illiterate Guests that were invited, behaving themselves modestly and decently in their Cups, and giving no manner of Offence; tho' I don't doubt but they laugh'd in their Sleeves, and hated these Hypocrites, whom, for the sake of their Habits they admir'd before; whereas these wise and learned Persons, forsooth, were Slaves to their Lusts, and told the most villainous Stories of one another that can be imagin'd, eat and drank immoderately, and when they were weary of Scolding, came to downright Blows: But to dismiss this grave Speculation, *Alcidamus* the Cynick, to show he was no respecter of Persons, lugg'd out before the Ladies, and piss'd in the middle of the Room. Now, for my part, I think this Feast of ours can be compar'd to nothing
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so properly as that which was kept at *Peleus's* Wedding, where the Goddess of Discord, because she was not invited, threw the fatal Apple among the Guests, that occasion'd the utter Destruction of *Troy* : For, to come to an Application, *Etæmoicles's* Letter was that accursed Apple that drew on the dismal Tragedy I am going to relate to you. Though *Aristænetus*, to prevent farther Mischief, as I told you before, plac'd himself between *Zenothemis* and *Cleodemus*, yet this did not put an end to their Quarrelling. 'Tis enough, says the latter, that I have prov'd thee to be an ignorant Blockhead before all this Company, though to Morrow I shall revenge myself after another manner ; but tell me, thou everlasting Moon-calf, for that incomparable Sot, thy Companion, for what reason you rank the possession of Money among things Indifferent, since you make it the whole business of your Lives to heap up Wealth at any rate ? 'Tis for this Cause you are always courting the Acquaintance of Rich Men, and putting out your Money to Use ; and, like mercenary Rogues, never Teach but for the sake of Lucre. Then with what Face can you declaim against Pleasure, and rail so at the *Epicureans* ? You, that to purchase one Minute's Pleasure, wou'd act or suffer the most scandalous things in the World : You that are as angry as Devils if you are not invited to every Entertainment, where you are not content to overload your own Guts,

but you give your Servants enough to subsist them for a Week after. He had no sooner done talking, but he struggled with *Zenothemis's* Boy to get a Napkin out of his Hands, that was cramm'd with all sorts of Victuals, designing to fling the Meat out upon the Floor, but the young Rogue prov'd too strong for him. Come, come, says *Hermon*, let them tell us why they condemn Pleasure, and at the same time pursue it more than any of their Neighbours. Nay rather, answer'd *Zenothemis*, let *Cleodemus* tell us why he places Riches among things Indifferent. No, do you, says t'other; and thus these Learned Blades squabbled, 'till *Ion* standing up, directing himself to the Company, Cease, cease Gentlemen, cry'd he, to fall out thus among your selves, and I will propose some Questions for the Entertainment of the Auditors, where every one shall be allow'd the liberty to speak in his turn, after the manner of our Master *Plato's* Dialogues. This Proposal was generally approved of, but particularly by *Aristænetus* and *Eucritus*, who were now in good hopes that some Sun-shine would make amends for so much tempestuous Weather. This made *Aristænetus* go to his old place again, thinking that the Peace was now fully ratified. And now the last Course of all was served in, where every Man had his Fowl to himself, with variety of wild Boar, Hare, Fish and Cakes, and in short, great plenty of every thing that a Man may honestly eat of, or carry home with him.

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But then two Messes were served in every Dish; in one for *Aristanetus* and *Eucritus*; in another for *Zenothemis* the Stoick, and *Hermion* the Epicurean; for *Ion* and *Cleodemus* in the third; then for the Bridegroom and my self; but *Dipbilus* had two Messes laid before him by *Zeno's* going away. I must desire you, dear Friend of mine, to carry these Particulars in your Memory, because you'll not understand the Story so well without them.

Phil. I'll take care of that. Proceed.

Lyc. Well then, says *Ion*, since you are pleased to do me that favour, I'll begin first, and after a little pause, Since we have so many Learned Persons at Table, crys he, it may perhaps appear requisite to discourse about Ideas, and Incorporeal Substances, and the Immortality of the Soul, but because I see some Gentlemen here that are of a different Opinion from me in these Matters, because I will engage my self in no such Disputes at present, I'll e'en quit those Subjects to speak to something more agreeable to the Occasion in Hand, I mean Marriage in general: It were indeed to be wish'd that we could live without so foolish a Ceremony, and that after the great Examples of *Plato* and *Socrates*, we could take up with the love of Boys, because only such Persons are capable of attaining to the height of Humane Perfection; but since, as Affairs are now managed, 'tis in some sort necessary for Men to Marry, I am wholly of the Di-

vine Plato's Opinion, that we should live with our Wives in common, in order to prevent all the evil Consequences of Jealousie. This set the whole Company a laughing, who could not chuse but admire the great discretion of this sage Philosopher, to commend the Love of Boys before Women, and to cry up the Community of Wives at a Marriage Feast. But *Dionysiodorus* resenting the Matter, What a plague, says he, do you talk such impertinent stuff to us? What made you trump up the word Jealousie within these Walls? Or who the Devil is troubled with it here? Why how now Impudence, says the Platonist, dare you prate to me? The Orator was going to answer him in his own Coin, when that over-grown Pedant *Isticus* interpos'd, Fie, fie, Neighbours, says he, leave Quarrelling, and I'll repeat to you an *Epithalamium* of my own Composing, and immediately began to read it. As far as I can remember the Verses were as follow;

*In th' House of Aristænetus, the fair
The bright Cleanthis was brought up with care.
All other Virgins she does far excel,
From Venus, nay the Moon, she bears the bell.
The Bridegroom too, if worth a Straw my Skill
(is,
I dare be sworn, is stronger than Achilles,
Courage young Man, go briskly to the fight,
And in the dark strive to obtain the white.
And yet perhaps it is not white, but brown,
However, storm the Fort, and take the Town.*

Thus,

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Thus, with my Muse, dear Couple, I present

(you,
And I sincerely wish she may content you.

The Laughter, which this execrable Doggrel occasion'd, being over, nothing now remain'd but for every Man to take his share of the last Course. *Aristænetus* and *Eucritus* had no difference upon this Subject, no more had *Ion* and *Cleodemus*, or the Bridegroom and my self, for besides that the Messes were equal, care was taken to set each Man's part exactly before him. But *Deophilus* offering to take his Disciple *Zeno's* part, who, as I told you before, had withdrawn out of the Room, pretending forsooth, that it belong'd to him, had a struggle with the Servants about it, and mighty tugging there was on both sides for the Mese, something like that between the *Greeians* and *Trojans* for *Patroclus's* Body; but at last the poor Tutor was overpower'd, affording Matter enough of Diversion to the Company, to see him fret and fume, as if he had had the greatest Affront in the World put upon him. You remember, I suppose, what I told you above, that *Zenothemis* and *Hermon* sat together, by the same token that the former must needs have the upper place: Now, you must know *Hermon's* Fowl was better than the other, which, no doubt on't, fell out accidentally, and was never done by design, but *Zenothemis* (let me conjure you now to be attentive, for we are come to the Crisis of the whole Affair) very fairly

fairly took *Hermon's* Bird that was the fatter of the two, and was putting it on his Plate, but the latter not thinking it convenient to let him have his humour in every thing, struggled to maintain it, upon which a terrible hubbub arose between them, and they beat one another over the Cheeks with their Birds, but at last catching hold of each other by the Beard, they called out to their Neighbours to come to assist them. *Hermon* call'd for *Cleodemus*, *Zenothemis* summoned *Alcidas* and *Diphilus*, and thus some declared in favour of one, and some in favour of the other side, only *Ion* the Platonist, who strictly observ'd the Neutrality. As it happen'd, *Zenothemis* took up *Aristænetus's* Cup, and flung it at *Hermon's* Head, but miss'd him, however, it almost clove the Bridegroom's Head into two equal parts, and gave him a deep and dangerous Wound. With this there was a most dismal Outcry among the Women, some of them had the hardiness to press in where the Combatants fought thickest; among the rest, the young Gentleman's Mother, when she saw him bleed so much, and his Spouse, who was afraid that they had kill'd him in the Fray. In the mean time *Alcidas* did *Zenothemis* mighty Service, and laying furiously about him with his Oaken Plant, broke *Cleodemus's* Skull, and *Hermon's* Jaw-bone, and wounded several of the Servants that came in to their Assistance, who notwithstanding, did all they could to hale him off: But

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But *Cleodemus*, to make himself some amends, thrusting his Finger into *Zenothemis's* Eye, pluck'd it out, and afterwards engaging more closely with him, bit off part of his Nose. As *Dipbilus* was coming up to the relief of *Zenothemis*, *Hermon* whipt up his Heels, and pitch'd him full upon his Head. Nay, the poor Gerund-grinder *Istiaus* was dismally wounded, as he was piously interposing to part them; for *Cleodemus*, who mistook him it seems, for *Dipbilus*, kick'd him full in the Mouth, to the utter Confusion of some of his Grammatical Teeth. So the poor Wretch lay grunting upon the Floor, and as his Friend *Homer* expresses it,

From's batter'd Mouth he spew'd up clotted
(Blood.

By this time the whole House was in an Uproar, what with the bustling of the Men, and the howling of the Women, who were making lamentable moan about the unhappy Bridegroom, and much ado there was to appease them. But the most Ungovernable Beast of all was *Alcidamus*, who brandishing his Staff in his Hand, let fly as thick as Hail upon every one that fell in his way, and I believe, had done the Devil and all of Mischief, if, by a singular piece of Providence this dead-doing Instrument had not been broke at last. For my part, I neither meddled nor made among them, but kept my self close to the
Wall,

Wall and so contented my self with being a gentle Spectator of the Fray, having learnt this little Philosophy from poor *Istiaus*'s Example, That 'tis none of the discretest things in the World to part Folks when they are together by the Ears. A Man would have sworn that these were the *Centaurs* and *Lapithæ* acting over their old Frolick again, to see how the Tables were over-turn'd, how the Bottles flew, and the Men battered one another. At last *Alcidamas* struck out the Candles, and then you may guess what a blessed Condition we were in, being left to fight it out in the dark; but when the Lights were brought in, the Cynick abovemention'd was found in a very familiar posture with a Woman that had sung to us, had plucked up her Petticoats, and was going to teach her some of his natural Philosophy, whether she wou'd or no, and *Dionysiodorus*, who had equipped himself with a golden Goblet, dropt it in a surprize, from under his Cloak, but he pretended that *Ion* gave it him to keep for fear it should be broken, and trusty *Ion*, like a Friend, avouch'd it to be so. This and the other Passage alter'd the face of Affairs, and turn'd our Sadness into Mirth. As for the wounded, they were carried off like so much Luggage, in a sad pickle, and particularly old *Zenothemis*, who lost an Eye, and half a Nose in the Engagement, crying out, that he was almost kill'd with the Pain, so that *Hermion*, although a Sufferer himself, for he

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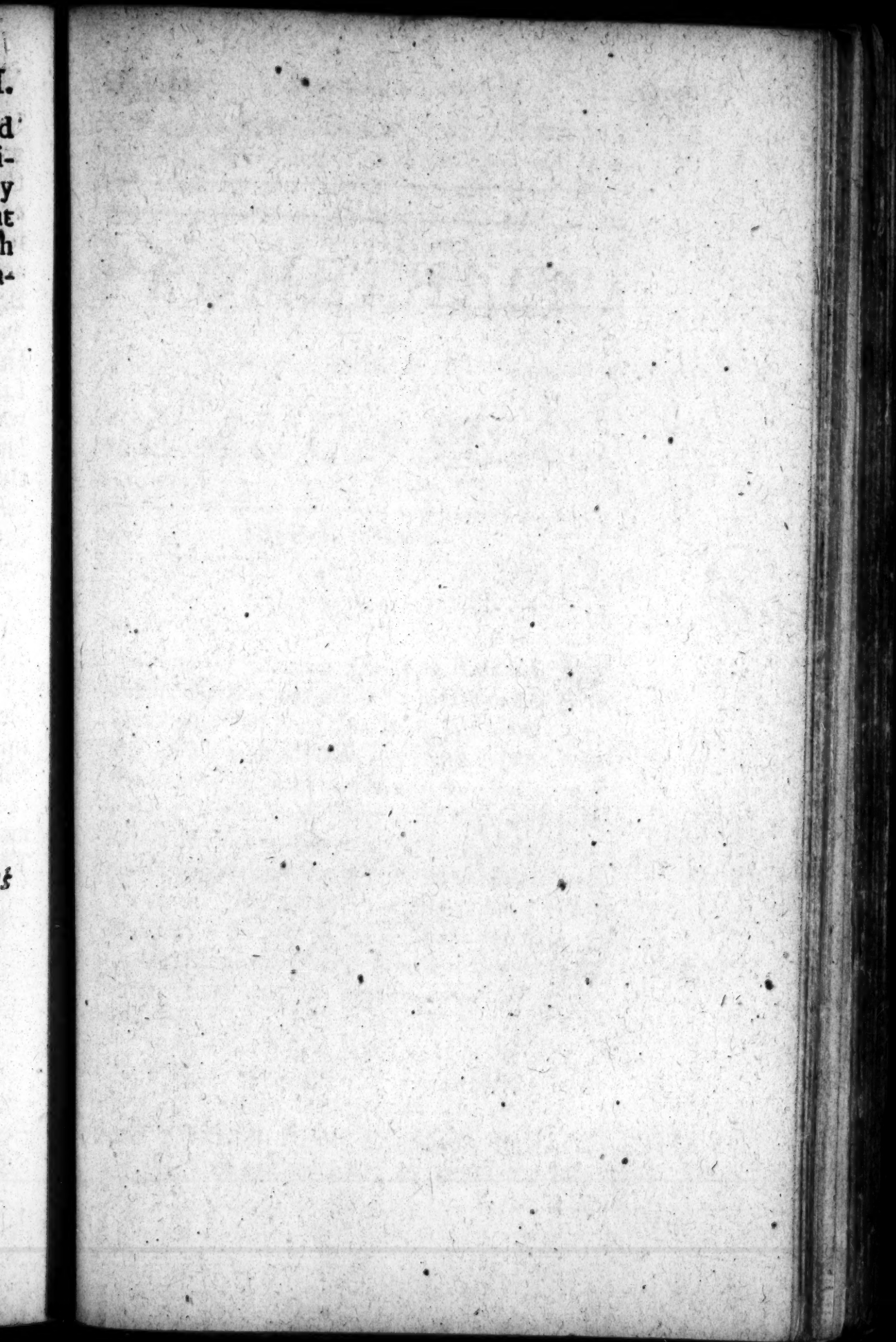
he had two of his Teeth struck out, could not forbear to rally him; Remember, thou confounded Stoick, says he, to call every thing by its proper name for the future, and don't reckon Pain, do ye hear, among things indifferent. By this time the Bridegroom, whose Wounds were in a manner healed by *Dionicus*, was carried Home, his Head being bound about with Linnen Clouts, in the same Chariot that was to fetch his Lady. After this unlucky manner did the poor young Gentleman celebrate his Marriage. Then *Dionicus* applied remedies to the rest of his Patients, as their Case required, who after they had slept a while, were led Home, by the same token that most of them disembugued what they had drunk in the Streets. As for *Alcidamas*, he staid there all Night, for the Servants were not able to get him out of Doors after he had thrown himself across a Couch, and fell asleep there. This, my dear *Philo*, was the Conclusion of this Feast, to which we may pertinently apply these Lines of the Tragick Poet,

*Blind are the turns of Fortune, and un-
 (certain,
 Heaven oft with unexpected rubs alarms
 (us,
 And does as oft our fairest Hopes defeat.*

For,

For, to be plain, this merry Meeting had another End than one could have imagined. All the Experience I have learnt by it is, That 'tis by no means safe or prudent for a Man to have any thing to do with such Philosophers, if he can handsomely avoid their Company.

Prometheus



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PROMETHEUS:

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CAUCASUS.

By Mr. Brown.

The Argument.

In this and the following Dialogues Lucian, with admirable Wit and Railery, lays open the Folly and Inconsistences of the Theology of the Pagans. He begins with the Fable of Prometheus, the Foundation upon which the rest were built, and expōses it with that Gayety and Freedom, that are so peculiar to himself. Whatever our Author's design was in writing these Dialogues, 'tis certain they were serviceable to the Christian Cause: For out of these Stores the Fathers of the Primitive Church borrow'd their Arms, with which they so happily combated Heathenism.

Vulcan, Mercury and Prometheus.

Merc. **T**HIS is the Mountain, Brother,
 where we are to truss up our
 R Criminals

Criminal. Let us find out now some pretty convenient place free from Snow, that we may drive in our Nails the better, and open on all sides, that his Punishment may be the more notorious.

Vulc. You are in the right on't: But we must not hang him too low, least the Creature of his own making, Man, shou'd take him down; nor so high as to lose the sight of him. The fittest place in my opinion will be towards the middle of the Mountain, a little above that Precipice yonder. We'll fasten one of his Hands to this Rock, and t'other to the next.

Merc. Agreed, for both of them are high and unaccessible. Come, old Friend, never hang an arse for the matter, but make haste, that we may bind thee to thy good Behaviour.

Prom. Have pity on a poor unfortunate Wretch, that suffers most unjustly.

Merc. What I warrant you, and be trussed up in your Room. Don't you think now this Mountain is big enough to hold us all three, or wou'd you by your good will have Companions in your Misery, to make you less sensible of your own? --- No, dear Heart, we are not such Coxcombs neither.--- Come, *Vulcan*, take his Right-hand, and nail it with all your force,--- Bravely done, and now show the same kindness to his Left. Done like an Artist Ifaith. The *Vulture* will be here in a Minute, to examine your confounded Entrails, by way of Recompence for your noble Invention.

Prom.

Prom. O Mother Earth that didst engender me ; and thou Father *Japetus*, and Uncle *Saturn*, must I suffer all this Torment, I that have done nothing to deserve it ?

Merc. Done nothing you impudent Fellow : Why, do ye think 'twas nothing to put a trick upon *Jupiter* at a Feast, and sham a few Bones cover'd with Fat upon him, and keep the best share for your self ? Then, who in the Devil's name put it into your Head to make that subtle crafty Animal, yclep'd Man, but especially Women ? And last of all, to inflame your Reckoning, what made you steal Fire from Heaven, which was the Inheritance of the Gods, and the most precious Treasure they had ? After all this, how canst thou be so impudent as to prate of thy Innocence, and pretend they have done thee a mighty Injury to punish thee ?

Prom. By your leave, *Mercury*, 'tis nobly done, to persuade a poor Wretch in my condition, and reproach me with several things, for which (by the Gods I swear it, and let 'em take it how they will) I deserv'd to be maintain'd at the publick Expence in the *Prytaneum*. If you are at leisure, I shou'd be glad to dispute this matter with you at large, and confute *Jove* in your Person. Come, try what you can say in his defence, you who are so fine an Orator ; and show what reason he had to hang me up here, near the *Caspian* Ports, to be a Spectacle of Horror to the *Scythians*.

Merc. You come somewhat of the latest with your Defence now. However, speak

what you have a mind to say, while we tarry here for the coming down of the *Vulture*, that is to rummage your Bowels for you. I should be glad to hear some of your Rhetorick, for they say, you are a plaguy Sophister.

Prom. Do you speak first then, since you are my Accuser, and have a care you don't betray *Jupiter's* Cause. *Vulcan* there shall be Umpire between us.

Vulcan. Excuse me for that, old Iniquity ; I shall rather appear against you, and be your Executioner, for starving my Forge, like a Rascal as you are, by stealing Fire from Heaven.

Prom. Divide my Indictment, I beseech you, into two Parts. Let *Vulcan* manage the matter of *petty larceny* against me, and *Mercury* do you show your Parts in displaying my other Crimes ; for between Friends it wou'd look but very ill-favour'dly in the God of Thieves, to rail at People of his own Profession.

Vulc. Let *Mercury* ; and he will speak for us both. For my part, I don't know the manner of Pleading ; being never bred up at the Bar as he was. All the World knows, that Pettyfogging is one of his Trades, as well as Thieving.

Merc. It would take up too much time to prepare a just Accusation, because 'tis not enough to mention the bare Heads : But since you have a fancy to be heard what you can say in Justification of those Crimes that you value your self so much upon, there is no necessity to make a long harangue ; nay,
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it wou'd be downright Madness, for one to trouble himself about proving a Fault which the Party avows. I will only tell you, 'tis the right way to abuse *Jove's* Mercy, to relapse so often into the same Crimes.

Prom. We shall see immediately, whether what you have offer'd is not foolish: But since you think that to be sufficient, I will endeavour to defend my self as well as I can. In the first place (I call Heaven to witness it) I am sorry with all my Heart to see *Jupiter* so peevish and ill-condition'd, that because he had not the best part forsooth carv'd for him at a certain Feast, he must therefore crucify not a Man, but a God, as well as himself, and one of his old Acquaintance who has serv'd him upon a Thousand Occasions. You know well enough what liberty all the World allows at publick Entertainments; and that none but Children and Fools take pet at what is done then. As for your People of Honour, they are so far from being offended, that they turn it all into Mirth and Raillery: But to let so small a trifle broil so long upon his Gizzard, and afterwards to take so cruel a Revenge for it, is altogether unworthy, I don't say of a God, much more the Sovereign God of all; but even a Man of any Honour. Banish once from your Table innocent Freedom, and what will be left behind but fulsome Eating and Guzzling, which Beasts enjoy in as high a Perfection? And wou'd it not be infinitely scandalous for *Jupiter* to live after this rate? For my part, I think he ought not to have remembred the next Day what was done or

said over Night, which less to punish one in so barbarous a manner, and imagine himself highly affronted, because one Mess forsooth was better than another; as if he was not of Years of Discretion to chuse the best for himself: But take the thing by the worst handle, and suppose that his share was not the least, but that he had nothing at all given him, must he for this throw the House out at Windows, jumble Heaven and Earth together, and talk of nothing but Crosses, and Vultures, and Rocks, and Precepices? Let him have a care, I say, for sober People will be apt to impute this to a froward, silly, childish Temper. What wou'd he not do for Matters of any Consequence, that plays the Devil thus about a poor mouthful of Meat? How many Men in the World are infinitely more just and reasonable than this comes to? Who ever saw a Man of any sense knock his Cook's Brains out for licking his Fingers, or stealing a few Morsels? People are asham'd to take notice of such trifles; or if they think fit to chastise such a Servant, why they give him a hearty Cuff or two, and all is over: But for so small a matter to hurry away a Man to the Gallows, is a barbarous unheard-of piece of Cruelty. Thus I have fairly argu'd the first point, and as I hope to live I was asham'd to defend my self; how much more then ought they to blush that accuse me of such a trifle? Let us now proceed to the second, which concerns the Creation of Man; upon which Subject some will think perhaps, that I ought not to have made him at all; and others, that he should have

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have been made after another manner. I will examine both Objections ; and as to the first I may boldly say, that the Gods have been so far from being losers, that they have gain'd considerably by the Bargain; and that it is much more advantageous to them, that there should be such Creatures as Men in the World, tho' Knaves and Rascals may slip into the Herd, than that there should be none at all. To carry the Dispute a little higher we must consider, that in the Beginning there was nothing but Gods in the World ; and that the Earth was a mighty spacious Desart, incumbred with Forrests everlasting : For whence, I beseech you, came these Fields and Gardens so well cultivated, these Temples, these Altars, these Statues that are ador'd, but from human Invention ? As I am perpetually hammering my Brain to find out things that may be useful and serviceable to the Publick, I happen'd once to be tempering some Earth with a little Water, as the Poet tells us ; and kneading them together ; out of this Stuff I made a Man after our Image, by the assistance of *Minerva*. This, Gentlemen, is all they can lay to my charge. But what shou'd set the Gods in such an uproar, and make them complain so ? Pray tell me, are they less Gods now than they were in the Days of yore ? For, one that should see how *Jupiter* frets and torments himself about the matter, wou'd swear he had lost one half of his Dominions. What, is he afraid that they will rebell against him, as the Giants did formerly ? and is he not powerful enough to rout

'em Horse and Foot, he that reduc'd the
Titans to their Allegiance? 'Tis certain, that
 the Gods have not sustain'd the least Injury
 by my Invention: But now to convince them
 that they are considerable Gainers by it, let
 them but cast their Eyes down upon the
 Earth, which not many Ages ago was a
 continued Solitude; but now is cultivated,
 and produces abundance of things useful to
 human Life; whereas of it self it scarce
 brings forth any thing but what is savage
 and wild. Even the Sea it self is in some
 manner civiliz'd by Navigation; Isles are
 inhabited, Towns full of People, Temples
 and Altars erected, Festivals and Sacrifices
 instituted. In short, to express my self in
 the Poet's Language, *All Streets and publick
 Places are full of Jupiter.* But can any one
 charge me with having done this to promote
 my own Glory? Among so many Thousand
 Temples of the Gods, I defy them to show
 me one that was ever dedicated to *Prometheus*;
 which is a sufficient Proof, that I have neg-
 lected my own particular Interest for that of
 the Publick. Consider too, if you please,
 that Happiness it self without Witnesses to
 admire it, is but an imperfect State; and
 that if there were no Men extant, the Beau-
 ty of the World wou'd be intirely lost, and
 even our condition much less agreeable, as
 having no body to pay us homage. Besides, as
 we have no other knowledge of things, but
 by comparing them with others; the Gran-
 dure of our Fortune wou'd be unknown to
 us, at least we shou'd have a fainter relish of
 it, if there were no unfortunate Persons in
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being : In the mean time, instead of rewarding me for my good Services, I am prefer'd to a Cross ; and whereas I might justly have expected to find a noble Recompence for my pains, all I have yet receiv'd is the most insufferable Torments that cou'd be thought of: And what reason do they assign for treating me thus ? Why, all Mankind, it seems, are not Saints, but now and then we hear of a Murderer, or a Fellow that has committed Incest and Adultery ; and are there none then of that Character to be found among us ? yet for all that we don't condemn Heaven and Earth that produc'd them. It will be objected perhaps, that we have more care now upon our hands than we had formerly ; that we are everlastingly dunn'd by them ; and that we must provide for all their Necessities : But I wonder who ever heard a Shepherd complain of the numerousness of his Flock for the trouble it gave him ? For if there is any trouble in it, yet the profit makes sufficient amends : Besides, this serves us instead of an Occupation, and takes up several tedious Minutes, without which we should sit yawning in our Elbow-chairs with our Arms folded together, doing just nothing but thwacking our Guts with *Nectar* and *Ambrosia*. But what vexes me most of all is to see, that those that make the loudest Complaints against Men, are the very Persons that cou'd not live without 'em, but especially Women, whom they love more than any of their Brethren do, tho' they are perpetually telling scandalous Stories of them. They put on a Thousand Disguises every Week,

Week, to carry on their shameful Intrigues with them, and not content to consummate with these Dowdies, advance them to Heaven, and make them Goddeffes. And here some one may tell me, that indeed I might have reason on my side to make such a Creature as Man, but then I ought to have given him a different Cast, and not have made him like one of us. Now I'll appeal to the greatest Bigots among them, whether I cou'd have chose a better Model than that which I knew before-hand to be the most perfect? Wou'd you have me created him a Creature without Understanding, who cou'd have done us no manner of Service? How unjust a Generation ye are? To regale your selves with a Hecatomb, you can dispense with beating the Hoof as far as the unblameable *Ethiopians*; and yet, with a murrain to you, you must crucify him who is the cause that you have these Altars and Hecatombs. But we have said enough to this point, let us now speak a word or two about that abominable Crime we are charg'd with, the stealing of Fire. In the first place, can you pretend that I have rob'd you of it, because I gave it to Mankind? Is it not the nature of this Element to communicate and spread itself without being lost? This is so unaccountable, so foolish a Jealousy, that it sits very ridiculously upon those to whom the Poets have given the honourable Title of *Benefactors*. Besides, if I had carry'd off all the Fire in Heaven, I had done you no harm, for as I take it, you neither boil nor roast your *Ambrosia*, whereas Mankind daily wants

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it for a thousand Occasions; not to tell you *en passant* that without it they cou'd not offer Sacrifice to you. Now, is it not a plain case, that you are never better pleas'd than when you snuff up the heavenly Steam of an *Holocaust* with your hungry Nostrils: So evident it is, that your Complaints run counter to your Desires, and saucily contradict what you love best. For my part, I am astonish'd that you have not laid an *Interdict* upon the Sun, or fin'd him, for distributing his Light, which I am sure is the purest and most glorious Fire that is; and yet I never heard any of you accuse him for squandering away your Treasures, and spending your Goods and Chattels. This, Gentlemen, is all I have to say in my defence. 'Tis time for you now to answer me, if you are able, and to deal freely with you, I expect a Reply.

Merc. 'Tis no easy matter to answer so impudent a Sophister as thou art. Well, 'tis happy for thee that *Jupiter* hears nothing of this: Take my word for't, old Friend, he wou'd have sent thee a dozen Vultures instead of one, so villainously hast thou rail'd at him, under the pretence of defending thy self. But answer me one civil Question, How the plague came you, that set up for a Prophet, to know not a Syllable of what has happen'd to you?

Prom. No, No, I knew it well enough, but at the same time I knew that I shou'd be deliver'd by a Hero, a gallant Fellow of thy Acquaintance, that is to come from *Thebes*, and dispatch my Vulture.

Merc.

Merc. Well, I wish with all my Soul he were arriv'd already. Faith, old Boy, I long to sit at Table with thee as I us'd to do. But heark you in your Ear--- you shou'd not then divide the Messes.

Prom. Prithee do but be patient. You'll see me *in statu quo* one of these days, for *Jupiter* will deliver me for an important piece of Service I am to do him.

Merc. Out with it, dear Rogue, what can it be?

Prom. Why, you know *Thetis*, but Mum for that,--- I must not divulge the Secret, that is to occasion my Deliverance.

Merc. Nay, if 'tis so, you are in the right on't, not to part with it.--- But, Brother *Vulcan*, let's away. I see the Vulture yonder coming full swoop upon his Prey, and I heartily wish that the Deliverer was as near as the Persecutor.

Well. This no early matter to answer to
 Well, I must not divulge the Secret, that is to occasion my Deliverance.
 Nay, if 'tis so, you are in the right on't, not to part with it.--- But, Brother *Vulcan*, let's away. I see the Vulture yonder coming full swoop upon his Prey, and I heartily wish that the Deliverer was as near as the Persecutor.

The Pseudologista, or the Apophras,
 that is, **The Black Day.**

By Mr. Brown.

The Argument.

This is an *Invective* upon one, who it seems had made our Author for using the word *Apophras*, and comparing him to a Black Day.

In

In the former part of the Discourse he shows, that it is a Greek word, and us'd by some of the best Authors, and that he had us'd it properly, as he proves by the example of several Writers before him. In the latter, he lays open the Life and Conversation of his Adversary, and proves that he had Reason and Justice on his side to bestow that Title upon him, as being a black and execrable Scoundrel. * Suidas informs us, That this Pseudologist's or Sham-Critick's Name was Polyeuctus.

* In 'Hvri-
όχος, and
Πολύευκ-
τος.

NOW 'tis a plain case to all the World, That thou never knew'st the meaning of the word *Apophras*; otherwise how cou'dst thou have the Impudence to charge it as a blunder upon me, for comparing thee to it? For I remember, that once upon a time, I compar'd thy Life and Manners to * an *Apo-*
phras, i. e. a black, unauspicious Day; but it may be suppos'd, thou never heard'st of such a Word: But take my word for't, I'll teach thee the true meaning and signification of it before we part. For the present let it suffice to tell thee, if I may make bold with an Expression of *Archilochus*, that thou hast caught a *Grashopper* by the Wing. I don't know whether such a damn'd Blockhead as thou art ever heard of such a Man, but for thy Information, know, that the above-mention'd *Archilochus* was a free merry Gentleman born in *Paros*, that had an unlucky Fancy at breaking of Jests, and never fear'd to give every Man his due, tho' he knew well enough how far he was like to provoke those Persons, that fell under the Displeasure of his

*The An-
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his *Iambicks*. Now when one of these Fellows had rail'd at him behind his back, *Thou hast*, says he, *caught a Grasshopper by the Wing*, comparing himself to that buzzing Animal, that when there's no necessity for it, is clamorous enough, but if you take him by the Wing, makes the Devil and all of a noise. Now you foolish Coxcomb, crys he, *what a plague did you mean to draw an angry Poet's Indignation upon your head, who of himself was apt enough to find matter for his Satyrs?* And thou may'st be satisfy'd, old Boy, that I will handle thee after the same manner; not that I have the Impudence to compare my self to *Archilochus*, as I hope to live, for how shou'd I be guilty of such a piece of Arrogance, that know how infinitely short I come of so incomparable a Man? but because I know thou hast done a Million of things in thy Life, to deserve the severest Lampoons against thee: However I may venture to affirm, that 'tis impossible for *Archilochus* himself, as ill-natur'd as he was, nay tho' he took *Hipponax* and *Simonides* to assist him, to describe any single Villany among a Thousand which thou hast committed, and to paint it in its proper colours: For, alas, *Oedecides*, and *Lycambes*, and *Bupalus*, upon whom he spent the Fury of his Muse, tho' Giants to the rest of Mankind, are but puny Pigmies in comparison of thy self, who art a huge walking *Colossus* of all manner of Wickedness: So that in all appearance, some ill-natur'd Devil ow'd thee a spight, when he threw this unlucky, this damn'd word *Apophras* into thy dish, to satisfy all the World that thou art an illiterate blunder-

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blundering Whelp, that art ignorant even of
 the most common, and the most obvious things.
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 conscience to equip a Satyrift that knew thee
 well, and did not fear to make Proclamation
 of all the villanous Acts thou hast commit-
 ted: But I think it a foolish and idle piece of
 Drudgery, to throw away any Waste-paper
 in order to work a Reformation upon thee.
 Thou art so graceless, so uniform, so inde-
 fatigable a Rascal, that let a Man preach
 never so long to thee, he wou'd as certainly
 lose his labour, as if he shou'd solemnly, and
 with a world of Grimaces, advise an unedi-
 fying Beetle not to light upon a dearly belo-
 ved Cow-turd. For my part, I know thee
 too well to engage in such a Province; nay,
 I believe there's scarce a Man in the World,
 but is acquainted with the History of thy
 Life, and knows what a confounded Sinner
 thou hast been against thy self, even in thy
 declining Years, and the Formality of gray
 Hairs. Heaven be prais'd, tho' thou art a
 mean obscure Dog, yet even thy Obscurity
 has not been able to protect thee; thy Cha-
 racter is sufficiently known, neither is there
 any necessity to strip thee of the Lion's Skin,
 in order to discover thee to be an Afs, for
 there is not such a raw uncultivated Lap-
 lander in the World, but as soon as ever he
 beholds thee, will discover thee to be the
 most prodigious Afs in the Universe, tho'
 he does not tarry for the Conviction of hear-
 ing thee bray. The whole History of thy
 Life has been so often expos'd to all Mankind
 by my self and others, that thou art more
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notorious in the Annals of Wickedness than *Ariphrades* and *Myftho* the *Sybarite*, nay than *Basta* himself a Native of *Chios*, who had practis'd Experiments in all sorts of Lewdness: However, I am oblig'd to say something upon so fruitful a Subject, tho' the wiser part of the World will condemn me for losing my labour, least it shou'd be thrown in my dish, that I am the only Person that am ignorant of these Matters. And now I think on't, it will not be *mal a propos* to borrow a friendly Assistant out of one of *Menander's* Prologues, I mean *Elenchus*, that Lover of Truth, and God of Liberty, who makes so brillant a Figure upon the Stage, and is only an Enemy to such stupid Rake-hells as thou art, who dread the Freedom of his Tongue, which as it knows all Occurrences, so it never fails to make a solemn Proclamation of them. I have the vanity to imagine it will be no unhandsome contrivance, if I introduce him there before I appear my self, to acquaint the Auditors with the whole design of this Fable. Therefore let me conjure thee, most dear *Elenchus*, thou that art the best of Gods, and the heartiest recommender of thy Friends, to inform the Audience fully of these Affairs, that I may not seem to engage foolishly, and hand over head, as the Proverb has it, in this Business; but that I may at the same time gratify a piece of private Revenge, and serve the Publick by exposing a Villain, who ought to be universally shunn'd upon the score of his incurable Temper. Having said so much to give the Company a taste of this Monster,

you

you may if you please vanish, and leave the rest to my Management; for I will take care to imitate your manner of Raillery, and so discharge my self, that no one for the future shall dare to tax you for the Freedom you take to speak bold honest Truths: But this Favour I must beg of you, not to say one Word in my Commendation, nor yet to display the Vices of this arrogant *Ignoramus*, for 'tis by no means proper that you who are a God, shou'd defile your Mouth with things of so detestable a Nature.

Be it known to all the World, (*the Reader must suppose that 'tis Mr. Prologue who is speaking now*) That this Fellow, who impudently sets up for a Critick, and a Sophister, and the Lord knows what, came once upon a time to *Olympia*, with a design to recite a certain Oration, which he had written a long while before, before the Company which the Solemnity of the *Olympick Games* draws thither from all Parts of *Greece*. The Argument of his Declamation was, how *Pythagoras* was heretofore forbidden by an *Athenian*, to have any thing to do with the Priests that performed the *Eleusinian* Sacrifices, upon this pretence, that he was an *Enthusiast* or *Barbarian*, for pretending to have lived formerly in *Euphorbus's* Body. Now this silly Harangue resembled *Aesop's* Daw, gaudily tricked up with the Plumes of other Birds: But such as it was, he resolved to sham it upon the Audience for an extempore Composition, tho' it had lain a long time by him, in order to possess the World with a high Opinion of his Parts; so he desired an Acquaintance of

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his born at *Patra*, and a Lawyer by Profession, to put him on making an Harangue on this Subject; when he should ask the Theatre to give him an Argument to exercise his Faculty upon; and accordingly his Friend the Lawyer trump'd up this Subject of *Pythagoras*, and perswaded the Company to listen to the Oration he could make upon it. It was no sooner consented to, but this frothy Coxcomb began his Harangue, and behaved himself monstrous awkwardly as to his Action and Gesture of Body: but this was not all, for he tack'd together, as may be probably imagined, several things that he had con'd by heart a long while ago, which he vainly introduced into this Medley of a Speech; however this must be said for him, that he never blush'd for the matter, for his Face being of the *Corinthian* Order, his Impudence made him carry it off most heroically. But the Audience had like to have killed themselves with laughing, and some of them cast their Eyes upon the Lawyer, showing by that, that they knew well enough that he had juggled in the matter; others more intent upon what he said, were recollecting with themselves all the while, what Declamations he had plundered, and what Authors made bold with. To make the Scene more ridiculous, our Haranguer laughed with the rest of the Company, and by my troth no body can blame him for it; for why should he not be allowed to laugh, who had engaged in so palpable, so impudent, but so gross an Undertaking? And perhaps (for you know when People are upon the merry Strain, they

they can't tell where to leave off) one Man raising the pitch of his Voice like a Ballad-singer, roared out the Lamentation of poor *Pythagoras* in a most dismal manner. And another finding an *Ass* endeavouring to thrum upon a Harp, as the Proverb has it, set his Hands to his Sides, and after he had laugh'd his fill, cry'd out, this is a Poet for my Money, which the other turning back espied, and this occasion'd an irreconcilable hatred between them. It was the beginning of the Year when this Farce happen'd; but to be more particular, it was the third Day after the great New-Moon, when the *Romans*, according to their usual Custom, put up their Supplications for the whole Year, and offer Sacrifice, and perform other Religious Rites, that were instituted by King *Numa*. On this very Festival it was, or Sacred Calends, that this Person laugh'd at this Sham-*Pythagoras* in *Olympia*; and seeing this sawcy confounded Plagiary of other Mens Orations, strutting forward, (now you must know he was no Stranger to his Person or Character, but knew all the Villanies of his Life, that he was either reported to be guilty of, or was found actually committing) cry'd aloud to one of his Acquaintance, 'Tis high time to avoid this most execrable Sight, for this Monster here, by his bear Appearance, is enough to turn this merry Festival into an *Apophras*, or Day of *Humiliation*. Our Declaimer no sooner heard the word *Apophras*, but foolishly imagining it was some Foreign Word, unknown to the *Greeks*, he began to dilate the Corners of his Mouth, and fancied

he shou'd now be even with the Spark for laughing at him before : So, says he to those that stood about him, What a duce is the meaning of this *Apophras* ? Is it a Fruit, or the name of some Herb, or an Instrument ? This *Apophras*, Is it some new-fashion'd dish, or is it a Liquor ? For my part, I never met with it before, nor can it enter into my Noddle what it means. Having utter'd this in a hoarse tone, he fancied he had knocked the poor Word in the Head, and mauled his Adversary to all Intents and Purposes ; but never imagined that he showed himself to be the most ignorant Pretender in the Universe. For which reason, the Gentleman who sent me to you writ this short Oration, to let the World see, that this harden'd unrepenting Blockhead did not know so much as the most familiar, the most obvious Terms in the *Grecian* Language, that Loiterers in Barber's Shops and Tippling-houses, nay Carmen and Cryers of Mustard are acquainted with. And so far our Friend *Elenchus* is supposed to speak.

As for me, who am resolved to undertake the remaining part of this Comedy in my own Person, I looked upon my self obliged to proclaim to all the world, as from the *Delphic Tripod*, what Rogueries thou hast committed in thy own Country, what in *Palestine*, what in *Egypt*, what in *Phœnicia* and *Syria*, what in *Greece* and *Italy*, and lastly now at *Ephesus*, which if I may be allow'd the Expression, is the finishing the concluding Scene of all thy Lewdness and Immorality : For since the History of thy Life comprehends so prodigious a variety of wicked Actions, I think it very reasonable

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that now thou should'st begin to hear of 'em. However, I will for a Moment or so be in thy debt, as for that part of my promise, and say a word or two about this Stumbling-block of thine, this unlucky *Apophras*. Now tell me in the name of *Venus Doll-common*, the Increaser, and the *Otesian*, how it came into that foolish Head of thine to find with, and to laugh at this word *Apophras*? I warrant thee, thou thoughtest it was not of *Grecian* Extraction, but that it came the Lord knows how to us in our Commerce with the *Gauls*, or *Thracians*, or *Scythians*, and ever since that time impudently settled in this Country: And thou who pretendest to know every thing that belongs to *Athens*, hast turned it forsooth out of doors, and as if thou hadst got a publick Cryer to assist in the Ceremony, hast for ever banished it from *Greece*. This Presumption made thee laugh at me, as if I had expressed my self like a *Barbarian* and *Foreigner*, and been guilty of an unpardonable Sin against the *Attick* Language: But to mortify this Pride and Affectation in thee, I wou'd desire those Gentlemen, that know these Matters infinitely better than thou doest, to satisfy thee, whether any word can pretend to be known more by a Native of *Athens*, or is more frequently used in common Conversation, than *Apophras*. I am sure thou may'st sooner prove that *Eretheus* and *Cecrops*, the first Founders of the *Athenian* State, were meer Strangers to that City, than that the above-mentioned Word is not genuine or proper. I confess, indeed, there are abundance of things which the *Athenians* call

call by the same Names, as the rest of their Neighbours use; but they are the only People in *Greece* that call a black, an abominable, an unauspicious, an execrable, and in short a Day that in all respects is like thy self, by the name of *Apophras*. Thus by the by thou hast learn'd the Signification of *Apophras*, which is an unlucky Day, on which neither do the Magistrates meet to consult about publick Affairs, neither are Law-suits decided in the Hall, nor Sacrifices offer'd, nor in fine any sort of Business undertaken, wherein a Man wou'd wish to be fortunate. And such sorts of Days have been instituted by different Nations, upon different Accounts: For, perhaps they received some remarkable Loss or Overthrow on one of these Days, and ever after marked it in their Kalendar for an unfortunate one, on which no manner of Business was to be transacted. But I am afraid it will appear foolish, and altogether unreasonable, to see an old venerable Coxcomb, that does not know those things that even Children are not ignorant of, unlearn his Blunders, and forced to take Information from a *Grammar* and *Dictionary*: However, this is still to be laid to thy Charge, and if thou canst once get over it, thou may'st securely pass the rest. But tell us in the name of Dullness, whence thou comest, or what Country had the Misfortune to produce thee? for tho' I can allow thee to be ignorant of other things that are out of the common Road, and so may be unknown to such illiterate Fellows as thou art, yet I defy thee, with all the pains thou canst take, to find me

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out any other word, to signify a *black Day*, than *Apophras*. But some one perhaps will say, tho' we acknowledge this is the meaning of the word, yet 'tis now out of date, and as we may safely use some ancient words, so we ought to reject others that are disused by the People, lest we shou'd offend and wound the Ears of Persons of a nice Judgment. This is so far true, O thou most incomparable Critick, that I am sensible I have been guilty of a heinous Sin, for talking to thee after this manner: For really I should have condescended to thy Capacity, and discoursed thee in *Paphlagonian*, *Cappadocian* or *Bactrian* Gibberish, that thou mightest understand my meaning, and be pleased with my Conversation; though when I am with *Greeks*, I know I ought in good manners to entertain them in that Language. Now, tho' 'tis certain that the *Athenians*, in a long Series of time have, like all other Nations in the World, made infinite Changes and Variations in their Tongue, yet the word *Apophras* still kept its ground, and as we use it now has it been used in all Ages, of which we have any Memoirs: To justify which Assertion, I cou'd cite numberless Passages out of several Authors that lived before our time, but that I know it would be time and labour lost to quote Testimonies out of Historians, Orators and Poets, to a Fellow that is not so much as acquainted with their Names: Besides, why shou'd I impose such a Penance upon my self, since all the World knows it. But thy everlasting Ignoramus-ship. But to let all Mankind see how over-civilly I treat thee,

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thee, produce but one ancient Author of any Note, who has not used this Word, and I'll engage, out of meer Compliment to the brazen Original, to set up a Golden Statue for thee in *Olympia*. Now for a Man of thy Years, and one wou'd think of some tolerable Discretion too, that must in thy time (or the Devil's in thee) have turned over some few Authors, and now and then stepped into a Gentleman's Company, to be ignorant of so common a Term, is full as monstrous as for a Man not to know that *Athens* is a City of *Attica*, that *Corinth* is situate in the *Isthmus*, and *Sparta* somewhere in *Peloponnesus*. The only Sanctuary I can now think of for thee to fly to, is to pretend that thou knowest indeed there was such a Word as *Apophras* in the World, but that I used it *mal a propos*, and brought it in by the Head and Shoulders, as the Saying is. If that is thy Objection, old Boy, and thou art resolved to abide by it, I here joyn Issue with thee, and don't question but that before we part, to convince thee of thy Error; but then thou must carefully listen to what is said to thee, unless thou art minded to remain in thy primitive Ignorance. First then know, that the Ancients applied several Words of this kind in a figurative, or metaphorical Sense, to such Fellows as thou art; for such have there been in all Ages of the World, I mean, Men of loose immoral Principles, and flagitious Lives; in short, Men of universal Wickedness, and an equal share of Dullness: So for Instance, one of them calls such a Spark a *Bluskin*, comparing the uneasy, unsettled way

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way of his Life with such a sort of a Shoe; another calls him *Lypac*, because being a hot-headed noisy Speech-maker, he used to make a Disturbance in all publick Assemblies; a third calls him a *Seventh-day*, because as Boys are allowed to play and sport upon that day, so he used to play the Droll, and laugh in all publick Meetings, and turned all the serious Debates of the Company into banter and ridicule: Therefore without Vanity be it said, I think I may be as well allowed to compare a profligate, execrable Villain, one that from his Cradle has been accustomed to all manner of Lewdness, to a *black unlucky Day*. He cannot endure, upon any other Day, let it be never so lucky, to see lame People, but especially in a Morning; and if 'tis a Man's Fortune to light upon a Pifs-quill, or an Eunuch, or an Ape, so soon as he stirs out of his own House, he immediately turns back again, imagining that whatever Business he concerns himself with all the Day after, will prove unsuccessful to him, by reason of this ill Omen which he saw at his first coming out. But now, shou'd a Man before his own Threshold, and at his first stirring out, every Morning in the Year, behold an effeminate, worn-out *Catamite*, one that either passively or actively has known all manner of Lewdness, and is pointed at in the Streets for it, a Deceiver, a Juggler, a Knight of the Post, in short a common Plague and Nuisance, that the Gallows groans for, wou'd not he fly from him as fast as his Heels cou'd carry him, and wou'd not he compare him to an *unlucky Day*? And now to put the case home to thee,

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Art not thou such a sort of a Monster? I am sure thou wilt not deny it, if I know thee aright; for thou didst use to value thy self upon thy infamous Actions, because forsooth they made thee the burthen of every Conversation, and got thee a Name, such as it was, in the World. But if thou art positively resolved to run thy Head against a Brick-wall, and deniest all this, prithee who dost thou design to tell thy Story to, or where can a Monster be found of that prodigious swallow; as to believe one Syllable thou sayest? Wilt thou pretend to clear thy self to thy Townsman, (for there thou oughtest in honour to begin) but they know thy Education, and the first Steps of thy Notorious Life, and can tell how like a mercenary Wretch thou soldst thy self to an accursed Captain, and how, after thou hadst vilely submitted to all the Drudgery of his Lust, he kicked thee out of doors, and abandon'd thee to the wide World. They too can remember what a Figure thou madest upon the Theatre, when the height of thy Ambition was only to be a Candle-snuffer to the Play-house. At last, from delivering Fragments of Messages, and acting the lowest Parts, thou arosest to be Prologue-speaker-General, in which noble Capacity, with thy gilt Slippers and Royal Robes on, thou didst appear first on the Stage, to tell the Audience the Name and Argument of the Play, and to bespeak their candid Acceptance of it in favour of the Poet; for which mighty Services thou wast sometimes rewarded with a few Claps, and now and then a Garland into the bargain.

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But now thou settest up for an Orator and a Virtuoso, and the Lord knows what, which shou'd any one of thy old Acquaintance know, how wou'd they be surprized with Admiration, and exclaim that the whole Creation turns round and is giddy. Every one wou'd pelt thee with scraps of Plays, and cry out, This is the Fellow that t'other Day was glad to act a puny Ghost or a Devil, and now with a Pox to him sets up for a Wit; and faith, I cannot but commend thee for never going near them. The only act of Discretion thou wert ever guilty of, was to leave thy Native Town, tho' 'tis neither inconvenient in Winter, nor troublesome in Summer, but one of the sweetest Situations in *Phoenicia*; for, alas, those clownish unmannerly Rascals know thee as well as thy Maker does, and to be taken up and flouted by those Dogs, that have such damn'd Memories as to carry all the Passages of a Man's Life along with them, is a Mortification not to be endur'd; in short, 'tis the Devil, and Flesh and Blood can never bear it. But why do I trifle after this rate, as if thou wert ever afraid of any Man, or thought'st any thing in the World to be Immoral, tho' the rest of Mankind shou'd consent to call it by a courser Name? I hear too, that thou hast a mighty Estate in that Town, a sorry, pimping, diminutive Edifice God-wot, if it deserves such a Title, that the least puff of *Boreas* wou'd blow down, 'tis scarce proof against a Drunkard's Belch, a discarded Hog's head is a Palace to it, and that a Man ought to have his Bones broke for his Irreverence, that dares

dares presume to name it in the same Year with *Diogenes's* Tub. But to wave these Matters, I can tell thee for thy Comfort, that with all the No-Rhetorick thou art Master of, thou wilt never be able to make any of thy Country-men think otherwise of thee, than as one of the lewdest Rake-hells in the Universe, and a Blot never to be wiped out of the City's Escutcheon, where thou wast born. I don't question but all the rest that inhabit *Syria* will set their Hands to the aforesaid Certificate, tho' thou shouldst Cant it never so notably, and with never so supercilious a Grimace. The Town of *Antioch* found thee in the very Fact, thou know'st what I mean, with a Son of a Whore of a Boy, whom thou hadst inveigled from *Tarsus*; But mum for that, my Modesty will not permit me to go on with the Story: However, those People that broke into the Room upon thee remember it well enough, by the same token they found thee at thy Devotion upon thy Knees; and as for the young Gentleman above-mention'd, I am sure thou hast not forgotten in what sort of posture he was taken, if thou hast not the most villanous Memory in the World: Nor are the good People of *Egypt* Strangers to thy Person; for after thou hadst committed so many Rogueries in *Syria*, that the Country was too hot to hold thee, thou wast forc'd to shift Climates, and so *Egypt* was the next Scene of thy disorderly Life. I shou'd have told thee that the Taylors, whom thou hadst struck for two or three Suits of Clothes, pursu'd thee with a Hue and Cry; and that thou

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didst melt a Wastcoat or so upon the Road, to find thee a Dinner, but that I don't love to be too particular. Thou hadst not been many Weeks at *Alexandria*, but Heaven be prais'd thou wast as well known as at *Antioch*. The whole City rung with thy abominable Actions, and whereas thou cou'dst upon occasion be somewhat reserv'd in t'other place, here thy Life was more expos'd, and thy Lewdness more barefac'd. There was only one Person in the whole Country, a *Roman* of considerable Quality, that taking thy bare Word for't, believ'd thee to be guiltless of what was laid to thy charge, and he like a kind Patron allow'd thee a Maintenance. But I shall forbear to name Names, since every body knows whom I mean. Why shou'd I give my self the trouble to tell the World, that this Gentleman for some time gave no credit to the several flying Reports that went about thee? But when he found thee making the Beast with two Backs with one of his Pages in a Garret, What said he then? Did not he alter his tone, and call thee by the same familiar Name, a Rascal, as the World represented thee, when he caught thee in the very Fact? Yes most certainly, he had otherwise been as blind as a Post; but thanks be to this Discovery, his Eyes were open'd, by the same token that he discarded thee from his Service; and after thou wast gone, purify'd his House with some Religious Lustrations, least any of thy Pollutions shou'd remain behind thee. Being thus thrown out of *Egypt*, *Achaia* and *Italy* were the next Stages, where thou took'st more

more gigantick Strides of Villany, and I cannot but congratulate thee upon the immortal Reputation thou hast acquir'd by them; which makes me tell those People that stand amaz'd and gaping at what thou dost now in *Ephesus*, that they wou'd cease to wonder, if they were acquainted with the Exploits thou didst commit in a more vigorous Age: However, some new Experiments thou mad'st here with the Female Sex. Therefore pri- thee deal fairly with me, and tell me whether a Man commits a Solecism, that calls such a Fellow as thou art an *Apophras*. But why in the Devil's name dost thou not leave that beastly trick of kissing thy Acquaintance? 'Tis the greatest Affront thou canst put upon them; one wou'd think thou might'st spare them that Persecution, considering that thou hast a Thousand other ways to plague them with that execrable Mouth; as with the peculiar Hoarseness of thy Voice, the uncouth manner of expressing thy self, thy barbarous Jargon, not to descend to other Particulars: But after all this, to kill People with thy nasty Kisses, may *Hercules*, the honest God that delivers us from other Plagues, clap an everlasting Padlock upon thy Mouth. A Kiss from an Asp, a Viper or a Toad, is a Cordial to it. 'Tis true, there's both danger and pain in their Biting, but then a Physician knows how to apply a Remedy: But what Preservative can carry off the Poison of one of thy Kisses? After such a Pollution, who dares approach the Sacred Altars of the Gods? or what God wou'd listen to his Prayers? In short, how many Lustrations must

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he run through? How many Rivers must he have to wash him clean? Now, since thou art such a Monster both within and without, Is it not a merry Farce to see thee laugh at others, for making a foolish trip in a Name or a Word, thou that didst never blush to commit the most horrid Actions that can be imagin'd? As for my self, if I had not known the meaning of *Apophras*, I shou'd have blush'd, but never have had the Impudence to deny it. And yet none of our People have found fault with thee, for using a Cart-load of barbarous Terms upon all Occasions; but I hope *Mercury* the God of Eloquence, against whom thou hast so heinously sinn'd, will send thee and thy heathenish Jargon together to the Devil. But in what Dunghill of a Dictionary didst thou meet all that Rubbish? In some dull old-fashion'd Poet's Writings I suppose, cover'd over with venerable Dust and Cobwebs; or in the pious Books of *Philanis*, which thou art perpetually reading, for the everlasting Ribaldry of them, and are only fit to be repeated by such an unhallow'd Mouth as thine. But because I have happen'd to mention thy Mouth, What cou'dst thou offer in thy own defence, if thy Tongue shou'd call thee to an account before thy Betters? Let us put the case now, that it shou'd accuse thee for imploying it in unworthy, not to say scandalous Uses, and shou'd express it self after this manner: I took thee up and fed thee, thou most ungrateful Brute, when thou hadst not a Friend in the World to relieve thee, nor a Rag to cover thy Nakedness. First I made thee
taken

taken notice of on the Stage, where by my Assistance thou didst act *Ninus*, then *Melichus* the Coachman, and at last *Achilles* the Hero himself. After this I maintain'd thee for some time in the noble Profession of a Schoolmaster, when thou taughtest Boys to read and joyn their Syllables together: And now, by repeating other Men's Orations for thy own, I have set thee up for a Rhetorician and a Critick, and got thee a Reputation, which thou dost by no means deserve. What ill thing therefore hast thou to lay to my charge, that thou shou'dst thus inhumanely use me, and force me to undergo the vilest and most execrable Slavery that ever was? Is it not enough that I perform all the Drudgery of the Day, to tell impudent Lies for thee, to be perjur'd for thee, in short, to tell a Thousand foolish Stories, and to hunt with all the Kennel of the Alphabet for thee, but must thou persecute me a Nights, and not let me enjoy a Moment's repose? I that have done all this for thee, and get thee thy daily Bread, am thus abus'd and defil'd, (for thou show'st no more Mercy to me than to thy unhappy Right-hand, the Executor of all thy Villanies) nay, as if I were a meer Stranger to thee, thou loadest me with all the Indignities and reproachful things in the World. My only Business is to speak, and not to act and suffer several Brutalities that belong to the other Parts to do; so that I have an hundred times wish'd that some body wou'd be so kind as to cut me out, as *Philomela's* was in the Days of Yore, for even the Tongues of those People that have de-

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your'd their own Children are infinitely more happy than I am. Now shou'd thy Tongue, taking its own proper Voice, but thy Beard to serve instead of its Advocate, talk to thee after this manner, I wonder what answer thou cou'dst make to it, even the very same which t'other Day thou mad'st to a certain Gentleman, who took occasion to refresh thy Memory with some villainous Action thou hadst committed, viz. that it made thee famous, and that by this means thou cam'st in a short time to be known to half the World. But to ask thee one civil Question, What is it that has made thee so famous? Have the Declamations thou hast purloin'd from other People done it? Well, 'tis no great matter, I find what it is that has got thee this Reputation, now thou hast once got it. I cou'd tell what abundance of pretty Names thou hast had bestow'd upon thee, in the several Places thro' which thou hast travel'd, which makes me wonder that thou shou'dst be so much offended at so innocent a word as *Apophras*, and expresse no Repentment at the other Appellations. In *Syria* thou went'st by the Name of *Rhodo daphne*; but for what reason it was given to thee, I am asham'd to say; for me, let it be ever bury'd in Oblivion. In *Palestine* they nick-nam'd thee *Quickset*, I suppose because of thy prickly bushy Beard, because it prick'd the Party when thou wast acting of Lewdness, for at that time thou didst not shave. In *Egypt* they call'd thee *Mr. Quinssey*, for a cause obvious enough; for they tell a merry Story of thee, how thou hadst like to have been choak'd by a certain Tar on Ship-board,

board, who for profering a certain Incivility to him, fell foul upon thee, and stop'd thy Mouth with a certain Gobbet that shall be nameless. Those honest Gentlemen the *Athenians* bestow'd no obscure Name upon thee, but honouring thee with the Addition of one single Letter, call'd thee *Atimarchus*; for it was but just thou shou'dst have the better Title of the two confer'd upon thee. As for *Italy*, there thou gottest the Heroical Name of *Cyclops*, because once upon a time, being burlesqued in a very antick old-fashion'd Garb, as *Homer* describes it, thou took'st upon thee to mimick the Brutality of that one-ey'd Generation: So lying drunk upon the Ground with a swinging Bumper in thy Hand, like *Polyphemus* of execrable Memory, thou wou'dst have committed acts of Pravity with a certain young Fellow; but he having a good Cudgel in his Fist, very finely sharpen'd at one end, fell upon thee like another *Ulysses*, designing to put out thy Eye;

*Which yet he miss'd: The ill-pois'd Spear flew by,
And hit his Chin, but never touch'd his Eye.*

I own this wou'd be very ridiculous upon any other occasion, but 'tis by no means absurd, when we talk of thee, to say a Thousand of these little impertinent things. But to go on with my Story. In the above-mention'd posture thou layest like a true *Cyclops*, and stretching thy Mouth as far as thou cou'dst, didst tamely suffer the young Fellow to demolish one of thy Jaw bones. After which, thou wou'dst have fain swallow'd up this Mr

No-body

No-body by Wholesale, with the Mariner's Rudder and Masts, as if thou hadst had a Swallow as large as *Charybdis*. The Company that were by and beheld this nonsensical Passage, will I am sure justify the truth of it. The only Defence thou cou'dst make for this Folly the next Morning, was to plead Drunkenness, and lay the fault upon the Wine. Now since thou art render'd Immortal by so many, and by such significant Names, What a Devil shou'd make that of *Apophras* rise up in thy Stomach so? Prithee tell me what sort of a humour thou art in, when thou meetest with those blessed words, *Αετὶς Ἰδὲν* and *Φοινικὶς*? What, dost thou know the meaning of those Words, no more than thou dost that of *Apophras*? or are they familiar to thee, and *Apophras* the only word in the World that is not to be found in thy Lexicon. If that be thy case, I will not send thee to a Gerund-grinder or a Grammarian, for Correction, but let the Women chastise thee: And now I talk of the Women, I can't forbear to acquaint the world with what a certain discreet Matron of *Cyzicum* said to thee, to whose Daughter thou mad'st vigorous court. *I wont*, says she, and she deserv'd a Statue for the Saying, *let my Daughter marry a Man who wants a Man himself*. And yet tho' this is the state of thy Life, and no Villany ever came amiss to thee; yet thou must pretend to be very scrupulous about Words, and in that Presumption to despise and laugh at the rest of Mankind. 'Tis true, thou hast some pretence to do it; for, God be prais'd, there are but few People in the World can arrive

to such a pitch as to talk after thy rate. Who but such an unthinking Coxcomb as thou art, when he was to declaim against three Adulterers, wou'd have call'd for a Trident instead of a Sword ? or, who wou'd have said that *Theopompus*, when he pleaded against *Tricaranus*, gave out, that he had disarm'd populous Cities with his three-edg'd Oration; and again, that he had slain *Greece* with a Trident, and was a very *Cerberus* for Declamation ? A little before that, unless I am mistaken, thou didst look after a certain Brother that was dead ; and a World of things of this nature, which 'tis below me to take notice of ; but I cannot pass by one Instance of thy Folly, which those that heard thee, remember well enough. A certain rich Man, and two poor Men were Enemies: After this, happening to speak of the rich Man, he has murder'd, saidst thou, *the worst of the poor Men*. The Standers by laughing, as very well they might, at this Blunder, thou, to mend the matter forsooth, didst reply, No, but he kill'd *either of them*. I pass over, out of meer Complaisance to the Reader, a World of antiquated Words, that glitter up and down in thy Orations. As for what thou hast done meerly out of pure Necessity and Poverty, as I hope to live I will never lay it in thy dish. I think that Wretch is to be excus'd who, to keep himself from starving, when he is trusted with a Pledge, is forc'd to swear he never receiv'd it ; or if he robs upon the high Road, or steals clandestinely, or begs impudently, and plunders worse than a Tax-gatherer : For which

which reason, I upbraid thee with nothing of this nature, for thou art not to be blam'd, if thou endeavour'st to keep the Wolf from the Doors, let the means be what they will. But this is what I can never forgive thee for, that, being such a poor necessitous Dog, thou squander'st away all thou canst borrow, beg or steal, upon thy Lu'sts. If thou wilt give me leave to commend thee once in my Life, it was very commendably done of thee, when thou wast acquainted with *Tifias's* Art, to act the counter part of *Corax*, and cheat the old Fellow of Thirty Pieces of Gold. He being finely impos'd upon, paid Seven Hundred and Fifty Drachma's for *Tifias*. I cou'd tell a Thousand Stories of thee, had I not transgress'd against the Reader's Patience too much already; however, I must take notice of one thing more, and then I have done. Go on in thy ancient course of Life if thou thinkst fit, and don't fail to lay the Quarrel at the right Door, and rail at thy self. 'Tis by no means proper for any one to invite such a Scoundrel as thou art to his House, or to drink a health to thee, or in short to eat out of the same Dish with thee, for who knows how far a Contagion may spread: But chiefly leave off that brutal Custom of kissing People, thou hast ways enough to punish all Mankind, without having recourse to so unmannerly a trick; but above all, as thou hopest to sleep in a safe Skin, never use it towards those that have made that abominable Mouth of thine an *Apophras*. And now, since I am in the admonishing Humour, and have begun to reprimand thee like a Friend, pri-
T 3 thee

thee be persuaded to take one piece of Advice, and never use Unguents or Leaden-Combs to conceal thy Gray Hairs; for if concealing of Defects be the pretence, thou must play the same tricks with thy whole Body; Besides, what does it signify to make those Parts so slick, and clean, and smooth, that no body sees? Thou hast but one pretence to Discretion, and a sorry one the Lord knows; I mean thy Gray Hairs, that with those that don't know thee, if there be such in the Universe, may make thee pass for a Person of great Wisdom and Gravity: Therefore let me conjure thee to spare them, for in doing so thou art civil to thy self. In the next place, show some respect to thy Beard, don't defile it with Wine, nor oblige it to be a Receptacle for the Crums that drop from thee: Use it like a Gentleman, and if thou canst not spare it at Night, yet let me persuade thee to be civil to it in the Day-time. Consider now with thy self, whether thou hadst not better have kept thy Tongue within thy Teeth, than thus to pull an old House upon thy Head, and ridicule the word *Apophras*, which will make thy whole Life one continued *Black Day*. If the Correction I have now given thee is not sufficient; prithee do but let me know so much, and I will lay Rods in Piss for thee, to carry off the peccant Humours that remain. Perhaps thou art not sensible that thou hast rais'd a Devil that is not to be laid, thou that hast run through all the By-roads and Allies of Sin; thou that art a *Catamite*, and worse if it be possible: And perhaps thou wilt have the Impudence to

to say, thou hast no Right to any of these Titles; for, I dare swear, thou hast acted a Thousand Villanies, for which thou dost not know a Name. Be it as it will, take my Counsel, and rail on to the end of the Chapter, if thou thinkst I have not paid thee Principal and Interest for using the word *Apophras*. But if thou thinkst thy self too severely handled, even blame thy self; for, as *Euripides* very well observ'd, a prating ungovernable Tongue never fails at long-run to quit Scores with its Owner.

COURTIAN.

By Mr. Tho. Brown.

The Argument.

In these Discourses I have described the Manners and Customs of the Ladies of Blackstone, with all the variety of their Dressing, and the other ancient imitation of Richard, and the other ancient Comick Poets, who were apt to satirize them but with too much Liberty upon all Occasions. The Translator has taken care to avoid whatever is Criminal in the Original, that so the nicest Ear may not be offended.

Glycer and Thair.

THE 4th OST thou remember that brave Captain that us'd to appear so richly dress'd, that formerly kept Abhorers and was afterwards my Gallant: Or hast thou forgot him, Thair?

Thair.

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DIALOGUES OF THE COURTISANS.

By Mr. Tho. Brown.

The Argument.

In these Dialogues Lucian describes the Manners and Customs of the Ladies of Pleasure, with all the Variety of their Cunning and Artifice: In Imitation of Menander, and the other ancient Comick Poets, who were apt to treat them but with too much Liberty upon all Occasions. The Translator has taken care to avoid whatever is Criminal in the Original, that so the nicest Ear may not be offended.

Glycera and Thais.

THY DOST thou remember that brave Captain that us'd to appear so richly dress'd, that formerly kept Abroton, and was afterwards my Gallant: Or hast thou forgot him, Thais?

Thais.

Thais. How can I, *Glycera*, since the last Summer we made a Debauch together at the Feast of Procession? What of him; for, I perceive, you have something to say on that Subject?

Glyc. Why, that Devil, *Gargona*, that pretended to be my intimate Friend, has wheedled him away from me.

Thais. And now he converses no more with you, I suppose, but sticks to his new Mistress.

Glyc. Ay, that's the point that so sensibly afflicts me.

Thais. This was a very unhandsome practice tho', and which I must condemn, tho' nothing but what is very familiar among us Ladies of Pleasure: But why shou'd you be more offended with her for debauching your Gallant from you, than his former Mistress was concern'd for the like Infidelity; but still continued Friends notwithstanding; I rather wonder, what Charms this Cavalier has discover'd in that Creature, unless he be grown stark blind with Love. The Hair of her Forehead clouds her Eye-brows, her Lips pale and dead, with a long slender Neck, the Veins are ready to start thro' the Skin, a monstrous long Nose; but then I must own she is tall and strait, and laughs most engagingly.

Glyc. Then, dost thou believe it was her Beauty engag'd his Heart? No; it was that Witch her Mother, that wrought on him with her **Theffalian* Charms, who can by her Art bring down the Moon; and mounting on a Broom-stick, fly to the place of Rendezvous:

* Theffally was formerly as famous for Witches as Lapland, or Lancashire is now.

dezvous: 'Twas she by some dam'd Philter
or other has made him mad, and now disap-
points me of the Harvest I was ready to
reap.

Thais. Ne'er break your Heart for the
matter, let your Beauty design a nobler Con-
quest elsewhere; scorn to take her Leavings,
and bid adieu to this shotten Herring.

Myrtia, Mistress, Pamphilus, Gallant.
Doris, her Maid.

Myrt. I Hear, Pamphilus, you are to marry
Philo's Daughter the Mariner; nay,
some say you are already marry'd: Is this the
Fruit of all your Oaths and Tears? are they
all vanish'd in a Moment? and now you no
longer remember the unhappy *Myrtia*, when
she is Eight Months gone with Child by thee,
perfidious Pamphilus; and this great Belly is
all I can boast to have gotten by your Love,
and now must be oblig'd to bring up your
By-blow, than which nothing can be more
grievous to a neglected Mistress: Yet I will
never expose the harmless Infant to the wide
World, especially if it be a Boy, but name
it Pamphilus, and preserve it as a Pledge of
thy Love; and when it can talk, it shall
haunt thee, and upbraid thy Ingratitude to
his unhappy Mother. But I am well satisfy'd
thy Mistress has not much Beauty to brag
on; I saw her in the Walks to other day with
her Mother, but not dreaming that for her
sake I must grow a Stranger to the Arms of
my

my *Pamphilus*: Consider well the Matter before-hand, and what you are like to get by this Bargain, lest it shou'd hereafter disturb your Fancy: Observe her dull gray Eyes, that squint abominably; but you know her Father, she is his own Picture, and therefore I need not farther describe his beautiful Daughter.

Pam. I have had long Patience to listen to thy Rallery, talking of I know not what Tarpawling Marriage, and of that flat-nos'd Damosel: Indeed, I do know that *Philo* of whom you discourse has a Daughter that is marriageable: But my Father and he are not Friends; they had a Suit at Law about a Sea-Contract, he owing my Father a considerable Sum of Money, and refus'd him Payment; for which he impleaded him before the Judges, and had much ado to recover his Debt: But if I were minded to marry, I cou'd have the Daughter of *Demiatis*, who Commanded in the Army the last Campaign. But where did you hear this precious Story, or were you not the Author of it your self, to raise up some new Jealousy?

Myrt. But do you not design to marry, *Pamphilus*?

Pam. Sure you are distracted or drunk this Morning; Yesterday you were very sober.

Myrt. 'Twas *Doris* that alarm'd me with this ill News; I sent her to Market, to offer Vows for me at the Shrine of *Diana*, and in the way she met with *Lesbia*. Now, *Doris*, do you tell him what you heard her say, unless you own it was perfectly your own Invention.

Dor.

Dor. Let me die, Madam, if I invented one Syllable; in the high Street I met with *Lesbia*, who came up to me laughing, and said, Your Spark *Pamphilus* is to marry *Philo's* Daughter, and if I wou'd not believe her, she directed me to your House, where I shou'd find the Rooms ready adorn'd, and all things fitting for such a Solemnity.

Pam. And did you go thither and inform your self?

Dor. Yes, I did, and found all as she had told me.

Pam. Now I perceive your Error, neither was *Lesbia* altogether in a Mistake: My Dear, you are concern'd to no purpose, for the Marriage is not at our House: But now, I remember what my Mother told me when I came home last Night. Son, says she, your Comrade our Neighbour's Son is grown sober, and intends to Morrow: How long will it be ere you are reclaim'd from Wenching and Debauches? I heard this negligently, and dropp'd fast asleep: early in the Morning I rose and went out of Doors, and therefore saw nothing of what *Doris* related: But if you distrust what I say, send her to view our Court, and there let her strictly observe what House is adorn'd for the Wedding, which she will find to be our Neighbour's.

Myrr. My dear *Pamphilus*, thou hast preserv'd my Life; if this had been confirm'd, I wou'd have hang'd my self.

Pam. But you see it is otherwise: Can you think I wou'd be so ungrateful to forget my *Myrria*; especially when she is big with the Burden of my Love?

The

The Mother, and the Daughter Philinna.

Moth. WERE you mad, *Philinna*, or what Extravagance happen'd to you at the Collation Yesterday? *Diphilus* came to me this Morning in Tears, and complain'd of you; he says you were in your Cups last Night, and starting from the Table fell a Dancing, though he oppos'd it; and that afterwards you made Love to *Lamprias* his Comrade; and though he signify'd his Resentment, you forsook him, and sat down by his Friend, caress'd and embrac'd him; the sight of which caus'd his Distraction: And at Night you forsook his Bed, and left him in Tears, lying alone, singing, and affronting him to his Face.

Phil. But he did not tell you how he behav'd himself towards me; which when you know, I am sure you will not countenance so great a Disrespect. He forsook me, and held private Discourse with his Friend's Mistress in his Absence; which when he perceiv'd I resented, and signify'd it by my uneasy Humour, he slighted it; and inclining his Head to my Rival, he gave her such an eager Kiss, that he cou'd scarcely recover his Lips or his Breath. I cry'd for Madness, while he laugh'd and slighted me, and whisper'd her concerning me, which made her look upon me and smile: But having glutted themselves with mutual Delights and Kisses, they parted, when they heard his Friend a coming: Yet, notwithstanding, I sat down lovingly

lovingly by him, resolv'd to secure him to me for the future. Then *Thais* rising, danc'd with her short Petticoats, thinking to engage his Fancy with her handsome Leg : When she had ended, her Friend said nothing, but *Diphilus* prais'd her to the Skies, for her graceful Behaviour in the Dance, for her delicate Ear, suiting her Motion to the Time, and other rare Qualities, which you very well understand, she having strip'd and wash'd with us often : Then she maliciously reflected on me ; and to vindicate my self, I rose and danc'd, for how cou'd I bear these Reflections, and by my Silence seem to own her Malice for Truth, and permit that *Thais* shou'd rule and domineer in our Collation, and in my presence.

Moth. Daughter, this Quarrel was carry'd too high, and you shou'd have consider'd your own Interest. Well, but what follow'd ?

Phil. All present clap'd the Dance, only *Diphilus* look'd on the Chimney, and wou'd not vouchsafe to cast an Eye upon me, while I weary'd my self with dancing.

Moth. But why did you hug and caress *Lamprius* before his Face ? Come, tell me the Truth, don't be asham'd ; for, hitherto, all is pardonable.

Phil. Truly, Mother, I was willing to return the Affront.

Moth. And afterwards you refus'd to lye with him, and while he wept you sang and laugh'd. Well, Daughter, you shou'd consider we are poor, and ought to remember what we have receiv'd from his Bounty ; for how cou'd we have pass'd away the last

tedious

tedious Winter, if it had not been for his Assistance?

Phil. But must I therefore bear all his Contempts?

Moth. You may be sensible and resent, but do not return his Address with Scorn; for that lays the Axe to the Root of Love, and at last we revenge it on our selves: You have always been uneasy to that Man, whom I cou'd wish you wou'd study to oblige; and have a care, that while you stretch the string too much, you do not break it at last.

Melissa and Bacchis.

Mel. YOU will oblige me, dearest Friend, if you can inquire me out an old Witch, or Inchantress, such as many of the *Thessalians* are said to be, that can render a Woman, tho' hated, lovely in the Eyes of her Gallant; bring her to me forthwith, for I will pawn my whole Wardrobe, and my Gold Chain into the bargain, if I cou'd see *Charinus* return and love me.

Bac. Then has *Charinus* forsaken your Conversation, and devoted himself to another: You for whose sake he has suffer'd so much Anger from his Parents, and for whom he refus'd the Five Talents that one wou'd have brought him in Dower: For so I have often heard you say.

Mel. All the Obligations are vanish'd,
Bacchis. There are now Five long Days pass'd since I saw his Face. He and his new
Mistress

Mistress have taken a private Lodging together.

Bac. This is a hard case, *Melissa*, some sudden Gust of Passion seems to have rais'd this Storm.

Mel. I can't imagine; he lately went beyond Sea, to gather in a Debt due to his Father; at his return he never visited me, and when I met him, he turn'd from me, and said, Be gone to your Tarpawlin *Hermotimus*, you may read your Amours written in the Cloister-walls. I reply'd, What Walls, or what Cloister do you mean? But he answer'd nothing; but turning his Face from me, went Supperless to Bed. I endeavour'd what I cou'd to divert him, imbracing and caressing him; but nothing cou'd reconcile or pacify his Humour, but sullenly told me, if he was troublesome he wou'd rise and be gone, though at that unseasonable Hour.

Bac. But do you know this *Hermotimus*?

Mel. May I live more miserable than ever you knew me, if I know one word of him. But by break of Day he arose. I remembering what he had said about the Cloister-wall, sent my Maid thither, who found this Inscription there written:

Melissa loves Hermotimus.

And below;

Hermotimus loves Melissa.

Bac.

Bac. O foolish Boy ! Now I find out the Riddle, some one knowing his jealous Humour, writ this to vex him ; and he like an Afs believ'd it : But when I see him next I will discourse him : He is but a Boy, and unskilful in these Affairs.

Mel. But where will you find him that has shut himself in a private Lodging, his Friends have been asking me about him. But *Bacchis*, if you can find an old Witch, she will bring him back to me with a Vengeance.

Bac. I know an old Beldam, by Nation a Syrian. When my Lover deserted me on a Pike of Jealousy, as yours now has done ; after Four whole Months by her Art we were reconcil'd, when I despair'd of seeing him, but compell'd by her Charms, he return'd into my Arms.

Mel. Well, do you remember what Reward you gave her ?

Bac. No great matter, half a Crown and Bread, and you must mingle Seven Single-Pennies with Salt, together with Incense and a Torch ; she mingles a Bowl of Wine, and drinks it her self : There must be some Moveable of the Party's, as some of his wearing Clothes, Slippers, Hair, or some thing which belong'd to him.

Mel. I have his Slippers by me.

Bac. These being hung upon a Pole, and fum'd with the Incense, and sprinkling Salt on the Fire : After this, she pronounces the Names of you both. Then drawing a Wand out of her Bosom, which she turns every way, repeating the Incantation with a voluble Tongue, and Words of a horrible
U sound.

found. When she had perform'd this, he quarrell'd with his Comrades and Associates, and with *Phebis* his then Mistress, and return'd to me again. Besides, she instructed me in a Charm to preserve his Hatred to *Phebis*: That I shou'd mind when he departed from me, and shou'd blot out his Foot-steps with mine, and place my Right Foot on his Left, and the contrary on the Right, saying,

On thee I tread,--- and am thy Head.

And I did as she commanded me.

Mel. Make no delay, but call the *Syrian* quickly, and prepare all things necessary for the Conjunction.

Cleonarium and Leana.

Cleon. **W**E hear, that rich *Megilla* courts thee as a Man, and wou'd enjoy thee; that you lye together acting I know not what: Prithee don't be a Fool, and blush, but plainly acquaint me with the Secret.

Leana. Let my Blushes inform you, that there is something strange in it, and not fitting for me to relate.

Cleon. By Heavens, you shall acquaint me with the truth of the matter, and what Satisfaction you receive, when you enjoy one another in Bed. Well, I perceive you don't love me, or else you wou'd not conceal it from me.

Leana.

Leana. I'll swear I love thee better than any of my own Sex, and therefore can conceal nothing from thee: But really her Inclinations are man-like, and her desire, to caress the Females as a Man.

Cleon. I don't well apprehend what you mean, unless her Fancy is chang'd, and she like some Women in the Island of *Lesbos*, takes the greatest Delight and Satisfaction in Women.

Leana. You have hit it.

Cleon. Prithee expound this matter, how she first solicited and won your Compliance, and what follow'd.

Leana. Why, she appointed a Collation, and invited *Demonassa* the rich *Corinthian*, and one well acquainted and exercis'd in the same Mystery; they sent for me to sing and entertain them upon the Harp, when it began to be late, and the two Ladies were well fluster'd with Wine. They told me it was late, and they invited me to lodge between them. When we were in Bed, they began to kiss me modestly; and afterwards, with that Heat and Passion as Men inflam'd with Love, kissing close, and opening their Mouths: Then they began to embrace me, and handled my Breasts, and *Demonassa* wou'd bite me in her Kisses: All this while I was at a loss to guess what they meant: But when *Megilla* began to be warm in Bed, she pull'd off her Tower or Perriwig, and appear'd like a robust Champion, shav'd close and ready to ingage: I was frighted at the sight, but she said to me, did you ever see a likelier young Fellow, for you must know I am

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call'd

call'd Seignior *Megillius*, and have long since marry'd this *Demonassa* my Wife: I laught at this, and said, Sir, We never took you for a Man before, and little thought such an able *Achilles* shou'd lurk among the Virgins; and are you equip'd in every point like an able Warrior? And can you ingage your Wife at Sharps as Men do? I have that (says he) that is sufficient to please a Woman. Then perhaps (said I) you are an *Hermophrodite*, and able to give Satisfaction at both Weapons, for as yet I don't understand your Play: Neither that (said he) but I am in my Inclinations a perfect Man. I have heard (said I) that in *Beotia* there was one *Ismenadora* was chang'd into a Man, and was nam'd *Tyresias*, and was a great Prophet, Has any such matter happen'd to you? Not at all, I am born with Parts like you; but my Mind, Inclinations and Desires are man-like, and covet to enjoy that beautiful Sex. Then (said I) you have Lust more than sufficient. Then *Megilla* courted me to a Compliance, and gave me a rich Jewel. We embrac'd, and she seem'd infinitely transported with Pleasure.

Cleon. Come, come, you need not scruple to tell me all.

Leani. Forbear to ask any further, I have satisfy'd your Curiosity as far as I may, let my Blushes make out the rest.

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Crobile and Corinna.

Crob. WELL now, my Child, you are satisfy'd, it is not so terrible a thing to lose your Maidenhead ; and from a useless barren Virgin, to be made a fruitful Woman. You were so happy, to have a handsome young Gentleman give you hand-
sel, and for your Entrance receiv'd a rich Reward, which I will presently convert into a rich Jewel, as a Tropy to adorn you.

Corin. Pray Mother do, and let the Stones imitate a flaming Carbuncle, such as *Philenus* wears.

Crob. It shall be so ; but now, Child, you are made a Woman, you must listen to the Instructions I shall give you, how to manage your self, and be acceptable to the Gallants you converse with ; for we have no other way of living, than by the Advantage of your Beauty, and your Wit and Art in managing that Conversation ; for you must know, my Child, since the Death of your Father of pious Memory, you can scarce conceive by what Shifts we have rub'd out in the World ; for while he liv'd, his Labour supply'd us with all things in abundance ; for he was as able a Smith as ever smote on an Anvil, and has left a great Fame and Reputation behind him in this City ; and I have heard many swear, that after him there will never come an abler in his place : After his Death, by degrees we sold his Tools and Moveables, as his Tongs, Anvil, Hammers,
U 3 Bellows,

Bellows, and other Tools, and by them kept our selves alive. Afterwards we betook our selves to weaving and spinning a course Web, and with much ado made a Shift to live, and breed up thee my Daughter, in hopes thou wouldst one Day assist me in my Age, concluding that when you came to riper Years, you might live to be a comfort to me, grow rich, and adorn your self in the bravest Garb, take a large House, and have Maids and Servants to command.

Corin. How can this be, Mother? What is it you talk of?

Crob. If you apply your self to be free and complaisant among your Sparks and Lovers, drink and converse with them, mind your hits, and lye with them for Money and Advantage.

Corin. What, like *Lyra* the Daughter of *Daphnis*?

Crob. Just so.

Corin. But she is a Whore.

Crob. What is all that to the purpose, you will grow rich by your Practice, and have many Lovers and Adorers. Why do you weep, *Corinna*? Observe how considerable many Mistresses have made themselves in the World; how they flourish, and what a part they bear in Church and State: What Sums of Money pass thro' their Hands. Do you not remember how poor and ragged *Daphnis* liv'd, till she grew up to a Woman, and now what a Figure she makes, with her Jewels, rich Clothes, Coach and Equipage.

Corin. But by what means did she raise her Fortune?

Crob. By dressing her self neat and fashionable,

nable, by being free, easy and pleasant, in her Conversation ; by an engaging Smile, and obliging Behaviour she won their Hearts, and not by laughing out-right as you use to do ; by being just and constant to her Word and Promise ; and when she is courted, not shewing her self peevish and humourfome, and froward in Conversation : And when she is invited to Supper, let her not shew her self ravenous or greedy of Wine or Meat, which is offensive to Gentlemen ; but do all things with Discretion and Affability : In eating let her use a Fork, or take her Meat gently with the ends of her Fingers, not swallow it greedily, nor fill her Mouth, and audibly grind it with her Jaws ; let her drink by degrees, and not swallow Bumpers by Wholesale.

Corin. What if she be a dry, Mother ?

Crob. Then let her take more care, and quench her Thirst by degrees. Be no more Talkative than is reasonable, and be careful of reflecting on any Person : Let her only respect that Person by whom she is invited to the Treat ; and this is the way to get Friendship and Love. And when they undress for Bed, let her not be impudent or indiscreet, but always study to engage and in-dear her Lover. This is that which takes with all, and the general Rules whose Practice will make us happy, for the particular Customs, they will be polish'd by Wit and Observation. I will trouble you no further at present, but remember we must live, Child.

Corin. But tell me, Mother, are all those that purchase our Love for a Sallary such en-

gaging Persons as the fine Gentleman I enjoy'd Yesterday?

Grob. Not all, some are of a softer Mold, some more strong and robust, and some are not altogether so handsome.

Corin. And what must I lye with them too?

Grob. Why not, my Child, for the homely Persons pay the deeper for their Welcome? The fine delicate Beaus think they oblige you sufficiently with their Beauty, but do you always respect him that pays best, and let your Interest govern your Inclinations; then will your Wit and Beauty be applauded by all, and the People will point at you, and say, Do you not see how rich *Corinna*, the Daughter of *Crobile*, is grown; and how happy she makes her Mother? What sayst thou, Child? Wilt thou practice my Instructions? I know thou wilt. Nature has done her part, and I doubt not but by this means you will out-shine your Contemporaries. Go in, wash and dress yourself; for I expect your Gallant to visit you this Morning, unless he fails his Word.

Mufaria and her Mother.

Moth. SINCE we are so lucky to find out so bountiful a Lover as your Gallant *Chereas*, it will be reasonable we shou'd return our publick Thanks for so great a Benefit, we shall be thrice blest and happy: For now you perceive what great Advantage we are like to make by this precious Youth, who

who never presented you with any thing, no not so much as a Pair of Stockings, a Mantua, or a Top-knot ; but is always free with his Excuses, large Promises, and long Hopes, that if his Father dies, he will instantly marry you.

Musar. He has sworn he will perform it, by all that's holy.

Moth. And you like a silly Sot believe him, and unknown to me gave him your Ring, which he sold and drunk out ; and at another time, when he was to treat his Companions, let him have a Gold Chain that was given you by a Sea-man. What Boots it to talk of your Gowns and Petticoats, that his Extravagance has put into Limbo in a happy Hour ; did he come hither for our Advantage.

Musar. You can't deny but he is very handsome, smooth and without a rough Beard, and he swears he loves me, and is the only Son of a rich Father ; and that he will marry me when it pleases Heaven to beckon his Father on one side.

Moth. Then, Daughter, when there is occasion to cobble your Shoes, if the Translator demand a Groat, we will answer him, We have no present Money, but we will promise him fair : And the like Answer we will give to the Baker : And when our Landlord comes to demand his Rent, we will answer him, Pray Sir, be pleas'd to stay, till my Daughter's Gallant's Father is dead, and then you shall have it all together upon her Marriage ; neither have you a Gown or an imbroider'd Petticoat to appear in abroad.

Musar.

Musar. What then, Mother, other Women are more fortunate than I, and have more Beauty to engage.

Moth. No, but they are wiser, and know how to play their Cards to better Advantage; they never believe fair flattering Words, nor smooth young Men that will swear any thing; but you are a faithful Turtle, and will admit none but your admir'd Gallant. And the other Day, when there came a handsome smooth-fac'd young Country Yeoman, you jeer'd and laugh'd at him, and nothing wou'd go down but your smooth *Adonis*.

Musar. And wou'd you have me neglect my Friend; and admit that filthy Labourer, smelling ranker than a Goat. *Chereas* feels smooth, but that Country-man felt as rough as a Hedge-hog.

Moth. Well, though I grant that Clown might smell rammish, What Objection had you to that trim Citizen's Son, that wou'd have presented largely, a handsome young Fellow, and very well dress'd, something handsomer than your *Endimion Chereas*?

Musar. But he threaten'd me, that if he found us together he wou'd kill us both.

Moth. What then, many will threaten the same; and will you therefore continue without Lovers for that reason? You had best forswear Mankind and turn Nun. This is *Valentine's Day*, What Presents has he made you?

Musar. Alas, Mother, he has it not to give.

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Moth. Is he so dull that he can find no Art to impose upon his credulous Father, or threaten his Mother that he designs for the Wars, if she does not supply him? He can neither give you any thing, and hinders you from receiving what is offer'd. Do you think, Daughter, your Sun will always stand at Eighteen? Or that your Gallant will always continue in the same mind? When he shall be rich, and his Mother shall propose to him a great Fortune, do you think he will then mind your whimpering Tears? Or remember his Oaths and Promises, when he shall be tempted with a golden Shower of ready Money?

Musar. He will certainly, and for that reason has refus'd to marry, when he has been press'd to it with extremity.

Moth. I wish you may not be deceiv'd; but sometimes I must mind you of these Matters.

Ampetis and Crysis.

Ampetis. CAN he be a Lover that is neither transported with Jealousy or Anger, nor strikes, nor tares his Hair or Clothes for Madness?

Crysis. Those are the common Signs and Indications of a Lover.

Ampetis. True, but of a hot and violent Spirit transported with Passion; for Kisses, Tears, Oaths, and the often shifting and returns of Passion, are the signs of a beginning

ning and improving Love: But Jealousy is all Flame and Fire, and therefore if you shou'd wish your Lover shou'd remain constant, pray that he may continue in that humour.

Crysis. What, do you mean that he shou'd always beat me?

Ampetis. No, but that he shou'd still be concern'd, if you look on any other Object than himself; for if he did not love you perfectly, why shou'd he be concern'd if you are in the company of another?

Crysis. I have no other, and he suspects nobody, unless it be a rich Citizen that I mention'd by chance.

Ampetis. That is very lucky, that he imagines you are courted by the Wealthy, for that will afflict him the more, and he will strive to the uttermost, lest he shou'd be overcome by more powerful Rivals.

Crysis. But he is only Cholerick and Angry, but gives me nothing.

Ampetis. But he will present you largely hereafter, for jealous Men afflict themselves most.

Crysis. But I know not why I shou'd be beaten and abus'd without reason.

Ampetis. It is true; in the Race of Love we strain hard against a Rival; but when we are secure in sole Possession, we abate our vigour, grow dull and languid; and I am confirm'd in this by Twenty Years Experience, having so long been a Craek, and acquainted with Intrigues, though you are a Novice in that Art, scarce Eighteen Years old: And if you please, I will tell you what happen'd

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happen'd to me in an Amour some Years since. I was belov'd by an old Ufurer, and the stingy Rogue never gave me more than common ordinary Hackney Pay : He had but a slight Affection for me, and was never concern'd for me, nor haunted my Doors at unseasonable Hours ; but sometimes, after a long lazy Interval, he wou'd sleep with me, afterwards when he came to the Door, he was not admitted, for I had then one within paid double his price : At first he went away railing, and after some Days unsent for, came again, and found the Door shut : He was nettled at the matter, and returning afterwards found the Door open : He came in, and fell into a great Passion, Wept, tore his Hair and his Clothes, and threaten'd he wou'd kill himself ; and after his Passion was over, he hired me with a Talent for six Months. His Wife told her Neighbours I had enchanted her Husband ; and therefore I advise you to use the same Incantment towards your present Gallant, and get a Settlement from him ; for doubtless he will be rich when his Father dies.

*Pannychis the Mistress, Dorcas her Maid,
Philostratus, and Polemon.*

Dorcas. **O**H, Mistress, we are undone, *Polemon* is just return'd from the Wars ; I saw him all in Scarlet, with his rich Scarf and Gorget, and a Train of
Atten-

Attendance, all his Friends flocking about to complement him. I saw a Servant that went with him Abroad, I saluted him, and ask'd him courteously how Matters went, and what worthy Atchievements they had perform'd in the Wars?

Pannychis. You shou'd not have fallen on that point presently: But first have thank'd the Gods for their safe return: That your Mistress still inquir'd what was become of the Army, and often Wept, and made mention of her *Polemon*; and that wou'd have been much more taking.

Dorcas. Have a little patience, and I will acquaint you with all that was said or done: I accosted *Polemon* in this manner: Sir, Did not your Ears tingle of late, for my Mistress still remembred you in Tears; especially when any one return'd from the Battle, with an account of many Slain, then she tore her Hair, beat her Breast, and wept at the dreadful News.

Pannychis. Right, *Dorcas*, you hit the matter.

Dorcas. Then I ask'd him many things in order; to which he answer'd, We are return'd rich from the Wars.

Pannychis. Did he take no notice that he remembred me, or desir'd to find me alive and safe at his return.

Dorcas. He said much to that purpose; but what concerns us nearer, he talk'd of his vast Riches, Gold, Garments, Servants, and rich Plunder: He has brought home Silver in abundance, more than many Bushels wou'd contain: He had a rich Ring upon his Finger.

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ger. He enter'd into a Discourse of passing a great River ; and how he kill'd a great Commander with his own Hand. Much more he said, but I made haste away to tell you the News ; for if *Polemon* comes (as he certainly will, when he has shaken off his Company) how will he look if he find *Philostratus* here ?

Pannychis. Then I must ask some of your present Counsel. It will not be reasonable to banish our present Spark, who has already paid down a Talent ; besides, he is an able Merchant, and has promis'd largely : And it will be hard not to receive *Polemon*, when he is so luckily return'd ; besides, he was intollerable jealous when he was poor, and what Extravagance do you think he will not now be guilty of ?

Dorcas. See, Madam, he is at hand.

Pannychis. I die, and faint away.

Dorcas. And see, *Philostratus* appears from within.

Pannychis. What shall I do ? I am distracted ; I wish the Ground wou'd swallow me alive.

Philostratus. Why do you not pledge me, *Pannychis* ?

Pannychis. Lord, Sir, you have ruin'd me, go in.---- *Polemon*, your humble Servant, I have not been so happy to see you a great while.

Polemon. Who is that makes towards us ? You are silent, *Pannychis* ; What, do you leave me when I have rid Post Five Days to see you ? I mightily deserve this Usage,--- I thank you, Madam.

Philo-

Philostratus. But, pray Sir, Who are you?

Polemon. Then, understand my name is *Polemon*, one of an ancient Family; I was first a Collonel, and now am rose to a Brigadeer, a Lover of *Pannychis* while I thought her wife.

Philostratus. But now know, most noble Brigadeer, I have a Right and Property in this Lady, I have purchas'd it with a Talent, and she shall command another when my Ship unlades. Madam, follow me, and leave the Man of War to rule the Battalions.

Dorcas. She has her Freedom, and may follow whom she pleases.

Pannychis. What shall I do, *Dorcas*?

Dorcas. Let us go in, Madam, We cannot stand *Polemon's* Anger, especially when he is inrag'd with Jealousy.

Pannychis. Let us go in.

Polemon. But I foretel you shall this Day drink your last. Shall I, that have been flush'd in so much Blood, be so us'd?

Pannychis. O Lord, the Watch have beset the House in the Front; Are the Cuirasseers assisted with the Bills and Bow-men, and back'd by the Rabble.

Philostratus. You fancy us Tarpawlins to be meer Children, and wou'd frighten us with Spirits; perhaps you have rob'd some Hen-roost, or defended some Castle with a File of Men; and this I think is the top of your Honour.

Polemon. But you shall know we can come to push a Pike.

Philostratus. Come on, my Lads, and you shall find I, and my Footman that follows me, will beat you off, and disperse you with Stones and Cudgels.

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Chelidonium and Drofe.

Chel. I Perceive *Chirias* that handfom Youth no longer frequents your Houfe, for I have not observ'd him there for a considerable time.

Drofe. He comes there no more, for his Tutor has forbid him.

Chelidonium. Who? the School-master, *Diotimus*, he is my Friend; and I can command him.

Drofe. No, it is *Aristenetus*, that rigid Philosopher.

Chelidonium. That rough Satyr with the damn'd swinging Beard, that walks with the Youths in the Cloister.

Drofe. I wish his Arrogance may perish by the Hands of the Hang-man.

Chelidonium. But how cou'd he have such power over *Chirias*?

Drofe. I cannot imagine, for ever since he knew the Charms of a Bed-fellow (for you must know I had his Maidenhead) he never slept out of my Arms; but now I have not seen him these three Days. After I had sufficiently vexed my self for his Absence, (for I knew not what mischief had befallen him) I sent my Maid to hunt him all over the Town. At last she found him walking with *Aristenetus*. She made him a Sign that she wou'd speak with him; but he blush'd, and fix'd his Eyes on the Ground, and wou'd not look upon her; and then they both went into the College, though she follow'd them

to the Gate ; but he wou'd not so much as turn his Face, or look upon her. At last she return'd home, and wou'd give me no farther Intelligence. You must imagine me much compos'd in mind, not being able to guess what had happen'd to my Friend. I consider'd whether I had not some way oblig'd him ; or whether he was not charm'd with some new Face, and hated me ; or whether his Father had enjoin'd him the contrary : I had many of these Imaginations working in my Brain, when in the Evening came his Man, and brought me this Letter, take it, my Friend, and read it, you know the Hand.

Chelidonium. Let me see it: The Letters are not plain, but shew the haste and discomposure of him that writ it, and these are the Contents : *My Dear, I call the Gods to witness how much I love thee ; but now I am by Compulsion forc'd to leave thee, for my Father has deliver'd me to Aristenetus to study Philosophy, and he is inform'd of all that has pass'd between us, and has severely reprov'd me, and said it was unworthy in me, a Person so nobly descended, to court a common Harlot ; and that it was much better to prefer Vertue to a short insignificant Pleasure.*

Drofe. Well, I wish with all my Heart this stinking Fellow wou'd be hang'd, for preaching such wicked Doctrine to a young Gentleman.

Chelidonium. Therefore I am oblig'd to obey him who follows me constantly, observing if my Eyes ramble any where else: That if I live temperately, and observe his Instructions,

he

he promises to make me Happy, and Eminent for Virtue, by his Care and Pains: This I write to you, least you should be Offended, and wish you may live Happily, and remember Clinias.

Drose, What Judgment do you make of this Epistle?

Cheli. That it is a cruel Sentence, but that kind Remembrance at last, does not seem to cut off all Hopes.

Drose, That does encourage my Hope, but in the mean time I die for Love; but his Man told me, that *Aristenetus* was Famous for Sodomy, and devoted to the love of Boyes, and under the Pretence of Instruction, introduces himself into the Conversation of the handsomest Youth; and promises he will make *Clinias* Honoured and Respected like the Gods, and in the mean time reads some of the low Discourses of the old Philosophers with his Pupil. In fine, he is wholly occupied about the Youth, and his Man says, he will hint this Matter to *Clinias* his Father.

Cheli. Then you must be sure to caress and ingage his Servant.

Drose, I have done that, and made him perfectly mine; Besides, he Doats on my Maid.

Cheli. Doubt not but all Things will go well, and I will privately write on the Wall where *Clinias*'s Father uses to Walk, *Aristenetus debauches Clinias*; and this shall strengthen his Servant's Affirmation.

Drose, And when will you privately do it?

Cheli. When it is Dark, I will write it on the Wall with a Charcoal.

Drose, Rightly contrived, and prithee, dear Friend, assist me against this arrogant *Aristenetus*.

Tryphena and Charmides.

Try. **W**ould any one Court a Mistress to his Bed, and present her handsomely for her Company, and yet never taste of the Pleasures for which he engaged her; but Sleep with his But-end towards her, Weeping and Lamenting; yet you seemed not willing to Sup alone, but you shed Tears at Supper; and now I see thee cry like a Child: Why are you disturbed in this manner, prithee do not conceal it, Reward my Curiosity with this Secret, for the Night that I have idly spent in Bed with you.

Charmides. The love of another that has disarmed my Inclinations, which I cannot resist, and Shames me of my self.

Tryphena. It is plain to me you do not love me, if you did, you would not neglect what you have in Possession, or resist my Dalliance and Imbraces, wrapping your self in your Gown, fearing I should touch you; come prithee be plain with me, may be I may serve you in your Inclinations, for I am a Person that will advance your Intrigue and Design.

Charmides. You are well acquainted with the Mistress I Adore, for she is a Courtesan that is well known.

Tryphena. Pray Name her.

Charmides. It is *Philematiam*.

Tryphena

Tryphena. There are two of that Name, is it she that lately lost her Maiden-head, and is kept by *Damyllus*, the Son of the General, or she that is commonly called the Jilt.

Charmides. 'Tis she with whom I am so deeply Smitten.

Tryphena. Is it for her you so deeply Concern your self?

Charmides. Very true.

Tryphena. And how long have you been in Love with her?

Charmides. 'Tis about seven Months since first I saw her.

Tryphena. Did you ever see her Naked, or in an Undress, that you might rightly judge of her Beauty; perhaps you have only seen her Face, and those Parts that are exposed to View, which are not her own, but covered over with Paint, as is usual with Women of five and forty Year Old, and something better.

Charmides. She swears she is but twenty Year Old the next Grass.

Tryphena. Will you rather trust her Oath, or your own Eyes? Consider her well, when she has her own Hair, for she constantly wears an artificial Tower or Periwig; and her own short Hair is as White as Milk; and to satisfy your self, ingage her to let you View her Naked.

Charmides. But she would never grant me that Favour.

Tryphena. She was the Wiser, for she well knew you would abominate her hoary Locks from her Neck to her Knees; she is all speckled like a *Leopard*; you are deeply concerned

cerned that you mist of such a Bargain; but she has Jilted you sufficiently.

Charmides. So it appears, for tho' I had made her many Presents, yet at last she demanded a Sum I could not give her, because you know I have a Father a live. She sham'd me off and received another, and I willing to return her Kindness, ingaged you.

Tryphena. But had I known your Meaning, you should have fail'd of my Company, I hate to be teased with a Bed-fellow to no Purpose, to vex another, especially to such a superannuated bald Mistress; but now I will rise, for the third Cock has Crowed.

Charmides. Not in such hast, my *Tryphena*, for now you have convinced me of my Dotage, I hate her abominably.

Tryphena. You had best ask your Mother, she has been in the *Bagnio* with her; if you inquire of the old Beldams, they can tell you more.

Charmides. And have I doated on such a Grandam, now I will strike off my Chains, let us kiss and Enjoy freely; and now farewell to her Witchcraft.

Joessa the Mistress, Pythias her Confident, Lyfias her Lover.

To. **H**AVE you just Cause to abuse me *Lyfias*, who never asked you any Money, or that upon Pretence I was engaged, ever refused your Visit, neither have I (according to the Custom of other Mistresses) put

put you upon cheating your Father, or deceiving your Mother; but upon your first Address, received you without a Present: You know how many Lovers I have denied for your sake; *Ethocles*, who is now a Senator, the rich Mariner our Neighbour, and your Comrade *Milissus*; tho' his Father is lately dead, and he grown Master of his Family: But I have only carested thee my *Phaon*, neither seeing nor admitting any other but thy self: For I, like a Fool, thought thy Oaths and Promises to be True, and engaged my Heart solely to thee, like a chaste *Penelope*, though my Mother was offended, and my Friends reflected upon my Conduct. But thou, after thou hadest subdued my Heart, and that I languish for thy Love, before my Face, you Court other Mistresses; and sitting by me you praise *Magidra* the Singer, tho' I Weep and am sensible of the Affront, and when you with *Thraso* and *Diphilus* were in Company with *Cymbalis* and *Pyrallis*, which you know I hate, yet you kiss'd her often, tho' by it you dishonoured your self; you drank to *Praxilla*, and bid the Boy take notice of the Glass, and fill Wine into it for no body but for her; and when you perceived your two Friends were Whispering, you kiss'd her, felt her Brest, and thrust your Hand under her Coats, nor cared if I saw it. How have I offended you in little or much? or what have I done to Anger you, whom have I looked upon and live only for thee? Ungrateful Man, you do not regard how you punish a Woman that is Distracted with the Love of thee; but

X 4

Heaven,

Heaven who sees your Injustice will punish it: But may be hereafter you will repent when I am dead, or have hang'd my self for grief, or have drowned my self in a deep Well, or whatever Death I shall find out to rid my self out of the World; then you will glory as having perform'd a mighty act: Why do you look askew upon me, as if I had offended? tell my Fault fairly, and let *Pythias* judge between us. What, will you make me no answer, and leave me, see how unjustly I am wrong'd by him.

Pythias. O cruel Tyger, he that is not softned with Tears is an insensible Stone, and no Man: But if I may tell you truly 'tis your Fondness has destroy'd him; you shou'd have curb'd your Inclinations; they soon grow insolent, when once they are sensible how much they are belov'd: Leave off your Tears, and if you believe me, shut him out once or twice, that will inflame his Love, and you shall see him dote upon you more.

Joessa. You advise me to shut him out, but I wish he wou'd not forsake me.

Pythias. I see him return again: Peace.

Joessa. Thou hast undone me, he has surely heard thy Advice.

Lyfias. I am not return'd hither for her sake, whom I never intend to visit more; but to satisfy you, lest you shou'd condemn me, as being offended without a Cause. Wou'd you have me endure this Woman, who now sheds her feigned Tears, whom I lately surpriz'd in Bed with a young Man asleep?

Pythias. Then you have convinc'd me she is false: But when did you surprize her in the Fact?

Lyfias.

Lyfias. About six Nights ago, for now I remember me better, it was the Second of this Month, for this Day is the Seventh : My Father, when he understood I lov'd this vertuous Lady, shut me up in my Chamber, and gave the Porter strict Orders he shou'd not let me out ; I that cou'd not bear so strict a Command, plotted with my Servant, where the Wall was lowest in the Yard, to get over, and came directly to her House, for now it was about Midnight ; and I knowing the Custom of the House, push'd back the Lock, and came in without noise, and approach'd the Bed-side, for they were all asleep.

Joessa. What dost thou say, O Heavens, I faint.

Lyfias. But when I perceiv'd there was more abed than one by their Breath, I fancy'd her Maid was abed with her ; but it prov'd otherwise, for when I felt I found one without a Beard, but his Head shav'd close, and smelling of Perfume : When I found this, had I had my Sword about me I wou'd have murder'd him. Why do you laugh, *Pythias*, Is my Story ridiculous ?

Joessa. And this was all gave you an Offence ; this *Pythias* was my Bed-fellow that Night.

Pythias. Do not declare the Matter to him.

Joessa. And why not, I call'd her to sleep with me that Night, for I was concern'd that I was not like to have your good Company.

Lyfias.

Lyfias. And was *Pythias* the Person that was shav'd close, and has she produc'd all this Hair in six Days?

Joessa. She was sick, and her Hair shav'd, and what she wears now was an artificial Tower or Perriwig. Prethee, *Pythias*, convince this Misbeliever by Demonstration; Behold your Rival! who rais'd your Jealousy to such a degree; if you had search'd deeper you had found the Mistake.

Lyfias. What need I search further, when I was sufficiently convinc'd by feeling.

Joessa. Well, are you now at last convinc'd; and are you willing I shou'd study my Revenge for your unjust Suspicion.

Lyfias. Not at all; but now let us drink and be jovial, and invite *Pythias* to take part of the Treat, and she shall be a Witness at the sealing the Articles of Peace.

Joessa. With all my Heart, and there we will consider what I have suffer'd for the sake of such a handsome Bed-fellow.

Pythias. Well, I am glad it was my Fortune to reconcile this Difference; but pray, *Lyfias*, have a care you do not reflect upon my Perriwig.

Joessa. And this was all gave you an Opportunity to say this.

Leonticus the Braggadocia, Chenedas the Pimp, and Hymnis the Courtisan.

Leont. **C** *Henedas*, pray tell this Lady how in a Battle against the *Galatians* thou saw'st me mounted on a white Courser, led on a whole

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whole Body of Horse, and the *Barbarians*, (though brave Fellows) trembled at the sight of me and fled. Then I having couch'd my Spear in my rest, at one career kill'd the Leader and his Horse, against those that rally'd and still resisted (for there were some that still were obstinate, having had their main Body broke, drew up in a quadrangular Form) I drew my Fauchion, and discharg'd on them my utmost Fury, kill'd seven Officers with my own Hands, and at one stroke I clave a Captain's Head through his Helmet; and when I had put them to the rout, you, *Chenedas*, pursu'd, and gave them Chase.

Chenedas. When afterwards, in *Paphlagonia*, you overcome a great Leader in single Combat, did you not then perform a mighty Feat?

Leonticus. Thou tellest me right; but Cowardice was not the occasion of it: For when a great Nobleman, that Commanded the *Curiassers* in contempt of the *Greeks*, came into the middle of the Army, and challeng'd the bravest Man to the single Combat, the Captains, Collonels, and the General were amaz'd at his daring (though he was otherwise a very brave Man.) Then I, who was then but one of the Tribunes, went out, (though I was withheld by many of my Friends that were concern'd for my danger) seeing the large *Barbarian* in his gilded Arms shining, with his terrible Crest and Plume, and shaking a most dreadful Spear.

Chenedas. No wonder, Sir, for I my self was afraid, and follow'd you, desiring you wou'd

wou'd not first expose your self to so Eminent a danger, that if thou shou'dst miscarry Life wou'd be afterwards a Burthen to me.

Leonticus. But I notwithstanding boldly advanc'd to the Center, not much worse arm'd than the *Paphlagonian*, though he was all shining in Gold; and a loud Shout was given on ours, as well as on the *Barbarian* side; for both Armies knew me by my Arms and Equipage: Tell me, *Chenedas*, with what great Hero the Army did then compare me?

Chenedas. To whom but to the brave *Achilles*. Your bright Helmet, garnish'd with your Purple Feather, and your Shield all shining with Gold, did so well become you.

Leonticus. At the first Course he wounded me slightly in the Thigh, and at the next Career I pierc'd him quite through the Body; and returning with his Arms, I cut off his Head, and fix'd it all bloody on my Lance.

Hymnis. Forbear, *Leonticus*, these are wicked and cruel Actions you relate; neither can I ever see a Man with Satisfaction, that does so thirst and rejoyce in Bloodshed, or drink or sleep with him, and therefore I will withdraw, and beg your pardon.

Leonticus. Pray, Madam, let me oblige you to stay, and accept double what I promis'd you.

Hymnis. It is against my Nature to lye with such a Murderer.

Leon-

Leonticus. Madam never fear, for those Matters were transacted among the *Paphlagonians* ; but here I am tame and quiet.

Hymnis. But I cannot chuse but hate you that glory in your Lance stain'd with the Blood of your Enemy. I wou'd not for the World imbrace and receive such a Man into my Arms ; I shou'd sooner chuse the Hangman for my Bed-fellow.

Leonticus. But if you had seen me glittering in Arms, I am sure you wou'd have lov'd me.

Hymnis. What I have already heard is enough to make me abhor you. I fancy I see the Ghosts and Spirits of those Men you have destroy'd, and see the Head of the Captain you cleft in two at one blow ; what do you think, if I had seen the Action, and the Blood flowing from so many Carcasses by you destroy'd, I shou'd surely die, that never had the Courage to behold the death of a Dunghil-Cock.

Leonticus. Are you so soft and gentle ? I only told you these Stories to divert and delight you.

Hymnis. Surely none but cruel Natures can be pleas'd with such Tragical Events : But I will take Coach and go home to my Mother, and so most noble Tribune I must bid you heartily adieu, and leave you to perfect your Conquests.

Leonticus. Pray Madam stay now, and be gone in the Morning.

Hymnis. Sir, you have affrighted a poor tender Girl with your dreadful Discourse, with shaking your Helmet and Equipage, and

and recounting incredible things: You did not perceive how I was frightened when you related your Encounter with the Captain, and how I started when you cut off his Head. *Exit.*

Leonticus. I that thought, *Chenedas*, by this Discourse to have made my self more acceptable, have render'd my self more hated by your Advice: 'Twas you that encourag'd me in this Rodomontade.

Chenedas. Was it not reasonable that I shou'd lie for Company, especially when I saw it pleas'd you? But you made it much more terrible, by the cutting off the unhappy Head of that *Paphlagonian*: Why did you fix it upon the point of your Spear, that the Blood might drop upon you, and defile your Garments.

Leonticus. This was bad indeed, *Chenedas*, but I think all the rest was well perform'd; go and persuade her to return and lye with me.

Chenedas. Then I must say this was all a Romance, made only to ingratiate your self with her.

Leonticus. Not so, *Chenedas*.

Chenedas. Otherwise she will not return; and now, Sir, make your choice rather to be hated while you profess your self such a conquering Warrior, or to be belov'd while you own your self a comical Romancer.

Leonticus. It is a difficult Choice, but how ever bring *Hymnis* to my Bed. Go, and tell her I feign'd good part, though not all the Discourse.

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Dorio.

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Dorio and Myrtale.

Dorio. **N**OW, *Myrtale*, you shut the Doors against me, when for thy sake I am become poor and needy : But when I presented you with large Presents, then I was your Beloved, and was Patron, and commanded here ; but when you perceiv'd you had drain'd me dry, and suck'd out my Heart-blood, then you scorn'd me, and found out a *Bithmian* Merchant to be your Lover, and shut me out of your Favour, whom you hug and kiss all Night, and entertain him alone within, and give out you are with Child by him.

Myrtale. It troubles me, *Dorio*, that you shou'd pretend you have presented me so largely ; and that your Love to me has reduc'd you to Poverty : Therefore, if you please, we will account from the beginning.

Dorio. Right, *Myrtale*, let us come to a fair Account, and first set down a Pair of new lac'd Shoes I gave you, which cost a Crown.

Myrtale. And for that I lay with you two Nights.

Dorio. When I came from *Syria*, I brought you an Alabaster Box fill'd with Ointment, worth ten Shillings by Heavens.

Myrtale. And I, when you went hence to Sea, gave you an old Campaign Coat, which you wore Aboard, which a Seaman left behind him when he lodg'd with me.

Dorio.

Dorio. And afterwards he met with me on Shoar, and knew it, and challeng'd it, and got it after a hard Conflict: Besides the little Presents I brought you from the *Bosphorus*, and eight dry Sea-Biskets in a Basket, a Tub, and a Pair of Sandals wrought with Gold, and a great Cheese I brought thee home, ungrateful Woman.

Myrtale. And all this amounts to about five Crowns.

Dorio. I brought thee what I cou'd spare out of my Wages; but now I am come to be a Midship-man, and you despise me; and when the Feasts of *Venus* were last celebrated, did not I offer a Crown for you; and also gave your Mother a Crown for Shoes, and many odd Shillings and Sixpences besides; and these all computed together amount to a Mariner's Estate.

Myrtale. Yes, I remember your Onions, and your stinking Lobsters.

Dorio. 'Tis true, I cou'd then bring you no better, for it was a loosing Voyage; but to my Mother I brought home not a Head of Garlick: And now I wou'd willingly know what you have gain'd by this *Bythinian*.

Myrtale. First, he bought me this Gown you see, and this Gold Chain I wear about my Neck.

Dorio. What he, have I not known it heretofore?

Myrtale. You might know one, but it was much smaller, neither had it any Pearl and other Stones; besides these Ear-rings, a Petticoat, and two small Bracelets, he has paid my

my Rent, given me new Shoes, and a large Cheese, and other Trifles.

Dorio. But you do not brag what a nasty Fellow you lye with, an old, rotten, bald Fellow, Rivel'd like an Apple *John*, without Teeth; and when he prinks up himself, and sings, he is just the Afs to the Harp. Now, Lady, enjoy your Sweeting, and bring forth a Boy much like his Father; I can find out a handsome Neighbour or two to change my Money, and much good may do you, Madam, for we Tarpawllins have not always Gowns and Chains to present.

Myrtale. Certainly, she is most happy that has such a Lover; and I wou'd advise you, when you have perform'd the next Voyage, you bring her home Onions, stinking Lobsters, and a Cheese from *Cyprus*.

Cochlis and Parthenis.

Cochlis. **W**HAT makes you cry, *Parthenis*, and whence do you bring these broken Pipes?

Parthenis. The Soldier that loves *Crocale* found me with his Rival *Gorgon*, singing and playing; he beat me, and broke my Pipes, over-turn'd the Table, broke the Glasses, spilt the Wine, and cudgel'd the honest Husbandman well-favour'dly, being back'd by several Roisters like himself, that we know not whether the Farmer will live or die, for he spit Blood, and is all over black and blue.

Y

Cochlis.

Cochlis. Was the Man mad, or she extravagant in her drink?

Parthenis. 'Twas his Jealousy, or extravagant Love; for *Crocale* having demanded a swinging Sum, and he having not wherewith to oblige her, she refus'd him, and receiv'd an honest rich Husbandman that had lov'd her long: While I sing and play'd upon the Harp for their Diversion, and while they were at Supper, the Farmer rose up and danc'd: *Crocale* prais'd his Activity, and all was very pleasant, when on a sudden a noise was heard; the Door broke open, and presently broke in about eight lusty Fellows, and amongst them the Soldier I told you of: The Countryman was beaten and trod upon the Ground, and *Crocale*, I know not by what means, escap'd to a Neighbours. The Soldier seiz'd on me, broke my Pipes, and kick'd me out of Doors; and now I am come hither to complain of my usage to my Mistress. The Husbandman went to his Friends, and having got a Warrant, has carry'd the Soldier and his Accomplices before the Justice.

Cochlis. Blows and Quarrels is all is gotten by these Amours with these hectoring Soldiers; therefore I avoid their Addresses; and if a Woman shou'd expect any thing from these Collonels or Captains, they presently say, have patience till I receive my Pay, and then I will gratify you nobly: Hang these Bragadocios, I always avoid 'em, I had rather have an honest quiet Fisherman, a Mariner, a Countryman of my own Rank and Condition, who knows not how to flatter, but will present handsomely, than any
of

of the blustering Officers, that bear their proud Heads aloft, and talk much of their Battles and Engagements, but are meer Noise, and empty Nothings.

THE AUCTION OF PHILOSOPHERS.

Translated out of the Greek, by *Lawrence Echard, A. B. of Christ-College in Cambridge.*

The Argument.

In this Dialogue our Author ingeniously ridicules all the several Sects of Philosophers.

The Speakers are;

Jupiter.

Heracitus.

Mercurius.

Socrates.

Pythagoras.

Chrysippus.

Diogenes.

A Sceptick, and

Democritus.

Several Merchants.

Jupiter. COME, get ready the Scaffolds, and spruce up a place for the Merchants: Do you stand ready to bring out the Goods in order; but first trim 'em up,

to make 'em neat and sightly to invite Chapmen to bid. Do you, *Mercury*, be Cryer, and in the name of *Good-luck*, summon Customers to appear at our Market. You must cry *Phylosophers* of all Sects and Sizes; and if any Buyer wants ready Money, we'll trust him a *Twelvemonth* upon good Security.

Mercury, O they come in Shoals, we must nick the opportunity, and not be too tedious with them.

Jupiter, Begin the Sale, then.

Mercury, Who shall I bring out first?

* Κομίν-
την.

Jupiter, The *Ionian* there, that same * bush-hair'd grave looking Fellow.

Mercury, So ho, *Pythagoras*, come down and shew your Shapes before the Company.

Jupiter, Make Proclamation.

Mercury, O yes; Gentlemen, I first present ye with a rare and venerable Mortal: Who bids? Who's for being more than Man? Who for knowing the *Harmony of the Universe*? and for taking a Lease of a Life or two after this?

Merchant, The Fellow has none of the worst Look; but where lyes his Excellency?

† Τετα-
ταίαν.

Mercury, In *Arithmetick*, *Astronomy*, † *Magick*, *Geometry*, *Musick* and *Juggling*; and he's an accomplish'd *Fortune-teller* to boot.

Merchant, May a body catechize him a little?

Mercury, Ay, and welcome.

Merchant, What Countryman are you, Friend?

Pythagoras, A *Samian*.

Merchant, Where were you bred?

Pythagoras,

Pythagoras, In *Egypt*, among the sage
Phylosophers.

Merchant, Very well, put case I shou'd
Bargain for you, what will you teach me?

Pythagoras, Nothing, I shall only be your
Remembrancer.

Merchant, How's that, prithee?

Pythagoras, Why, first I'll purify your
Soul, and refine it from all its Dross.

Merchant, Suppose it is already refin'd,
what Methods will you use then?

Pythagoras, First, I must enjoin you a long
Silence, tye up your Tongue, so that you
shall not speak a Word for five Years to-
gether.

Merchant, Prithee, Friend, go preach to
Cresus's Son; I'm very talkative, and don't
like being a Statue: But what shall I learn
after the five Years are out?

Pythagoras, *Musick* and *Geometry*.

Merchant, A very good Jest I faith! I must
be first a Fidler, then a Phylosopher.

Pythagoras, Next you must learn the *Art*
of *Numbering*.

Merchant, Poh, that I understand already.

Pythagoras, Let's see a Sample.

Merchant, One, Two, Three, Four.

Pythagoras, Little do you think that Four
is Ten, an *equilateral Triangle*, and the Num-
ber we swear by.

Merchant, By the grand Oath *Four*, nothing
can be more Divine or Sacred.

Pythagoras, Next, my Friend, I'll teach
you the Power of the *Earth*, *Air*, *Water* and
Fire, with their several *Forms* and *Motions*.

Merchant, Have *Air* and *Water* a *Form* then?

Pythagoras. Ay without doubt; for without such they cou'd have no *Motion*. Besides, you must know that *God* himself is nothing but *Number* and *Harmony*.

Merchant. Wonderful, as I hope to Live!

Pythagoras. Nay, more than all this, you that seem one Thing, shall find yourself another, and another after that.

Merchant. How's that tho'? Am I somebody else, and not he that's talking with you now?

Pythagoras. At present you are he, but time was when you were another Shape and Name; and time will be when you shall undergo a new *Transmigration*.

Merchant. Say ye so in Troth? Then I shall be Immortal, since I shift Shapes so often; but let that pass. Prithee Friend what dost thou * feed upon?

* Ἀμφι-
διαίταν.

Pythagoras. Nothing that has had Life, but every thing else except Beans.

Merchant. What Quarrel have you against Beans?

Pythagoras. No Quarrel at all, but they are Divine and Mysterious Things. First they have a *Prolifick Quality*, and if you Shell 'em green from the Cods, they resemble a Man's Natural Parts, then if you Boyl 'em and expose 'em a certain number of Nights to the Moon, they will turn to Blood. And what's more than all, the *Athenians* always chuse their Magistrates by Beans.

Merchant. Troth, well and piously spoken! Come, Friend, Strip; for I must see you Naked. Heavens and Stars! He has a Golden Thigh. Some God I'll warrant him; he

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he can be no Mortal ; I'll buy him at any Rate ; Pray, what do you ask for him ?

Mercury. Five and Twenty Pieces.

Merchant. A Bargain then, I'll have him.

Jupiter. Enter the Buyers Name, and where we may find him.

Mercury. It seems, Sir, he's an *Italian* upon the *Gracian* Coasts of *Croton* and *Tarentum* : But he's not alone, for they're near Three Hundred strong who go Shares in him.

Jupiter. Let 'em have him away then, and do you bring out another.

Mercury. Wou'd you have that nasty Ill-looking Fellow of *Pontus* ?

Jupiter. By all means.

Mercury. So ho ! you Fellow with your Bag at your Back, you † Shoulders, stand † *Eξου-* forth and take a turn round the Assembly.^{ds.}

O yes ! I present you with a Lusty, Rare, Well-bred, Freeborn Mortal : Who bids ?

Merchant. By your leave, Mr. Cryer, dare you Sell a Freeman ? Hah !

Mercury. Yes, indeed.

Merchant. Are not you afraid of being Indicted for Kidnapping, or of being Sumon'd before the *Areo-Pagus* ?

Mercury. He cares not a Straw for being Sold, he thinks he's as free as the best for all that.

Merchant. What use can a Body have for such a wretched slovenly Cur, unless one made him a Delver or a Draw-water.

Mercury. That's not all. You may make him your Porter ; the Fellow's worth forty Dogs ; besides, he's got the name of one already.

Merchant. What's his Country, and where lies his chief Talent?

Mercury. Ask him that Question, he can best resolve ye.

Merchant. Gadzooks, I'm afraid to come nigh the sour grim-looking Dog, for fear he should open upon me, and snap me by the Nose: Do you see how the Rogue lifts up his Cudgel, knits his Brows, and looks as fierce and terrible as a *Demi-Gorgon*?

Mercury. Fear him not Man, he's tame enough.

Merchant. Prithee, honest Friend, what Countryman art thou?

Diogenes. I'm one of the *Worldenses*.

Merchant. How do you mean?

Diogenes. Why, I'm a Citizen of the whole World.

* Ζηλῶς. *Merchant.* Whom do you * imitate?

Diogenes. *Hercules*.

Merchant. In his Club indeed, but then why not in his Lyon's Skin?

+ Τριῶν. *Diogenes.* My † Thred-bare Cloak's my Lyons Skin, in which like him, but as a Reformade, I wage a Mortal War with Pleasures, and mean to clear Mankind of those Monsters.

Merchant. Faith, an Heroick Enterprize! But, good now, by what Science are you distinguish'd, or what Art do you profess?

* Προφήτης. *Diogenes.* I'm the deliverer of Mankind, and the Physician of the Passions. In short, I desire to be a * Professor of Truth and Plain-dealing.

Merchant. Well, Mr. Professor, suppose I shou'd Purchase you; How wou'd you manage me?

Diogenes.

Diogenes. First I'll take you and strip you of all your Delights, confine you to Beggery, and cloath you with Rags. Next I'll enjoyn you to toyl and moyl all Day, sleep on the Ground at Night, drink nothing but Water, and eat what comes next to Hand; then if you have any Money by my good Will, throw't all into the Sea. As for Wife, Children and Country, take no care about, but look upon 'em all as insignificant Baubles. Then leaving your native House, you shall take up in some old Cave, forsaken Ruins, or else in some Tub. You must have a Budget cram'd full of *Lupines* and old * Musty Wri- * *Οπι-tings.* Thus rigg'd out you shall vie Happi-*δοξαζον* ness with the greatest Monarch upon Earth; *βίβλων.* and if you are whipt and rackt to Death, you shan't value it abit.

Merchant. How's that? May I be whipt and feel no Pain? Troth, I'm neither Cas'd with Tortoise or Lobster Shell.

Diogenes. You must imitate the saying of *Euripides*, but a little turn'd.

Merchant. Prithee, what is't?

Diogenes. Tho' grief your mind possesses, your Tongue is free. But your principal Accomplishments are to be very Impudent, vastly Rash, to snarl at all without Distinction, at Kings as well as Private Persons, the only way to be regarded and admired, for a Man of Spirit. Let your Elocution be Barbarous, your Pronunciation Rude, and altogether like a Dogs, your Looks * forc't, * *Εντε* and your Gate of the same Stamp; in short, *ταυρίον.* your whole deportment wild and Savage. You must utterly renounce all Civility, Gentleness

Gentleness and Modesty, and not leave room in your Face for one Blush; then you are to haunt and frequent the most publick Places, there to walk all alone, without joyn- ing to any Company, or shewing the least Civility to either Friend or Stranger, for that were to dissolve your Government; then you are to do that in Publick which o- thers are asham'd to do in Private, and to fall in Love with the most ridiculous Object in the World. Lastly, when you're a weary of this World, take a * Doze of Poyson and pack off to the next. This is the happiness we shall treat you withal.

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Merchant. For shame, these are scanda- lous and beastly Instructions.

Diogenes. Easy and obvious ones, my Friend, learnt alone, without Education, Books and such poor Trifles; and such as will bring you to Glory a more compendious way. For tho' you be an * ordinary Fellow, a Cobler suppose, or a Fishmonger, a Mason or a Bro- ker, get but a good stock of Impudence and Audaciousness with a true knack of Rail- ing, and you need not fear being an *Admired Man*.

* Ιδιωτης

Merchant. I've no great occasion for such Accomplishments. Possibly in time you may arrive to the Honour of a Tarpawlin or a Digger, therefore if your Master will take a couple of Pence for you, I'll venture to give that.

Mercury. Ay, ay, away with him, and a fair Riddance. The Dog has kept such a coil and Clamour, and made such a confound- ed Snarling at us all, we cou'd not be at quiet for him.

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Jupiter. Come the next, bring out *Aristippus* that *Cyrenian* in Purple, and crown'd with a Garland.

Mercury. O yes! Silence in the Court. Gentlemen, I here present ye with a sumptuous Purchase, and a Companion fit for the Rich, a delicious thrice happy Mortal. Who loves to Swim in ease and Pleasure? Who bids for the most voluptuous Person *Alive*?

Merchant. You, Fellow, stand forth, and tell us what you are good for; I'll buy ye my self, if you're worth any thing.

Mercury. Pray, Sir, don't be too rough upon him, nor trouble his Head with Questions. He's Drunk you see, and can't Answer you a Word; look how he clips the King's *Englisb*.

Merchant. Will any but a Madman venture upon such a scandalous Beast and Tun of Debauchery? Foh! How he stinks of Perfumes? and reels and totters like a Ship without Ballast? But good *Mercury*, tell us his best Accomplishments, and what he can do Sober.

Mercury. To be brief, he's an excellent Feaster, a most jovial Topper, an admirable Reveller and Dancer, and the fittest in the World for an amorous Prodigal Master. He's rarely well vers'd in Banquets, and a Master at Ragous and Kickshaws. To sum up all, he's the very Quintessence of all Voluptuousness. He was bred at *Athens*, and waited on some of the * Kings of *Sicily*,^{as.} where he was highly in favour. The sum of his Doctrine is to banish all Cares, to enjoy all Things, and seek Pleasure where it is to be had.

Merchant.

Merchant. You'd best go look out some rich and wealthy Chapman, my Purse is not long enough for such merry Blades.

Mercury. As a Man may guess, Sir, This Fellow is like to lye dead upon our Hands.

Jupiter. Well, set him by, and bring out another, or rather a Couple, the Laughing *Abderite*, and the weeping *Ephesian*, they'll go rarely off together.

Mercury. Come down, both of ye. O yes! I present ye with an excellent pair of Mortals, a couple of the wisest Philosophers you e're saw.

Merchant. Bless us all! What a mixture of Fire and Water is here. One nothing but Laughs, the other seems to lament somebody, and weeps perpetually. Prithee Friend, why dost thou Laugh so?

Democritus. Laugh say ye? 'Tis because both you and all your Actions are ridiculous.

Merchant. What a shame, do you make: a mock of us all, and Laugh at all our Actions.

Democritus. Even so, my Friend, there's nothing of solidity in the best of 'em, every thing is *Emptiness*, and an endless Confusion of *Atomes*.

Merchant. In good truth, I think there is an emptiness and an endless Confusion in thy Brain. For shame! wilt never leave thy Grinning? But, Honest Friend, what do you weep for? I fancy 'tis best talking to you.

Heracitus. Why Sir, I look upon all human Affairs to be wretched and deplorable, and all obnoxious to the shocks of Fate, therefore

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fore my compassionate Soul pities and bewails 'em. I'm not much concern'd for the present Age, but the calamities of the future, I mean the *General Conflagration*, and the *final Dissolution* of the Universe, are the things which torment me so; then to find nothing certain or fixt, but all as it were wrapt up in Confusion. Pleasures and Troubles, Knowledge and Ignorance, Great and Small, High and Low, all as it were whirling upon Gigs, and toss'd up and down by the * Rackets of Time.

Merchant. What is Time prithee?

Heracitus. Time is a Child playing at Pibbles, and eager at its Game.

Merchant. Well, and what are Men?

Heracitus. Mortal Gods.

Merchant. And what are Gods?

Heracitus. Immortal Men.

Merchant. Gadzooks, Man, these are all Riddles and Labyrinths; thou'rt as obscure as *Apollo* himself.

Heracitus. Why, I don't design to Humour you.

Merchant. Therefore no Man in his right Wits will buy such a Fellow.

Heracitus. 'Tis my way to enjoyn all Men to weep from their Infancy, Buyers as well as Bidders.

Merchant. This is a whim Cousin *German* to Madness. I'll ha'nothing to do with either of these Fellows.

Mercury. I fear these will lye upon our hands too.

Jupiter. Cry the next then.

Mercury. The Silver-tongu'd *Ashenian*, shall I?

Jupiter.

Jupiter. The same.

Mercury. So ho! come down there. O yes! Does any Man want a virtuous and discreet Mortal? Who buys a most sanctified Philosopher?

Merchant. Friends, what's your Craft?

Socrates. Managing of Boys and Love Intreagues.

Merchant. Why shou'd I buy thee? I want a Tutor for a pretty Boy I have at home.

Socrates. And who fitter for a pretty Boy than I? one who ne're loves Bodies, but admires the beauty of Souls. For tho' we lye together in the same Bed, you'll ne're hear any Complaints of my being a Burthen to 'em.

Merchant. Troth, very likely, for an old * Fornicator as you are, to mind only their Souls when you get 'em in your clutches between a pair of Sheets too.

Socrates. By the Dog and Plain-tree 'tis all true.

Merchant. Bless us all! What strange sort of Gods do you make?

Socrates. How, my Friend, is not a Dog a God think ye? Did you ne're here of Amubus in Egypt, Sirius in Heaven, and old Cerberus in Hell. Hah!

Merchant. Very right, I beg your Pardon. Pray what's your Profession, way of Living?

Socrates. Why, I dwell in a City of my own Building, observe Foreign Policy, and prescribe my own Laws.

Merchant. Pray let's hear one of your State Maxims.

Socrates.

* 'Παι-
νεγιστω.

Socrates. Listen then to one of my Principal, concerning Women; I'de have none 'em be the Property of one Man, but be Common to all Comers.

Merchant. How, Friend; Must the Laws against Adultery be repeal'd then?

Socrates. Ay by Jove, and all those insignificant Statutes of the same Stamp.

Merchant. And how wou'd you dispose of handsome Boys?

Socrates. Those shou'd be Rewards for Heroes, and the grand Atcheivers of noble Exploits.

Merchant. Lord, how Generous are you! But pray what is the Sum and Substance of your Wisdom.

Socrates. Ideas and Models of things Existing. For whatsoever you see, as the Earth, Heavens, Seas, and Things about 'em, have all their invisible Images and Ideas out of the World.

Merchant. Where do they 'xist?

Socrates. No where, for if they were any where, they wou'd not be at all.

Merchant. Troth my Eyes won't let me see these Ideas you talk of.

Socrates. No wonder, when the Eyes of your Mind are blinded. For my share, I can see the Ideas of all Things, an invisible You, and a second Me: In fine I see every Thing double.

Merchant. Well, Sir, I find I must buy you, since you are so wonderful wise and quick-sighted. What must you have for him, Cryer?

Mercury. A thousand Crowns.

Mer-

Merchant. I take ye at your Word; to-morrow you shall have your Money.

Mercury. Pray what may I call your Name?

Merchant. Dion of Syracuse.

Mercury. Take him, and I wish you Joy with him. So ho, *Epicurus*, Who buys him? He's one of the Disciples of that great Laughter, and of that Toper I cry'd just now. He but does 'em both in one Thing, that is, *Atheism*; in other Things he's an honest Fellow, and will * take off his Glass in his Turn.

* Διχρεία
φιλῶ.

Merchant. What's the Price of him?

Mercury. But five pieces.

Merchant. There's your Money; but before I go, let's know his Diet.

Mercury. Sweetmeats and Preserves, but his most darling Food is Figs.

Merchant. That's soon got: I'll have Figs for him by whole Freils.

* Οὐ χερσὶ
κρείας.

Jupiter. Call another, that same * rough-hewn, Crabb'd-Face *Stoick*.

Mercury. Well thought of: All the Company have waited for him. O yes! I present ye with the very Soul of Virtue, and the most accomplish'd Mortal living, who is for ingrossing all Knowledge to himself?

Merchant. How's that pray?

Mercury. Marry, That this Philosopher is the only wise Man, the only Beautiful, and the only Just; He's Valiant, a King, an Orator, Rich, a Law-maker, and all the Things you can think of.

Merchant. Pray, Mr. Cryer, is he the only Cook too? *Mer.* Is he a Tanner, a Mason, and a Jack of all Trades.

Mercury. So it seems.

Mer.

Merchant, Like enough : Come hither honest Friend, and tell your Master, that wou'd be, what you are; and first, Whether it don't grieve you to the Guts to be sold thus, and made a Servant?

Chrysippus, Not a jot : For these are *Contingencies* out of my Power ; and whatever is out of one's Power, ought to be counted *Indifferent*.

Merchant, I don't understand ye.

Chrysippus, No? What don't ye know that some Things *Proegmenical*, others *Non-proegmenical*.

Merchant, The De'il abit do I knbw more than before.

Chrysippus, No Wonder, such as you are so little acquainted with our Terms of Art : You want *comprehensive Imagination*. Now a right Student and Practitioner in the *Theory* of *Logick* does not only know these Terms, but the Natures of *Accidents*, and *Superaccidents* with the *Quality* and *Quantity* of their *Essential Differences*.

Merchant, I adjure thee by the name of Philosophy to tell me what these *Accidents*, and *Superaccidents* are ; for I'm confounded with your Jargon of Terms.

Chrysippus, Yes, yes, with all my Heart : Suppose a lame Fellow goes limping in the Streets, dashes his lame Foot against a Stone, and unexpectedly receives a Hurt ; now his Lameness was *Accidental*, and his Hurt *Superaccidental*.

Merchant, Miraculously accute ! What do you profess over and above ?

Chrysippus, Making Mouth-Traps, to snare and entangle my Antagonists, making 'em hold their Tongue, by putting a Bridle in their Mouths; the Name of the Thing I do this by is the mighty *Sylogism*.

Merchant, By the Lord *Harry*, it must have a plaguy strong Virtue sure.

Chrysippus, Pray mark me: Have you e'er a Child?

Merchant, What then?

Chrysippus, Why look ye: Suppose your Child walking by the River-side, and a *Crocodile* catching it shou'd promise you to restore it, upon Condition you infallibly tell him, what he has resolv'd concerning the Child's Restauration, what wou'd you say he had resolv'd upon?

Merchant, Why, Sir, that's a knotty Question to Answer, I know not what I had best say to get my Child again: But for Heavens sake do you answer for me, and save the poor Child from devouring.

Chrysippus, Fear nothing, Man; I'll teach you more stupendious Things yet.

Merchant, Let's hear a few.

Chrysippus, There's the *Reaper*, then the *Ruler*, but above all the *Electra* and the *Cryptick* or the *Mask*.

Merchant, For God's sake what's *Cryptick* and *Electra*, that you make such a prating of?

Chrysippus, This *Electra* was the famous Daughter of *Agamemnon*, who at the same time knew a Thing and knew it not: For her Brother *Orestes* standing by her *Incognito*, she knew *Orestes* was her Brother, but did not know that this was *Orestes*. Now for the

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the so much admir'd *Cryptick*: But first let me ask you one Question; Do you know your own Father?

Merchant, I think I do.

Chrysippus, Put the case then, I should bring one Mask'd into your Company, and ask ye, *Do you know this Man?* What Answer wou'd you make?

Merchant, I'd say, *No*.

Chrysippus, And it proves to be your Father; therefore, if you don't know him, 'tis *Demonstration* you don't know your own Father.

Merchant, P'shaw, As soon as I had unmask'd him, I shou'd. But pray what's the main *End* of all your Wisdom? and what are your *Means* to arrive at the utmost top of Virtue?

Chrysippus, I'm conversant about the most eligible things of Nature, as Riches, Health, and the like: But first, vast Drudgery must be undergone, the Eyes well us'd to scrawling Manuscripts, large Comments to be compil'd, and all Solecisms and absurd Sentences to be learnt. In a word, we can grant no Man to be a *Philosopher* till he has thrice purg'd his Brain with *Hellebore*.

Merchant, Generous and manly Studies upon my Word! But for a Man to be a Banker, or Usurer, for such a one you are, are these the Signs of his taking *Hellebore*, and his becoming a * compleat *Virtuoso*? * Τελείος

Chrysippus, Yes, for a *Philosopher* is the only fit Man to let Money upon Interest, as *προς δέσφην*. being ablest to make *Syllogisms*: for to let out the *Principal* and compute the *Interest*, are very

very nigh a Kin to drawing *Consequences*, and they agree *in eodem tertio*, namely, a *Virtuoso*; who is not to take single increase like vulgar Persons, but to draw *Interest* out of *Interest*, for don't you know there's a first and second *Interest*, and one drawn from the other? See how this *Categorical Syllogism* proves it. He that receives the first *Interest* ought to receive the second; but he has receiv'd the first *Interest*, *Ergo*, he ought to receive the second.

Merchant, Pray will this hold good in Rewards too, such as you take for infusing Wisdom into your Schollars? Methinks a virtuous Man shou'd aim at no other Reward than Virtue.

Chrysippus, I've a Trick for that you must know, I receive no Reward for my own sake, but my Schollars: He's *Donour*, I'm *Receiver*; now I scorn to refuse being *Receiver*, because I'd give him the Honour of being *Donour*.

Merchant, But you said the contrary, that the Schollar is the *Receiver*, and the Master the *Donour* by Instructing him.

Chrysippus, O you're Merry, Sir; but have a care, Friend, I don't lay you flat with an all-confounding *Syllogism*.

Merchant, What's the Consequence of that Weapon?

Chrysippus, Doubt, Silence, and Confusion of Intellects; nay more than all, if I please, I can demonstrate you to be a Stone in an Instant.

Merchant, How a Stone? Faith, Sir, I can scarce believe you're a *Persens*.

Chrysippus, Thus then: A Stone is a Body.

Merchant, That's true.

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Chrysippus, And is not an *Animal* a Body ?

Merchant, Yes.

Chrysippus, And are not you an *Animal* ?

Merchant, Troth, I think so.

Chrysippus, Ergo, you're a Stone.

Merchant, Tarbottle, Not at all ; But good Sir, turn me to my Flesh and Blood again.

Chrysippus, That's done in a twinkling ; be therefore a Man once more. First tell me, is every Body an *Animal* ?

Merchant, No for certain.

Chrysippus, Is a Stone an *Animal* ?

Merchant, No neither.

Chrysippus, But you're a Body.

Merchant, 'Tis true.

Chrysippus, And *Quatenus* you're a Body, you're an *Animal* too.

Merchant, I grant it.

Chrysippus, Ergo *Quatenus* you're an *Animal*, you're no Stone.

Merchant, Faith, Friend, I think you be- num'd my Limbs like *Niobes*, they began to grow stiff and petrifie : However, I'll ven- ture on ye, What must you have for him ?

Mercury, Thirty Pounds.

Merchant, There's your Money.

Mercury, Do you pay all the Purchase ?

Merchant, No, Faith, not I ; these have all a share in him.

Mercury, Troth, they're a good Brawny Crew, and well able to manage his *Reaper* for him.

Jupiter, Waste no Time, but call another.

Mercury, Stand forth, the Rich, Hand- some *Peripatetick*. Come Gentlemen, what say ye to the wisest Man in the World, and one that knows all Things.

Mer-

Merchant, What is he?

Mercury, O a mighty Modest, Just and Regular Person, and more than all a *double Philosopher*.

Merchant, How double?

Mercury, He appears one thing without and another within, therefore if you chance to buy him, you must be sure to remember to call him *Inside* and *Outside*.

Merchant, Where lies his Knowledge?

Mercury, O, He has a treble Knowledge; he says there are three sorts of Good, one of the *Mind*, another of the *Body*, and a third *Extrinsical* to both.

Merchant, He understands Humane Affairs; but what do you value him at?

Mercury, Fifty Pieces.

Merchant, That's plaguy Dear tho'.

Mercury, Not at all, good Sir; the Fellow seems to have Money of his own, therefore you can't be too ready to snap him up: Besides, he'll teach you how long a Gnat lives; how many Fathom the Sun will shine into the Sea, and what sort of Souls Oysters have got.

Merchant, Bless us! What exquisite Knowledge is that?

Mercury, O you'll hear profounder Subtilties than these by far, concerning *Seminal Procreation*, *Generation*, and *Formation* of the *Embryo* in the Womb; that a Man is a *Risible Animal*, but an *Afs* not, which understands not one bit of *Architecture*, or *Navigation*.

Merchant, Troth, Admirable and Profitable Sciences! Well here's your fifty Pieces.

Mercury,

Mercury, Very well, who's behind? O 'tis your *Sceptick*, stand forth *Pyrrho*, you're next to be Cry'd. The Company is grown very thin, and the Market runs low: Who buys this *Philosopher*?

Merchant, That will I: But first tell me what you know.

Philosopher, Nothing.

Merchant, How so?

Philosopher, Because to me Nothing seems to Exist.

Merchant, Are we all Nothing?

Philosopher, 'Tis more than I know.

Merchant, Art thou any thing then?

Philosopher, That I know less than the other.

Merchant, O Ignorance, Ignorance! But prithee, what's the meaning of those Scales?

Philosopher, I keep 'em to weigh *Arguments* in, and reduce 'em to an Equality: And when I once bring 'em to a perfect and exact *Equilibrium*, then can't I tell which is the right side of the Question.

Merchant, Canst do any Thing else?

Philosopher, All Things but pursuing a Runaway.

Merchant, Is that such a difficult Business?

Philosopher, 'Tis because I can't * *Apprehend* him. * Καταλαμβάνω

Merchant, Like enough, for thou look'st like a lubberly heavy moulded Slouch. But, prithee, Fellow, what's the end of thy Knowledge?

Philosopher, Ignorance, and neither to Hear or yet to See.

Merchant, Art thou Deaf and Blind then?
Philosopher, Ay, and want both Sense and Reason too; and there's not a bit a difference between me and a Worm.

Merchant, Therefore I'll buy thee for a Rarity; what's his Price, Cryer?

Mercury, But fifty Shillings.

Merchant, Take your Money: What say ye, Friend, have I bought you or not?

Philosopher, 'Tis Uncertain whether you have or no.

Merchant, The duce it is, I've bought thee and paid the Money down upon the Nail.

Philosopher, I suspend my Judgment, and consider of it.

Merchant, Follow me as a Servant shou'd.

Philosopher, Who knows whether you say a word of Truth or no?

Merchant, The Cryer, my Money, and the Standers by will prove it.

Philosopher, Is there any body here then?

Merchant, Sirrah, I shall send you to the House of Correction, and drive it into your Head with an Argument *a Deteriori*.

Philosopher, I doubt of that too.

Merchant, But by Jove I'll do't tho'.

Mercury, Hold your quibbling Tongue, and follow your Master that bought ye: To morrow, Gentlemen, if you please to come, we shall sell * *Private Persons*, *Mechanicks*, and *Mortals of the Vulgar Stamp*.

* *Idols*
mag.

THE
FISHERMAN:
 OR, THE
Phylosophers Reviv'd.

English'd from the Greek by Christopher Echard,
 A. B. of Catherine-Hall in Cambridge.

The Argument.

*Herein he makes his Excuse, for what he had said
 against the Phylosophers, by turning it against
 those who scandalize that Name.*

The Speakers are ;

Socrates,	Diogenes,	Epicureans,
Plato,	Vertue,	Academicks,
Empedocles,	Syllogism,	A Priestess,
Lucian,	Platonicks,	Liberty,
Phylosophy,	Pythagoreans,	Argument,
Truth,	Staicks,	Chrysippus,
Aristotle,	Peripatericks,	

Soc. **S**Tone him, stone him, stone the curfed
 Dog to Eternity, give him a Show-
 er of Clods, and a whole Storm of Brickbats :
 Dash

Dash the Rogue down with your Clubs : To him, *Plato*, ply about ye, *Chrysippus*, and you too ; let's all at once make a general Assault upon the Rogue's Carcass :

United Force will give the greater Blow.

This is a common Enemy, and there is not one of us but he has egregiously affronted : *Diogenes*, now or never shew what a Clubsmen thou art ; hold him to't, and give the scurrilous Dog enough. How's this ? what off your Mettle, *Aristippus* ? ah, fye upon it ;

Let not your noble Furies be cast down.

Aristotle, The t'other strain yet : So, that's well, the Beast is taken. Oh, have we met with ye then, Mr. *Hellish* ? 'sbud, we'll soon teach ye what it is to abuse Persons of our Quality : But how shall every one of us have his full swing at him ? We must invent a Thousand Deaths for him, to make us all amends ; every one ought to give him Seven at least.

Plato, My Opinion is to scourge him unmercifully, pinch out his Eyes, mince his Tongue like Pot-herbs, and then crucify the Villain : What say you, *Empedocles* ?

Emped. Flounce him into *Aetna's* Jaws, and there let him see what 'tis to rail at his Betters.

Plato, I think 'tis better to have him torn piece-meal like *Pentheus* and *Orpheus*, and let's every one take a Collop of him, and go off.

Lucian,

Lucian, For Heavens sake,— O don't murder me, I beseech ye.

Socrates, We are resolv'd my Word for't, there's no escaping : Hark what *Friend Homer* says ;

No League can Lions make with humane Race.

Lucian, I'll pray *Homer*-ways too ; and if ye reverence Poetry, 'tis like ye won't scorn my repeating an *Iliad's* Line or two of him :

*For Quarter here a guiltless Mortal cries,
A golden Ransom sure shou'd move the wise.*

Plato, Sirrah, we have enough of *Homer* to baffle that immediately : Look here ;

*Think not, reviling Slave ; for since you're caught,
To Ward your Doom, your golden Words are naught.*

Lucian, O lamentable ! *Homer*, my chiefest Hopes fails me ; *Euripides* then must be my Refuge, perhaps he may throw in a saving Word :

'Tis base to slay the prostrate Wretch, 'tis base.

Plato, Puh, and does not *Euripides* say too,

Do not loud Crimes for Vengeance loudly call ?

Lucian, So then, * this is meer Rhiming a * *Εκατε
ρημάτων*
Man out of his Life.

Plato, Ay, by the same token he says also, *κτανέτε
με*

A dreadful End attends the lawless Tongue.

Lucian,

Lucian, Well, then, I see you are resolv'd to have my Blood, and all my shuffling won't save my poor Life; therefore, sweet Gentlemen, let me but know who ye are, and what intolerable thing I have done, that makes ye so horribly fierce at butchering me.

Plato, What damnable Work you've made with us ask your Rogueship, and those delicate Dialogues, so notoriously and maliciously compos'd against *Philosophy* and us; such as exposing us Sages to publick Sale, who are the only free Men in Nature; this has provok'd *Chrysippus*, *Epicurus*, my self, *Aristotle*, *Pythagoras* too, as silent as he is, *Diogenes*, and all you've abus'd, to get leave of *Pluto* to rise from the Dead a little, and are come for Revenge,

Lucian, Nay, then I'm safe; for I'm sure ye wou'dn't so much as hurt me, did ye but know my Department toward ye. Ye may throw down your Stones, nay rather keep 'em for those who deserve 'em.

Plato, Stuff all over,-- Your Execution is already sign'd;

A Coat of Stone must bind thy Villain's Hide.

Lucian, But, worthy Sirs, in killing me, ye kill a Person who justly claims your Favour, a Friend of the same Tribe, of the same Opinion, one who has a great Esteem for you, and without offence, an Encourager of your Studies: So much I'm your Servant, consider therefore, and not imitate our modern *Philosophers* in Ingratitude, Choler and Brutality, towards their Benefactors.

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Plato, Impudence ! 'slife, must we then be oblig'd to ye for abusing us ? Do ye think you are dealing with Slaves indeed ? Must we return you Favours for your Affronts and Railings, with a pox to you ?

Lucian, Where did I, the Admirer of all Phylosophy ; or when did I, the Adorer of your Persons, and daily Peruser of your Works, so enormously abuse you ? The very Words I speak are yours, and like the industrious Bee, I suck from off your Flowers what's best, and form it into publick use : The World knowing each Flower, whose it is, whence it came, and how 'twas gather'd, applaud my sweet Collections, but much more your Field, so famous for its various and inestimable Flowers : Shall he, who can collect, conjoin, and so harmoniously adapt each part of yours ; can he, I say, so skill'd but dare to disparage such worthy Men, whom he's ambitious of adhering to ? No, unless he were temper'd like *Thamyris* and *Eurytus*, who dare challenge the Muses, who taught 'em to sing, and *Apollo*, of whom they learnt to use the Bow.

Plato, Sweet Sir, this is meer Rhetorick upon the high strain, quite contrary to your Actions, and serves only to demonstrate your damn'd Impudence : If it be Injustice and Ingratitude, as you say, to retort those Darts upon us ye had from our Magazine, we are the only Mark those censorious Speeches are level'd at ; and this is all your Gratitude, for our admitting ye into this Field, to pluck and load your self with the Fruits ; and therefore, don't you deserve to be sacrific'd, Sirrah ?

Lucian,

Lucian, Look here, ye give way to Passion, and won't hear Reason : Indeed, little did I think ever to have seen *Plato*, *Chrysippus*, *Aristotle*, and all of ye so transported with Anger, the only Persons I esteem'd free from that : But, most admir'd Sirs, kill me not uncondemn'd, or yet unheard ; Force and Violence are opposite to your Principles : Let Justice, therefore, decide the Case before the Bench, when each Party is fully heard : Chuse your Judge, and then accuse me either all at once, or one select to speak for all : I alone will answer to the Indictments ; and if I be Cast according to the Sentence past, I'll freely suffer ; and this will clear you from all Violence : But shou'd I disprove my Crimes, and clear my self before the Court, I shall only desire ye to turn your Fury upon those who seduc'd and animated ye against me.

Plato, That's giving a wild Horse his Heels, to kick down the Evidence, and so get off ; I hear you're a damnable Orator, and a confounded subtle-tongu'd Lawyer : What Judge is it possible for us to go to, that thou canst not corrupt, like a Rogue as thou art, and so gain your Case ?

Lucian, Don't fear such a thing ; and here now, to convince ye of my tampering with the Judges, or using any sort of querks to gain the point, I leave it to *Philosophy* herself and you to be Judges.

Plato, And then who shall impeach ye, if we be Judges ?

Lucian, Your selves shall impeach, and be Judges to : I'm as bold as a Lion, since I have

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have so much Justice on my side, and so much to say for my Actions.

Plato, What shall us do, *Pythagoras*, *Socrates*? the Fellow seems to talk something of Sense in appealing to Justice.

Socrates, Ay, to Court, to Court, what shou'd we do else? and get *Phylosophy* along with us, to hear what he can say for himself; to hang a Man without judging him don't look like us, but meer Rabble, and a hair-brain'd sort of People, who know nothing but Club-law: We shall give Advantage to censorious Tongues, shou'd we, under a pretence of Justice, stone a Man without hearing him speak for himself: Besides, how shou'd I ever look mine Accusers *Anytus* and *Melitus* in the Face again, shou'd this Man die without * the benefit of answering for himself?

Plato, Very well consider'd, *Socrates*; we'll appeal to *Phylosophy* to be our Judge; we are bound in Duty to stand to her Determination.

Lucian, Thanks to ye, *Phylosophers*; there's something more of Right and Reason in this: Ye may keep your Stones in your Hands, as I told ye, for ye'll have occasion for 'em by and by in Court for ought I know. But where is true *Phylosophy* to be found? where she dwells I know not, tho' many a day have I been hunting for her House, to get a little Conversation with her. I once got in with all the thread-bare Cloaks and long Beards, your great Pretenders to her, and thought certainly to have her here, but upon Trial, I found them less acquainted with

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with her than my self, and they wou'd either give me no manner of Answers at all, to cover their Ignorance, or else they wou'd shew me into a Door quite the wrong way; neither cou'd I, till this very day, ever find out her Habitation. Often have I follow'd the most noted Leading-Men, even to her very Doors, as I thought; not doubting but to find her there, and cou'd think no less from the number of grave doctery Persons, who walk'd thereabouts with a Port so Philosophical, and a Head so full of Notions: With these I joyn'd, and went in, where I espied a very Jade of a Woman; and because her whole Deportment, at first, seem'd most Graceful and Natural, I came near, but found her curling Locks all Counterfeit; her Attire and Carriage affected, more trappings to cover the natural Defects of a deformed Body. Her Face was plaster'd up with Paints and Patches, and her Tongue had the very twang of a common Whore. She prided her self at her Lovers *Encomiums* upon her, and greedily swept up what Presents were made her. Her rich Lovers were seated very near her, but the poorer sort not so much as look'd upon. When by chance her Garments were a little disorder'd, I cou'd discover underneath thick Golden-Chains and Bracelets. Upon this I immediately turn'd tail, and took to my Heels, miserable pitying those Wretches to see 'em so grossly led, not by the Nose, but by the Beard, *Ixion*, like to embrace a Cloud instead of a Goddess.

Plato, You have hit your matter: The Door's not common, nor yet to be found by every

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every one, nor is it necessary to go to her Pallace; here in the *Ceramik* we'll wait for her, she'll be here immediately, walking in the Porch, when she comes from the Academy, for 'tis her daily Walk. O here she comes, observe her portly Demeanour, her obliging Way, her gentle Meen, and her thoughtful Countenance.

Lucian, I have seen a hundred with the same Gate, in the same Garb, and make the very same Figure, yet there is but one of all these can answer to the name of *Philosophy*.

Plato, True, but her Discourse will quickly discover her.

Philosophy, Wonderful! What *Plato* and *Chrysippus* here above? As I live, *Aristotle* too, and the rest, the very top Men of my Disciples. How came ye to rise again, has any of the Ghosts affronted ye below, that ye look so displeas'd? but who is it you drag so? is he a Thief, Cut-throat, or Church-breaker?

Plato. Indeed, Madam, a Church-breaker is a Saint to him, for he is one who has broke in and blasphem'd your Divinity, and then miserably bespatter'd us your Schollars, together with all our Writings we left behind us.

Philosophy, Then, Gentlemen, I perceive a scurrilous Tongue can move ye, tho' ye see me daily abus'd by the Wits of the Age, and publicly too at the *Bacchanalia*, and yet count 'em my Friends; ne're call 'em in Question, or so much as owe them the least Spite: I wink at all these things that are constant and customary to these sort of Plays and Feasts. Certainly a Joak can't vilifie

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any thing, but contrary if it be good, like the beating of Gold, gives it the greater Lustre. I can't imagine what has made ye so quarrelsome and furious on a sudden, and why do ye use the Fellow so severely.

Plato, *Fame* her self has brought us word how grossly he has abus'd us to the World, which has provok'd us to get leave of *Pluto* for a day to come, and give the Rogue his condign Punishment.

Philosophy, And therefore ye'll murder him right or wrong, before he has time to answer for himself. I see't in his Face, he has a mind to plead.

Plato, Not so: We are to lay down the Matter all before you, who are to end it, as you think fit.

Philos. Is that the Business then?

Lucian, It is, most Sovereign Lady, the only Queen of all Truth; and scarce cou'd I, tho' with much entreaty, obtain an Appeal to your Ladyship's Court.

Plato, Devil incarnate! Do ye wheedle her up with Sovereign so soon after such a damnable Affront, by making publick Sale of all her Excellencies for two Pence each.

Philos. Consider, Gentlemen, whether he affronted me or no, or only such bastard Philosophers who put on our names only to sin *cum privilegio*.

Lucian, Ye shall understand it immediately, if ye have but the patience to step to the *Ariopagus*, and hear what I have to alledge; or if ye please, to the top of the Tower, that we may have a sight of the whole City.

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Philos. Here my dear Girls, I desire ye to walk here, and I'll be immediately back with ye, when I have decided the Case.

Lucian, I pray, Madam, what Ladies are they? As I live they are comly Persons.

Philos. She with the manly Port is *Virtue*, she's follow'd by *Temperance*, and then *Justice*, she who comes first is * *Education*, she there who is so † obscure, * as tho' she were in a Mist, is *Truth*.

Lucian, I see nothing like *Truth*, where is she?

Philos. There she is, without Ornaments, she that is naked, she sculks behind, and hides her self.

Lucian, I have now partly a glimpse of her; but we ought to take them along with us to make up a full Court: By all means, let's have *Truth* at the Bar.

Philos. Right indeed, this way Sisters: Here's a Case for us to decide, ye can't refuse since we're all concern'd in't.

Truth, Ye may go decide your Cases for all *Truth*; I needn't trouble my Head with any thing in the World, I knew all the Circumstances long ago.

Lucian, But, dear *Truth*, your presence is necessary for the baffling all false Evidence.

Philos. Shall I bring those Attendants; they are both Favourites.

Lucian, Ay, as many as you please.

Philos. *Liberty* and *Free-speaking*, you must along with us, and help out with this poor Gentleman one of our Admirers, who's unjustly in Trouble, but, *Argument*, do you stay away.

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Lucian, By all means let *Argument* come, and little enough too; for I have to fight with no common Beasts, but with a haughty peremptory sort of People, who have evasions at command, so there's little to be done without *Argument*.

Philos, Truly nothing at all: 'Twou'd do no harm to take *Demonstration* along with us also.

Truth, Let 'em all come, for I believe there is work enough for 'em.

Aristotle, God so, Madam, does he bring *Truth* to fall upon us?

Philos, Hah, *Chrysippus*, *Aristotle*, what startled? *Truth* can tell no lies for him.

Plato, We know that: But yet he's a plaguy cunning and insinuating Rogue, and may corrupt her.

Philos, Don't fear't, 'tis impossible whilst Justice is here; Come let's march; but first, what is your Name?

Lucian, *Parresiades*, *Alethion*, the Son of *Elenexiellens* was my Father.

Philos, Of what Country?

Lucian, Of *Syria*, an't please ye, near *Euphrates*. How! do ye wonder? I'll assure ye there are several of my Adversaries no less barbarous, whose Learning and Education has neither been among the *Soleans*, *Cypriots* or *Babylonians*, or yet the *Stagirites*. But that's no *Argument* with you; let their Speech be never so rude, so their Mind be but Good and Virtuous.

Phil, Very right: In the next place we must know what Profession ye are of, for that's Material.

Lucian,

Lucian, I'm a Pride-hater, a Cheat-hater, a Lye-hater, a hater of Arrogance; in short, I hate all sorts and sizes of Vice by retail, and have a mighty Trade.

Phil. Bless me! Your Trade is the very Center of all Hatred.

Lucian, It is so: For ye see whom I have brought upon my Back, and what Danger I am in by it. Besides this, I'm of another contrary Profession, consisting in Loving, a Truth-lover, a lover of Honesty and Sincerity; I deal in all sorts of Virtues; but this Trade is almost dead to me, besides the Customers for my other Trade are so numerous, and I have so much hating-work, that I fear I shall be too well skill'd in that, and forget the other for want of Use.

Phil. No fear of that: For 'tis counted all one; both Trades are the same, and are really so in effect, tho' they seem two.

Lucian, That your Ladyship knows best; but 'tis my nature to hate Rogues and love honest Men.

Philosophy, So, we are got to the appointed Place; we will call a Court here in *Minerva's Vestibulum*; *Priestess*, you must place the Seats whilst we pay our Devotions to the Goddess. *Σὺ πρὸς

Lucian, O *Pallas*, I beseech thee aid and assist me against this haughty Generation: Think upon their daily Perjuries, thou that only inspect'st and surveyest their Actions, Reward them now: And if the number of those wicked Men prevail upon me, *stand up with your casting Vote to save me, I beseech thee. *Δίκα μὲν οὐκ ἔστι. It relates to an ancient Story of *Orestes*, who was sav'd by *Pallas's* Vote.

Philosophy, Amen: Well now we are seated in order to examine your Case: You Philosophers must choose out one of ye, who is best at Accusing, for its impossible for you to be heard altogether: Agree upon an Indictment, and so Impeach him; then *Parresides*, you shall Answer to it.

Philosophers, Who is fittest to undertake the Charge? O! *Plato*, for you have a most exalted Genius, an eloquent Delivery after the *Attick* Way, so taking, so persuasive, an elevated Wit and Accuracy, and canst open the Stress of an Argument at the very pinch; you are so happy in all these, that you must undertake the Matter; and play the Orator for all of us: Muster up all your *Troops* ye used against *Gorgius*, *Polus*, *Prodicus*, and *Hippias*; and join them into one main Body, for this is a greater Villain than they altogether: Pepper him off with your *Ironies*, then at him again with your neat *Interrogatory* way: Then, if occasion be, look him on the Face, and say; *Thundring Jove, mounted on his winged Chariot, would execute his Vengeance, should he escape our Fury.*

Plato, I must decline it, some crabbed Philosopher is fitter for the purpose, such as *Diogenes*, *Antisthenes*, *Crates*, or you *Chrysippus*, can do as well as any; Quaint Oratorical Flourishes at present are useless; but the matter must be driven home with a sort of an arguing force and sharpness, for *Parresides* is an Orator himself.

Diogenes, Ay, I will take up the Cudgel; a few Words will do the Job: Besides, I have the

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the greatest Affront of all offer'd me by his making me a two-penny Philosopher.

Plato, May it please your Ladyship, *Diogenes* is the Man to speak for all; but remember, old Friend, 'tis the Common Cause, and not your own alone: Pass by the Controversies among our selves, and not so much as mention whose Opinion is truest: Stand up to vindicate *Philosophy* her self from the fowl Aspersions of this wicked Villain: Wave distinctions of Sects, and besure fight the Common Cause, you are General, and our Mis-carriages depend upon you. Strike home, lest what the Villain has said be thought true.

Diogenes, Trust but *Diogenes*, I will do your Business, and not forsake the good old Cause: And if *Philosophy* be mov'd at his Plea, for she's Compassionate and good Natured, and should acquit him; yet I will do my part, and demonstrate to him that Philosophers don't carry Staffs for nothing.

Philosophy, No, no, that must not be; Reason is a much better Weapon than a Cudgel. Well the Glass is turned up, and the Court expects your beginning.

Lucian, May it please you, Madam, to admit the rest unto the Bench as Judges, and let *Diogenes* be my sole Accuser.

Phil. What don't ye fear they shou'd give their Verdicts all against thee?

Lucian, Not at all, you shall see, I'll bring 'em all over to my side.

Phil. A very generous Design, Philosophers, sit up here, and, *Diogenes*, do you open the Case.

Diogenes, As to our Lives and Conversations, your Ladyship is already so well acquainted with, that I need not say any thing. For not to mention my self, who can be ignorant of the good *Pythagoras*, *Plato*, *Aristotle*, *Chrysippus*, and the rest have done in their Generations; yet, notwithstanding, consider how this ever damnable and wicked Sophister has vilified us. He is, by report, originally a Lawyer, who left the Bar with all its Honour, and has bent his whole malicious Spirit to Oratory he brought from thence against us Philosophers; and is incessantly railing and plaguing us with the Names of *Cheats* and *Imposures*, stirring up the Mob to deride and condemn us as Persons of base Reputation; and has caus'd the Odium of many, not only to extend to us, but to your Ladyship, by calling your Documents *Shim-Hains*, and publicly buffooning your gravest Precepts we had from you, to gain the Applause of the People, whilst we miserably suffer by't. It is the very Nature of the common Sort, to be pleas'd with Jokes and Gibes, especially when any thing that's Grave and Serious is levell'd at: O what a Pastime formerly was it for 'em to see *Socrates* so enormously ridicul'd by *Aristophanes* and *Eupolus* upon the Stage! They did indeed venture to make bold with one single Person: It was allowable in the *Bacchanalies*, Joking made a part of the Festival; and *Bacchus* being a lover of Mirth, might approve of it; but this Miscreant has brought into the Scene the best of Men, for with a great deal of Labour and Pains he has compil'd a whole Volume, all of

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Calumnies, in which, with impious Words, he has scandaliz'd *Plato*, *Pythagoras*, *Aristotle*, *Chrysippus*, Me, and the whole Body of us; a thing not warranted by any publick Feast, or yet deserv'd by an Injury from any one of us. This Plea might be somewhat plausible, were it only vindicating himself, but he has been the first Aggressor, and what aggravates more, he makes use of your venerable Name, and presses *Dialogue* our Favourite into his Service to fight against us under the Title of *Mimick*: And *Minippus* too a follower once of us, he was wheedled in to be grand Assistant in his Buffoneries, the only Philosopher now, who betrays the common Cause, and refuses to appear against him. Upon these accounts, he deserves the severest Punishment: What can he plead for himself since he has vilified these weighty Precepts in the face of so many Witnesses? Before whom he ought now to be publicly made an Example to deter 'em from ever jesting with *Philosophy*. To be still and passive in the Case, can't be counted Virtue, but more Stupidity and Folly; but for Yesterdays Work Flesh and Blood can't endure't! to be expos'd like a Slave in a Market, and sold by an Auctioneer, as they call him, some for a large Price, others for fifty Shillings; but me the Villain has put off for two Pence; indeed well might the Company laugh; these Crimes have so much offended us, that we have come and seized him, and are before your Ladyship to require Justice for these notorious Abuses.

Philosophers, Diogenes! O bravely well spoken *Diogenes* again? Had every Man spoken for himself particularly, we cou'dn't have done better.

Philosophy, Enough of these Encomiums. Turn the Glass for the Defendants. *Parresiades,* what have you to say for your self; begin without delay, for the Glass is now running.

Lucian, What shou'd make *Diogenes* here, as he has, wave my greatest Accusations, I am utterly Ignorant; but I am so far from recanting, or preparing an Excuse for my self, that I shall now make it my business to lay before ye whatever has been omitted by him now, or my self formerly, and that to make ye sensible what manner of Persons they were I expos'd in my late Sale, under the name of *Proud Impositions.* Look therefore to the truth of my Apology, and if it proves sharp and severe, blame not me, but those whose Vices have been the Cause of it. I, after I discover'd what vile Practices necessarily attended the Bar; such as Cheating, Lying, Impudence, Noise, Blustering, and a hundred of the like Qualities, cou'd do no less than abandon these, and flee to your Ladyship's Protection, thinking to live the remaining part of my Life under your Care, as one escaped out of a Storm in a safe Harbour. No sooner had I imbib'd your first Principles, but 'twas impossible for me not to be struck with Admiration at you, and those brave Men, * *The very Directors to Happiness;* Men who seem'd compassionately to help forward those who tended to it. Men who

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give out the best and most wholesome Instructions, wou'd the World observe and practice them, or wou'd but keep close, and firm to their Precepts, and make these things the Rule and Bounds of all their Actions. But Heaven knows how few of our Moderns there are that do it? Many have I seen no great lovers of Philosophy, but the Glory of it was their principal aim, they affected the common outward Habiliments, easie enough for any one to attain to, and gave themselves a distinguishing Title of Philosophers, by their long Beards, grave Carriage, and mean Habit: But finding their Actions run counter to that Title, their Conversation so contrary to their Studies, and the Dignity of their Profession so corrupted, I was justly mov'd with Indignation. It appear'd to me, as tho' a soft effeminate Player shou'd pretend to act an *Achilles*, *Theseus*, or a *Hercules*, who has neither Heroick Speech, or yet Majestick Action enough to bear out the soft Character of *Helen*, or *Polyxine*. *Hercules Callimachus* cou'd ne're forbear, I think I see him now with his Mace, crushing such a fellow together with the representation, for burlesquing him with such a Picture of Effeminacy. Just in this manner have I seen your Characters mimick't, but cou'd no more bear with this impudent Hypocrisy, than I cou'd see Apes pretend to be Heroes, or the *Cuman* Afs in his Tricks, who got on his *Lyon's* Skin, and then forsooth wou'd fain have been a *Lyon* indeed, and brayed out Fire and Sword to the poor ignorant *Cumeans*; till a certain Stranger, who knew an Afs from

from a Lyon, ventur'd upon him, and cud-
gell'd him into his former State again. That
which gave me so great a disgust was this:
When the World see any of these sort of
Galle fall into base, vitious, or misbecoming
Actions, they immediately fall to blaming
Rhikosophy, and thereupon scandalize *Chrysi-
pus*, *Plato*, *Pythagoras*, or any other, whose
Name and Doctrine the Villain has taken up
to act quite contrary: They are these Mo-
dern Philosophers who defame you, who have
so long been dead (I speak of ye as dead, and
not as living) for People seeing them so bare-
faced commit all manner of Impieties and
Villanies, take you for no better, and brand
you with the same Scandal. When I saw all
this, I couldn't contain, but fell to Satyri-
zing 'em, and so banish'd 'em your Compa-
ny; and for this piece of good Service ye
have try'd me for my Life. Would ye
think me an irreligious Man for being angry,
and reproving a Priest who shou'd blaspheme
the Gods, and disclose their mysterious *Ar-
canas*? I No ye cannot. The Master of the
Stage frequently chastise those Actors who
in badly representing *Minerva*, *Neptune*, or
Jove spoil the Character of a God; yet the
Gods are never angry with these Masters for
delivering the Persons and Characters up to
be punish'd, but are rather pleas'd to see 'em
so us'd. To misact a Servant or a Messenger
is a smaller Fault; but to mangle a *Jove*, or a
Hercules, is almost an inexplable Crime. More-
over, this seems most ridiculous, that many
who have throughly attain'd the understand-
ing of your Precepts by their Lives, wou'd
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induce the World to believe they have bestow'd all that reading Pains to act contrary to 'em. All that they say as concerning the *contempt of Riches and Honour, and that Happiness consists in Virtue*; that Men shou'd be free from Anger, dispise Greatness, and count it indifferent: By Heaven, I say, they are all admirable, wonderful and substantial Truths; but these Earth-worms teach for Money, * * * Tēdē-
 make Gods of great Men, and gape at Rewards; they are more snappish than little Curs, more timorous than Hares, more cringing than Apes, more impertinent than Asses, more devouring than Cats, and are sooner altogether by the Ears than Game-Cocks. Who cou'dn't but almost burst with Laughter to see 'em crowding and scuffling about rich Mens Doors, intruding into their Feasts, and then plague their Company with their fulsome untimely Cant, gormandize exorbitantly, find fault with every thing, and make a grave philosophical Discourse against Wine, and so perhaps fall Drunk asleep. Private Persons seeing this, can't but openly scorn and spit at *Philosophy*, for engendring such Muck-worms in Nature. But what's more ridiculous yet, they pretend they want nothing, perpetually crying out, that the Philosopher is the only rich Man, and yet, my Gentlemen, are frequently begging Gratuities, and will be in a Rage if they miss of 'em. 'Tis just as comical as if a Person array'd in a Princely Garb with his Scepter and Diadem, and nothing to distinguish him from a Monarch, shou'd beg about for a pennyworth of Pens. When they are to
 receive

receive any thing, they shall preach ye a long Sermon upon *Liberality*, and make it out to ye, that Gold and Silver are as little to be valued as the Dirt ye tread on. But shou'd an old Friend or Acquaintance, who is in want, come and beg something, tho' never so reasonable of 'em; they are immediately struck Dumb, turn'd beggers commenc'd Fools, and your Philosopher is quite another Man. They make a mighty noise concerning *Friendship*, *Virtue*, and the *principal Good*, but by what I can perceive they are only flying Words, and at the best mere Stalking Horses to favour their daily Disputes. Friends they are in need as long as Money or Interest keep out of the Way; yet shew 'em but an half-penny * the King's Peace is immediately broken, they are at Daggers drawing, all things are in a confusion, Books are thrown away, *Virtue* kick'd out; just as among a parcel of Dogs when a Bone is thrown in, they flie out, fall together by the Ears, and worry him that has got it. ' The Story goes of a certain King of *Egypt*, that had a phansie for teaching a company of Apes to Dance; the Creatures being perfect Mimicks, took the thing very well, and cou'd Dance all manner of ways in purple Cloaks, and in Masks. All Spectators were much pleas'd with 'em for a long time, till a certain merry Fellow in the Company took a few Nuts, and toss'd 'em amongst them, which immediately put these counterfeit Dancing-Masters out of their new Modish *Barees*, into their old Apish *Jiggs* of biting and scratching, and tearing their Masks and Robes, to

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the great Diversion of all the Spectators. These are the very Persons; they are the very same I have expos'd; neither can I ever desist from Satyrizing, Lashing, and Burlesquing 'em.

But as for you and your true Followers, (for some I believe there are who respect *Philosophy*) living up to your Rules, Heaven forbid I shou'd be so much of a Monster as to utter one mis-becoming or undecent Word against; were I so design'd, what could I object! were any of your Actions like their's? No, they are these proud Contemners of the Gods, who have stirred up my Hatred. But as for you, *Pythagoras*, *Plato*, *Chrysippus*, and *Aristotle*, what Relation, what Respect, or what congruity of Manners can ye have with such sort of Cattle? Verily as much as there is between *Hercules* and an Ape: What because they have long Beards, grave Looks, and say they are Philosophers, must they joyn themselves with you? I cou'd in some measure pardon 'em, cou'd they imitate any thing tolerably; but the Scritch-Owl will sooner rival the sweet Nightingale than these, the Philosophers. This is all I have to say for my self, and *Truth* is my Witness, I have said nothing false.

Philosophy, Do you withdraw *Lucian*. Well, your Verdicts, what say ye to his Speech?

Virtue, As I live he said so much Truth, that I wish'd my self under Ground, the whole time he was speaking; I knew the Persons characteriz'd at the first hearing, and thought I saw the distinct Actions of each Man in every Sentence of his. He cou'dn't have

have describ'd them better had he painted them in live Colours; nay, besides their Bodies, he has given the very true Picture of their Souls.

Philosophy, Indeed, *Virtue*, I was a little out of Countenance too. Philosophers, what have you to say?

Philosophers, We can do nothing else but clear him, and hold him for a Friend and Benefactor. We have fairly done like the Inhabitants of *Troy*, provok'd a *Tragedian* to fore-shew us our own Calamities. Let him go on therefore, and as tragically use such Contemners of the Gods.

Diogenes, For my part, I must commend the Man, and renounce my Accusation, so make him my Friend, for he's right honest, I think.

Philosophy, We absolve ye, you have won us all, and from henceforth think your self ours.

Lucian, You are my Patroness: But I have a greater *Tragedy* to act yet, if the renown'd Goddess of *Victory* will farther be propitious, and grant me still the Laurel.

Virtue, What shall we make the * other sitting on't, and summon in those for Punishment who have abus'd us; and will you accuse 'em?

Lucian, That is my Design, Madam. Who waits there? *Syllogism*, make Proclamation for the Philosophers to come out of the City and appear.

Syllogism, Silence 1st Court. O yes! All manner of Philosophers are commanded to appear

* *Δετίς*
negatives.
It is a
Proverb
taken
from
Drinkers;
or else it
relates to
turning
the Hour-
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gain, for
the second
Trial.

appear here in Court, and make answer to *Virtue, Philosophy and Justice.*

Lucian, The De'il a Man comes that I see, they know that harsh Sound, and are plaguy afraid of *Justice*; they are not idle I believe, but are most of 'em now buzzing about your great Men.

Syllogisme, If you have a mind to bring 'em hither, make Proclamation in these Words.

Philosophy, No, no, get 'em together, *Parasitiades,* as you please.

Lucian, That's no hard matter. Silence in the Court here. O yes! This is to give Notice for all manner of Persons pretending to Philosophy both in Name and Title, to repair to the Court for a certain Distribution, each Man shall receive five Pounds, and good store of *Naple-Biscakes*: He who can produce a good lusty Beard, shall over and above receive a Freyl of Figs: He who has any *Modesty, Justice, or Temperance,* let him leave 'em all at home, as Things useless here, but let every Man bring five *Syllogismes* of each *Mode and Figure*; for we can't afford him the name of a Wise Man without them.

*For him two Talents more of Gold lie by,
Who wrangles best and get's the Victory.*

Bless us all! What a tumultuous Company has the naming these five Pounds brought? some are got to the *Pelasgium,* others flock to the Temple of *Æsculapius,* the *Ariopagus* is full; *Talus's Tomb* is ready to be troden down; they have got Scaling-Ladders to get into *Castor's* Temple, all in a hubbub: By

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my

my Soul, like Bees in Swarms they come to my Revenge: They sprout every where, and to use old *Homer's* Words; *Like Buds and Flowers that deck the glorious Spring*. What a plaguy humming is here on a suddain of the Converts; we are compass'd about on every side with Scrips, Beards, Flattery, Impudence, Shifts, Gluttony, Covetousness and *Syllogisms* in abundance. How few are there here, according to our first Proclamation: Here is no Mark or Appearance of any, they are so hid in the crowd there is no distinguishing 'em from the rest; and this is a great Grievance, and what your Ladyship is mightily to blame in, not to give 'em a distinguishing Mark, by which means the Quack-Bastard Philosophers are more in Repute than the true.

Philosophy. I'll take care of't for the future; but let 'em come now.

Platonicks. If it please your Honours, we are to be serv'd first.

Pythagoreans. 'Tis a false Principle: *Pythagoras* was before *Plato*; *Ergo*, we are to be serv'd first.

Stoicks. Ay, so ye shall for a Fly, when we *Stoicks* are your Betters.

Peripateticks. Come, don't ye prate, the Money belongs chiefly to us, according to *Peripateticisme*.

Epicureans. And according to our *Epicurean* principle give us first the *Naple-Biscakes* and Figs, and stay our Stomacks to wait for the Money till some of the last.

Accade-

Academicks, Where are the Two Talents?
They are ours, for we can dispute and
wrangle best.

Stoicks, That we grant ye, if there were
no *Stoicks* here.

Phil. Leave your Branglings. You *Cynicks*,
don't ye scuffle so. Here is no occasion for
Club-Law; for ye are Summon'd upon ano-
ther account than ye think for. I *Philosophy*,
together with Vertue and Truth, are here
assembled to Judge between the true Philo-
sophers and false; the time we shall reward *true*
with a good Name, and future Happiness;
but as for the false ones and Impostors we
shall inflict our utmost severity upon, to
teach 'em more Modesty than to aspire to
what's above them. What's the matter
now? Do ye Scamper? Hey-ding, very fine!
How they tumble one another down Stairs?
There's not a Soul left to stand the Test, but
about Two or so. You, Sir, hand up that
Bag there the *Cynick* threw down for haste;
let's see what 'tis stuf withal, no doubt with
Lupines, old Books, or burnt-Crusts.

Lucian, Nothing like 'em; here's Money,
Essence, a Sacrificing Knife, a Looking-Glass,
and a pair of Dice.

Philosophy, O my Soul! a special Fellow.
Are these your *Viatick*-Crusts that give ye
the privilege to go about, and rail at all Man-
kind, teaching others to do the like?

Lucian, He's a right Modern Philosopher,
but we ought to consider of a way how to
distinguish 'em, that we may know the good
Philosophers and bad ones asunder. *Truth*,
That must be your Province, but ye must

take special care *Falsry* don't put upon ye, and thrust in bad Men ye don't know amongst the good.

Truth, Because *Parresiades* seems Honest, a well-wisher to us, and a particular Admirer of you, *Philosophy* will do this, that is, if he pleases, we'll commission him to take *Argument* along with him, and visit all that pretend to Philosophy: And all those he finds true and stanch he shall call into the *Pritanium*, and Crown 'em with *Olive*. But when he falls in with any of the Miscreant Bastard-Philosophers (I'm sure there's enough of 'em) he shall tear their Coats, give their Goatish-Beards the Tragick Cut, and Brand 'em o'the Forehead with the Picture of a Fox and Ape.

Philosophy, That's well contriv'd: But *Parresiades*, it must be such an Argument as the Sun is to the young *Eagles*; yet for all that, mere looking against the Light shan't be their Touch-stone. But if you can find any one who can stand against an Argument of Gold, Glory and Pleasure, and not be mov'd to take it when 'tis before him, he it is that shall wear the Olive-Branch: But they who look upon it with an evil Eye, and then fall on and seize it, shall be stigmatiz'd and Disbearded.

Lucian. As your Ladyship pleases; but we shall have plenty of Foxes and Apes, but a scarcity of Crown'd Heads. - - - But let me alone, and I'll bring some of 'em back full speed I warrant ye.

Philosophy, How Sir? when they are all out of sight?

Lucian.

Lucian, Yes, if the *Preistess* will but lend me that Line and Fishing-Hook the *Pirean-Fisherman* left for a Relique.

Preistess, Here, take it, and the Quil too, and all that belong to it.

Lucian, Now if you please to help me to a few Figs, and a little Gold.

Preistess, Here they are for ye.

Philosophy, What's the Man about?

Lucian, I'll bait my Hook with Figs and Gold, and sit upon the Wall here, and Angle in the City.

Philosophy, What do ye mean to do, sit here and Angle Stones out of the *Blasguid*?

Lucian, Hold but a little and see the Sport. Now *Neptune*, King of Fishermen, and bright *Amphitrite* * send us a good Makrel Fare. 'Slife, there comes a swinging Pike, zookers, 'tis a Fish of the golden-Order tho'.

* ΠΑΛΟΥΣ
ἡμῖν ἀνα-
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θύων.

Liberty, No, no, 'tis a mere *Sharke*; he comes gaping at the Bait, he scents the Gold, and comes up to't. He bites, he has swallow'd it; strike him.

Lucian, Good *Argument*, help me out with him a little. Up he comes. --- Your humble Servant Mr. *Fish*; let's see what sort ye are of. How he gapes? wonderful, what Teeth he has got? What's the matter Cousin? What, tampering among the Rocks till you are Trapt? You thought to have a fine sculking Hole here didn't ye? but we'll hang ye up now by the Gills a drying, that all the World may taste what you are. Come, let's Unhook him, and get the Bait. Hah! the Hook is bare, he has swallow'd both Figs and Gold.

B b 3

Diogenes,

Lucian,

Diogenes, O! he casts it up again, though.
Come, bait the Hook for another.

Lucian, 'Tis very well, - - - what say ye,
Diogenes, do ye know him, is he one of your
Gang?

Diogenes, I renounce him.

Lucian, What say you? How much is he
worth? I stated him yesterday at Two-
Pence.

Diogenes, That's eight Farthings too much,
he's as nasty as old Ling, and as hard as Stock-
Fish; he's neither Fish, Flesh, nor good Red-
Herring. Take him by the Tayl, and toss
him off the Rock, and throw in for another.
But ye must have a care ye don't break your
Line with 'em.

Lucian, Don't fear't, for there is ne'er
a one of 'em but he's as light, and has as little
substance as a Shrimp.

Diogenes, Ay faith, and lighter too; - - -
throw in.

Lucian, Look there, a flat Fish, it looks
like half a Fish when he's split in two! 'Tis
a Plaice; he Gapes, he Bites; up he comes;
what is he?

Diogenes, He pretends he's a *Platonick*.

Plato, Villain! What, and have a golden
Tooth in your Head?

Lucian, What say ye, what shall we do
with him?

Plato, Toss him after his Leader.

Diogenes, Now for another.

Lucian, There comes a clever Fish, he
seems gay and Party-colour'd through the
Water; he is hung full of golden Bobs, do
you see him *Argument*? 'Tis the counterfeit

Aristotle.

Aristotle, he was coming, but he's now drawn a little back, mind your hits, he bears up again, he has suckt it in: He's Hookt, here he comes.

Aristotle, Don't mention him to me, for I know him not.

Lucian, So then we'll tofs him in again.

Diogenes, Hold, I see a whole Shoal; all one sort of Fish, *Thornbacks* I think, they have rougher outsides, and are more dangerous to touch than *Hedge-hogs*: Now for a Net, if we had it. 'Twill be well enough tho', if we can single one out of the Company. No doubt but we shall have one of the boldest of 'em come for a Snap.

Argument, Lay in if ye please, but Arm your Hook well with Wire first, lest they shear it off and run away with the Gold.

Lucian, There, 'tis in. Now, *Neptune*, for another Lucky Hit: Bless me! how they fight for't, there is almost a hundred nibbling at the Figs, and as many hugging the Gold that they seem to grow to't: Faith, I have ye, one of the best of ye too. Hark, Mr. Fish, what Sect are you of? Hey day! what was I doing, compelling Fish to speak when they're all Mute? *Argument*, Do you tell who was his Master.

Argument, *Chrysippus*.

Lucian, I thought so, by his sipping in the Gold so dexterously.

Chrysippus, I adjure ye by the Goddess of Wisdom to tell me whether you know this Party, or ever taught him this Trick.

Chrysippus, By my Soul, 'twas an uncivil

Question. I wonder ye shou'd think we have to do with such sort of Cattle.

Lucian, Prithee ben't angry, *Chrysippus*, your'e a good Man; we'll send him after his Breth'ren: He's plaguy prickly tho', and wou'd Scower the Gullet of him that shou'd eat him most woundily.

Philosophy, Come, enough, enough, 'tis ill Fishing too long with a Golden Bait; for 'tis odds but one or other bites off Hook and Bait at last, and then you have so much to make good the *Priestess*. Well, we'll, be walking, 'twill be time for ye to make haste back, lest you go beyond your Hour: You, *Parresides*, and *Argument*, take your Rounds, and Brand or Crown all the Philosophers ye meet, as I order'd.

Lucian, It shall be done, Madam. God speed ye great Sirs. Come, *Argument*, we'll go execute the Orders; but where shall we go first, to the *Academy*, *Portico*, or *Lyceum*? 'tis all one, but this I know, go where we will, we shall get rid of very few Crowns, but almost wear out the Searing-Irons with Branding.

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DIALOGUES

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The Sea-Deities.

By Mr. *Savage* of the *Middle-Temple*.

DIALOGUE I.

Between Poliphemus and Neptune.

Pol. O H! Father, how much have I
suffer'd by this cursed Stranger
who first made me dead-Drunk? and then
put out my Eye.

Neptune. Who durst do this *Poliphemus*?

Pol. One *Nobody*, for so he call'd himself
at first but afterwards; being out of my reach
he confest he was *Ulysses*.

Nept. Strange! What, that Prince of
Ithaca return'd lately from the Seige of *Troy*?
But how could he have the Heart to do it,
since he is reputed to be but a Coward?

Pol. Why, returning from the Fields one
day I found a parcel of Fellows in my Den,
who seem'd to lye in wait for some Prey:
And, who, after I had roul'd a great Stone
against

against the Door and kindled a Fire which I borrow'd from a neighbouring Mountain, I discovered to be very willing to get away, but I catching hold of some of them, as they well deserv'd, instantly devour'd 'em whilst this most Sable-Villian, this *No-body*, or, *Ulysses*, gave me an infusion of a certain Drug to Drink, luscious enough indeed, and fragrant, but to Intoxicate one most ready and Violent. For as soon as ever I had drank it, every thing turn'd round with me. My Den seem'd topsy-turvy; neither were I any more in my Senses. Then falling asleep suddenly, he took a pointed Iron red-hot and thrust it in my Eye whilst I Slept, so that from that very time, *Neptune*, I have been Blind.

Nep. Sure you must be very Drunk if you were not awak't with such a Wound! But how could *Ulysses* get away after he had done it, for he cou'd not be able to remove the Stone from the Door sure?

Pol. No, but I remov'd it for him, thinking to meet with him the easier as he went out: But placing my self at the Door, and stretching my Hands abroad, and letting only the Sheep go by, as I thought, to Pasture, I believe he slunk away under some of their Bellies.

Nep. Not unlikely. But why did not you call the other *Cyclops* to your assistance?

Pol. I I did, and they came; but when they askt me the Traytor's Name, and I told 'em *No-body*, they thought me to be Mad, and so left me. Thus this execrable Villain has impos'd upon me with a Name

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But that which vext me most was, that as he went away, he told me that my Father *Neptune* should not have power to Cure me.

Nep. Trust in me Son; I'll revenge thee amply upon him. And tho' it be out of my power to restore thy sight, yet I'll make him know I can save or destroy his Sailors as I please; for he is still in my Dominions.

D I A L O G U E II.

Between *Alpheus* and *Neptune*.

Nep. **W**Hat's the meaning of this *Alpheus*, that you only of all the Rivers that come into the Sea, do neither mix with it, nor lag at all in your Course, but roul through it like Ice, and preserving your sweet Streams entire, do flow Chast and Pure. I can't imagin how you dive into the deepest places, and then like Ducks and Drakes appear again at a little distance.

Alp. O! 'tis a Love! Spell *Neptune*, and which you ought not to blame me for, because I suppose you have been a Subject to the same your self.

Nep. Well, but is it a Woman you love, or a Nymph, or any of the *Nereids*?

Alp. No, 'tis a Fountain.

Nep. Fountain! Of what Country I pray you.

Alp. Why, it belongs to the Island *Sicily*, and is call'd *Arethusa*.

Nep. I know 'tis a fine clear Spring, and as it glides along the Sands, looks like a Silver Stream.

Alp.

Alp. How truly you describe it *Neptune!* Why, 'tis that I am going to look after.

Nep. Go, and be happy in your Love. But tell me first how do you think to see it, since you are in *Arcadia*, and that in *Sicilly*?

Alp. You are too curious, *Neptune*, and I am too much in haste to give you an Answer.

Nep. Your in the right therefore, get you gone to your Mistress and embrace her so close that ye may both seem to be but one Body.

DIALOGUE III.

Between Menelaus and Proteus.

Men. I Do not wonder, *Proteus*, that you can change your self into Water, since you are a Sea-God; nor does your being a Tree startle me, nor is your becoming a Lion past my Belief; but I must confess, when you that live in the Sea transform your self into Fire, you astonish me, and I can't believe it.

Proteus. You shou'd not be astonish'd, *Menelaus*, for I am often wont to do so.

Menelaus. Yes, I've seen you; but yet I fancy there was some Juggle in't, and you deceiv'd the Eyes of the Spectators by some trick or other.

Proteus. And how cou'd I? Was not the Matter plain? Did not you see me transform
my

my self into several Shapes? Which if you won't believe, and do think that I presented an empty Figure before your Eyes; reach me hither your Hand, generous Sir, and feel whether I am Fire or not, or have any power of burning it.

Menelaus, The Experiment might be dangerous, *Proteus*.

Proteus, But you, *Menelaus*, seem to have never seen *Polypus*, or known what happen'd to that Fish.

Menelaus, Yes, I have seen him, and wou'd be glad to know what happens to him from you.

Proteus, Why, whatever Stone he glides over, or Sticks too, he is immediately changed into its colour, and becomes so like it, that the Fishermen are at a loss to meet with him.

Menelaus, So they say, indeed, but this Passage of yours is more incredible.

Proteus, I know not, *Menelaus*, how you shou'd credit others, if you won't believe your own Eyes.

Menelaus, I did see it, 'tis true, but yet 'tis a wonderful thing for the same Person to become both Fire and Water.

DIALOGUE IV.

Between Panope and Galene.

Pan. DIDST thou see, *Galene*, what *Eris* did Yesterday at a Supper in *Thes-saly*, because she was not invited to the Banquet?

Galene, I was not invited neither, for *Neptune* had commanded me to keep the Sea calm: But what cou'd *Eris* do, since she was not present?

Panope, Why, *Thetis* and *Peleus* being led into their Bed-chamber by *Amphitrite* and *Neptune*, *Eris* in the mean time unknown to every body (which was easy then, when some weredinking, others applauding, some list'ning to *Apollo's* Harp, others to the musical Modulations of the Muses) threw into the Hall a certain beautiful Apple, all of Gold, which was circumscrib'd with these Words; *Let the Fairest take it*: Which immediately roll'd, as it were so design'd, to the Feet of *Juno*, *Venus* and *Minerva*: When *Mercury* suddenly snatching it up, read the Super-scription, whilst we *Nereids* held our Tongues, having nothing else to do in the presence of three great Goddesses: But they contended amongst themselves, and every one prefer'd herself with that Eagerness, that I believe they had come to blows, had not *Jupiter* interpos'd and parted 'em: Yet he wou'd not decide

decide their Difference, tho' they earnestly desir'd it of him : But Ladies, says he, I wou'd have you all go to *Ida*, to the Son of *Priam*, who knows how to distinguish your Perfections, and do ye all Justice ; he being a great Student in Beauty, and one who has not hitherto judg'd ill.

Galene, What said the Goddeses to that, *Panope* ?

Panope, Why, I believe they are gone this very day to decide it.

Galene, But will not some body d'ye think come and give us an account of it.

Panope, I can't tell, but this I believe, that *Venus* must needs bear away the Prize, unless the Judge himself shou'd be deceiv'd ; for who more properly can be thought most beauteous, than she that is the Goddes of it.

DIALOGUE V.

Between Tryton, Amymone and Neptune.

Tryton **S**IR, a pretty Girl comes every day to *Nep.* for Water at the Lake *Lerna*, so fair, that I think I never saw a finer.

Neptune, Is she a Slave or not, can you tell ?

Tryton, She's no Slave, but one of the Fifty Daughters of *Danaus*, call'd *Amyone* ; for I have enquir'd both her Name and Condition.
This

This *Danaus* brings his Daughters up to Labour, and makes 'em work hard, and sends 'em to draw Water, and to do many other things, that they might not grow lazy.

Neptune, Does she use to come alone; for 'tis a great way from *Argos*, where she lives, to *Lerna*?

Tryton, Yes, alone, and *Argos* you know is a very dry barren Country; so that she is always forc'd to have her Pitcher upon her Shoulder.

Neptune. You have not moderately affected me, *Tryton*, with this Relation; therefore let's go instantly to see her.

Tryton. With all my Heart; for now's about the time she us'd to come, and I believe she may be half-way already.

Neptune. Get my Chariot ready then, and put the Horses in presently; or rather stop me one of the swiftest Dolphins, and saddle him for me, that I may mount and arrive the sooner.

Tryton, Here's one of the swiftest in the Sea.

Neptune, Very well, I'll get up, and you, *Tryton*, swim along by my side; and as soon as we come to *Lerna*, I'll lye in ambush, whilst you observe when she goes down to the Lake.

Tryton, Ah, look there she is; she's near you.

Neptune, A Virgin truly beauteous, *Tryton*, and in the Flower of her Age too; Let's seize her.

Anyone, Oh Thieves! Thieves! Whither do ye carry me? This is some Kidnapper sure,

sure, or some Pirate sent by my Uncle *Egyptus* to betray me. I'll call my Father :

Father ! Father !

Tryton, Hold thy peace, fair *Amyone*, 'tis *Neptune*,

Amyone, What *Neptune* ! What do you mean to do ? Why do you drag me into the Sea ? You'll drown me ! you'll stifle me !

Neptune, Fear not, no harm is meant you : But from this place where thou stand'st, I'll cause a Fountain to spring near this Marsh, by this stroke of my Trident, and thou shalt be the only One of all thy Sisters, that shalt not carry Water after thy death in a crackt Pitcher.

DIALOGUE VI.

Between *Zephyrus* and *Notus*.

Not. IS not this Heifer, *Zephyrus*, which *Mercury* conducts into *Egypt*, one of *Jupiter's* Mistresses ?

Zephyrus. Yes, *Notus* ; but then she was no Heifer, but Daughter of the River *Inachus* ; for *Juno* made her one out of a Jealousy, that *Jupiter* was in love with her.

Notus, But does *Jupiter* admire her Cow's Face still ?

Zephyrus. Yes truly, and therefore has sent her into *Egypt*, and we are forbidden to breath or raise the Sea, till she is got over ; for she is to Lye in in the least there, and her Son is to be a God, and her self a Goddess.

Cc

Notus.

Notus. What, an Heifer-Goddes !

Zephyrus. Yes, *Notus*, and *Mercury* says she is to rule over Sailers, and to be our Goddes, and we must do nothing but what she pleases.

Notus. Then, *Zephyrus*, we had best go make our Addresses to her betimes, that we may gain her Favour.

Zephyrus. See, she's just arriv'd and swum to Shoar ; and look, she does no more walk upon four Feet, but *Mercury* has return'd her into a lovely graceful Woman.

Notus. A wonder, indeed, *Zephyrus* ! And she no more has Horns, Tail or Hoofs, but is become an amiable delicious Creature : And look again, see what's happen'd to *Mercury* himself that transform'd her ; he's become a Dog.

Zephyrus. Let's enquire no farther into these Mysteries, *Mercury* knows best what he has to do.

DIALOGUE VII.

Between Neptune and the Dolphins.

Nept. **Y**OU do well, *Dolphins*, always to have a love for Man ; and heretofore ye carry'd the Son of *Jus* to the *Isthmus*, and sav'd him from the *Scirrhonian* Rocks, from whence he was thrown headlong into the Sea, with his Mother : And lately you convey'd *Arion* the Harper safe to *Tenarus*, with

with his Bag and Baggage ; nor suffer'd him to be destroy'd by the Mariners.

1 *Dolphin*. You need not wonder, *Neptune*, that we are so kind to Man, since we were once such our selves before we were Fish.

Neptune. And for that reason I blame *Bacchus*, who transform'd ye after he had overcome ye in a Sea-fight ; when he shou'd rather have receiv'd ye into Mercy, as he did others whom he had reduc'd by his Power : But what's the Adventure of *Arion*, tell me, *Dolphins*, for I've almost forgot.

2 *Dolphin*. Why, *Arion* being very much belov'd by *Periander* for the Excellence of his Art, he often sent for him ; so that being very much enricht by the Tyrant, as he one day was sailing home to *Merhymna*, he was so vain-glorious as to brag of his Wealth ; and being lighted into the Boat of a pack of Rascals, he was so foolish as to shew 'em what Gold and Silver he carry'd along with him ; so that when they were got about the middle of the *Aegean-Sea*, they began to set upon him : But he cry'd out (for I heard every word as I swam by the side of the Ship) *Since I find it is your pleasure to deal thus by me, I desire you to permit me first to play my Funeral Elegy and I will voluntarily throw my self into the Sea.* The Mariners agreed ; and he taking his Harp, and playing something very surprising to 'em, leapt into the Sea ; when I being near him, receiv'd him upon my Back, and carry'd him to *Tenarus*.

Neptune. Commendably done truly, he was well paid for his Musick, and you deserve as much for your Care and Diligence.

DIALOGUE VIII.

Between Neptune and the Nereids.

Nept. **L**ET this narrow Sea be call'd *Hellespont*, from the name of this Virgin that was drowned in it; and do you, *Nereids*, take the Body and carry it to *Troas*, that the Inhabitants may bury her.

Amphitrites. No, if you please, *Neptune*, let her be bury'd in this Sea here that bears her Name, for her Misfortunes, and the Cruelties of her Step-mother, have been so great, that they take away our Power to obey you.

Neptune. But she can't remain always upon the Floods, and 'twou'd not be kind to bury her in the Sand; therefore, as I said before, bear her to *Troas* in *Cheisonesus*: But she will have this for her comfort, that her Mother in Law *Ino* will meet with the same Fate; for being pursu'd by *Athamas* with her Son in her Arms, she shall throw her self off from the top of Mount *Cytheron* into the Sea.

Amphitrites. But she ought to be sav'd for *Bacchus's* sake, whose Nurse she was.

Neptune. Not at all, since she is so wicked; for though *Bacchus* deserves it, she does not.

Nereids. But how did she do to fall off from the Ram, since her Brother *Phryxus* was safely carry'd.

Neptune.

Neptune. Oh easily! for he's a young strong Fellow, and cou'd resist the force of the Waves, when she was weak and unus'd to the Saddle: Besides, perhaps her Eyes dazzled to look into the Deep, and her Head turn'd round with the swiftness of the Motion; so that she cou'd no longer keep her hold on the Ram's Horns by which she was supported, and so dropt into the Sea.

Amphitrites. But one wou'd think her Mother *Nephele* might have helpt her in this Disaster.

Neptune. She might have endeavour'd it, indeed; but there wou'd have been no way to avoid her Destiny.

DIALOGUE IX.

Between Iris and Neptune.

Iris. **J**UPITER commands thee, *Neptune*, to raise up that wandring Island that was torn off from *Sicily*, and now swims under Water, and to fix it in the middle of the *Aegean Sea*, that it may be seen.

Neptune. It shall be done, *Iris*; but what use will it be of to him, when it is fix'd and flotes no more?

Iris. Why, he'll have *Latona* to Lye-in there, for she's very near her time.

Neptune. What! Is not Heaven sufficient for that? Or if not, the Earth methinks might be large enough to receive her Offspring.

Iris. No, *Neptune*, the Earth is forbid by *Juno*, by an inviolable Obligation, to be her Refuge; and this Island is not comprehended in it, because then it was none.

Neptune. I apprehend you; Therefore stay thee, Island, and once more rise out of the Deep, neither slide along any farther, but remain immoveable. Prepare thy self to receive two Sons of my Brother, the most beautiful of all the Gods: And you, O *Trytons*, transport *Latona* thither, and let every Wave be smooth; and as for the Serpent, that has hitherto like a Fury pursu'd and frightened her, let him be reserv'd for a Trophy for these young Gods to conquer at their Birth: And do you, go, acquaint *Jupiter* his Command is obey'd, the Island fix'd, and *Latona* may be receiv'd assoon as she pleases.

DIALOGUE X.

Between Xanthus and the Sea.

Xanth. **R**Eceive me into thy Bosom, O Mother, to extinguish my Flames!

Sea. What mean'st thou, poor *Xanthus*? Who burns thee?

Xanthus. *Vulcan*: But, alas, I Broil! I Fry! I Boil over!

Sea. And why did he throw Fire into thee?

Xanthus. Why, because of the Son of *Thetis*; for after I had humbly besought him to desist

desist from slaughtering the poor *Trojans*, he not a whit abated his Rage, but dam'd up my very Channel with their dead Bodies : Whereupon, I pitying the poor Wretches, was resolv'd to draw my Sluces upon him ; wherewith being frighten'd, he ceas'd from the Slaughter : When immediately *Vulcan*, for he was near at hand I suppose, vomited out his universal Flames against me ; whatever he cou'd scrape up, whatever was to be found in *Aetna*, or any other places, he cast with Indignation into my floating Bosom. Thus my Blms and Tamarisk were burnt, my poor unfortunate Fish roasted, my self also very much parboil'd, and almost dry'd up. And now you see how I have been discompos'd and injur'd

Sea. You are discompos'd indeed, *Xanthus*, and hot, which seems to me to be caus'd by Blood, and not by Fire ; and all this deservedly, *Xanthus*, because you design'd Violence against my Son : You ought to have remembered he was begotten a *Nereid*.

Xanthus. Ought not I to have assisted my Neighbours the *Trojans* ?

Sea. Ought not *Vulcan* to have assisted *Achilles* the Son of *Thetis* ?

DIALOGUE XL.

Between Doris and Thetis.

Doris. WHY weepest thou, *Thetis* ?

Thetis. Because I saw a lovely Woman, *Doris*, thrown into a Chest with her.

her new-born Child : All which her angry Father commanded to be thrown into the Sea together.

Doris. What mean'st thou, O Sister ! Is it true what thou hast told me ?

Thetis. Yes ; her Father *Acrisius*, because she was transcendent fair, shut her up in a brazen Tower, and destin'd her to perpetual Virginity : Afterwards (but I can't affirm 'tis true, but they say) *Jupiter* converting himself into Gold, slid down to her through the Tiles ; and the dissolving God taking her into his Arms, got her with Child ; which when her Father came to know, as he was an hard-hearted testy jealous old Fellow, you may be sure he was extremely angry ; and believing her to have been ravished by some body, as soon as ever she was brought to Bed shut her up in this Chest.

Doris. But what said the poor Lady for her self ?

Thetis. For her self, she said nothing, *Doris* ; but for her innocent Infant, she pleaded continually that that might not perish ; and crying and sobbing incessantly, she often shew'd the lovely Babe to its inrag'd Grand-fire ; which pretty Innocence all the while smil'd upon the Waves which were ready to devour it ; which when I do but reflect upon, my Eyes are again fill'd with Tears.

Doris. And you have made me weep too, *Thetis* : But are they dead think'st thou ?

Thetis. No ; for I saw the Chest floating about the Isle *Seriphus*, and they are yet alive.

Doris. Why don't we save 'em, then, by procuring the Fishermen thereabouts to draw 'em up in their Nets.

The-

Thetis. You say well, we'll do so, that so beauteous a Mother, and so amiable an Infant may not be permitted to perish.

DIALOGUE XII.

Between Neptune and Enipeus.

Enipeus
a River
in Thes-
saly.

Enip. **W**AS it well done of you, *Neptune*, (for I must speak the truth) to borrow my Name and Likeness, and to go and corrupt my Mistress, whilst the poor Girl thought all the while she had me in her Arms, and carest me accordingly.

Neptune. Yes; if you were so proud and tardy, to despise so fair a Nymph that was always courting you, and ready to die for you, and whom you seem'd to be always glad to see languish and mourn upon your Banks, and step in and wash her self, and wish to be in your Arms, yet you always slighted her.

Enipeus. What, therefore must you debauch her from me, and dissemble my Shape to betray a poor ignorant Virgin.

Neptune. You are Jealous too late, *Enipeus*, since at first you disdain'd her; and to be sure, *Tyro* was well enough satisfied when she thought 'twas you that ravisht her.

Enipeus. Was she, indeed? No, but you told her when you left her, that you were *Neptune*; and which I'm certain must very much grieve her; and you must own, that I have had a great deal of Injury done me, for the Pleasure which I shou'd have had you rob'd

rob'd me of; and the better to conceal your self, you came to her in a Purple Flood.

Neptune. No matter how I came, I took only what you refus'd.

DIALOGUE XIII.

Between Tryton and the Nereids.

Tryt. **T**HAT Sea-Monster of yours, *Nereids*, which you sent against *Andromeda* the Daughter of *Cepheus*, was kill'd, and did her no harm.

Iphianassa. And by whom I prithee, *Tryton*? Did *Cepheus* lay his Daughter as a Bait, and then set upon him with superior Force?

Tryton. No; but I suppose you remember *Perseus* the Son of *Danae*, who you out of Compassion sav'd, when her Father had shut 'em both up in a Chest, and thrown 'em into the Sea.

Iphianassa. Very well; and I believe by this time he's grown a pretty young Fellow, for he had then a very promising Countenance.

Tryton. Why, 'twas this very Person that kill'd your Monster.

Iphianassa. And wherefore, I beseech you? Was that gratefully done of him, to reward us after that manner?

Tryton. Not at all; but I'll tell you the whole Story. This *Perseus* was sent by *Acrisius* against the *Gorgons*: But after he came into *Lybia*.—

Iphi-

Iphianassa. How, *Tryton*? But was he alone, or had he any arm'd Troops along with him, for this was a something difficult Enterprize, and the way no less dangerous.

Tryton. Oh, he was carry'd through the Air, for *Minerva* had lent him Wings: Afterwards, when he came to the place where they lay, I suppose they were asleep; for he cut off *Medusa's* Head, one of the three, and so flew away with it.

Iphianassa. But how did he do to see 'em; for they say, no body cou'd look upon 'em without being struck dead or blind?

Tryton. Why, *Minerva* gave him a Shield, (for so I heard him telling *Cepheus* and *Andromeda* afterwards) *Minerva*, I say, presented him with a shining Shield; in which, like a Glass, he cou'd discover *Medusa's* Person; so that catching her by the Hair with his Left-hand, and looking in the Shield, and snatching out his Fauchion with his Right, he cut off her Head in a trice; and before her Sisters cou'd be awake, flew away with it. Now as he came over the Shoar of *Ethiopia*, he flew nearer to the Earth; and seeing *Andromeda* expos'd and fix'd to a Rock, exceeding Fair O Gods! and with long dangling Hair, and half naked far below her Breasts: Very much pitying her condition, he ask'd what was the cause of so severe a Sentence; and without an Answer he grew immediately so much in love (for you must know he was destin'd to save her) that he was resolv'd to give her all possible Assistance; and as soon as the frightful Monster approach'd, as it were to swallow her up

up alive, the Youth rais'd himself a little into the Air, and laying one Hand upon his Sword, with which he struck, and with the other holding forth the *Gorgon's Head*, he immediately converted the Monster into Stone: Which done, he releas'd the Virgin from her Chains; and giving her his Hand, help'd her down from the slippery Rock: And his Marriage has been lately solemniz'd in *Cepheus's Palace*; and he has now brought her to *Argos*: So that you see she has met with an honourable Husband, instead of an ignoble Death.

Ner. Truly I ben't much offended at this; for what harm had the young Lady done us? Tho' her Mother boasted her Beauty's beyond ours.

Tryton. None; and the Mother, I believe, was sufficiently punish'd, by the Grief she endur'd for her Daughter.

Ner. Then let's take no more notice, Sisters, of what a foolish Woman has said, but generously rejoice in this Marriage.

DIALOGUE XIV.

Between Zephyrus and Notus.

Zeph. I Never beheld so magnificent a Spectacle upon the Sea, since I had Breath. Didst thou see it, *Notus*?

Notus. What Spectacle do you talk of, *Zephyrus*? and who were the Causers of it?

Zephyrus. Indeed you've lost a sweet Sight, and you'll scarce ever see the like again.

Notus.

Not. I was employ'd near the *Red-Sea*, and likewise blowing over some part of *India*: And therefore could know nothing of the matter.

Zeph. But did'st thou ever see *Agenor*, King of *Sidon*?

Not. Yes, What *Europa*'s Father you mean.

Zeph. The same, 'tis her I'm about to tell you of.

Not. Was not *Jupiter* lately in Love with her? I knew this before.

Zeph. But you don't know what follow'd, therefore, if you please, you shall hear it now from me. As *Europa* one Day went down to the Sea-shoar to take the Air with her Companions. *Jupiter* transforming himself to a very beautiful Bull, walks along with 'em. He was extreamly White, and had large Horns, neatly turn'd, and a very lovely Countenance. And by and by as he walk'd along the Lands, he began to Skip, and Leap, and Dance, and Roar, so agreeably and sweetly, that *Europa* was inclin'd to get up upon him, and did so accordingly; which *Jupiter* finding with a swift and sudden Flight, he bore her into the Sea, and sliding thereinto, swam away with her, whilst she, as she might well, being extreamly Frighted, caught hold of his left Horn for fear she should be wash'd off, and in the other Hand held her Vail waving about with the Wind.

Not. This was a pleasant sight indeed *Zephyrus*, to see Amorous *Jupiter* Swimming and bearing away his beloved upon his Back.

Zeph.

Zeph. But that which follow'd was much pleasanter, *Narus*; for on a sudden the Sea was Still, and Smooth, and Calm, and we were silent, and breez'd along only as idle Spectators of the Solemnity, whilst Millions of *Cupids* flew about us a little above the Water, so that sometimes they would dip their Feet a little; they carry'd lighted Flambeaus, and sung the *Epithalamium*, the *Nereids* too, deep drench'd in the Waves, and sitting on the Back of *Dolphins*, follow'd us, Applauding, most of 'em half naked. All the kinds of *Trytons*, and whatever the Sea contain'd, which was not frightful, join'd in Concert, and Danc'd in Choras about this lovely Nymph. Nay, *Neptune* himself mounting his Chariot, and accompany'd with his dear *Amphitrite* walk'd before and open'd the Way for his swimming Brother. But above all two *Trytons* bore *Venus* lying in a Shell, and strewing all sorts of Flowers before the happy Couple. This Show continu'd from *Phœnicia* to *Crete*, where *Jupiter* had no sooner landed, but he return'd to his former Shape, and taking *Europa* by the Hand, led her into the *Dicæan* Den: The Nymph was very much affam'd, and hung down her Head, as well knowing what she was going about, which done, all return'd into the Sea to their several Posts, and we began to blow and blaster as we did before.

Non. O happy, *Zephyrus*! whilst you saw these fine Things, I had nothing but Grifins, and Elephants, and black Men before my Eyes.

Dialogue

DIALOGUE XV.

Between Doris and Galatea.

Dor. **Y**OUR beautiful Lover, *Galatea*, that same *Sicilian Swain*, they say, is dying for Love of you.

Gal. No Railery on my Lover, good *Doris*, for let his Shapes be what they will, he is yet the Son of *Neptune*.

Dor. What of that? if *Jove* himself had been his Sire, he is a most rough, unpolite, and horrible Figure, and what is the most sharking ugliness that can be in Nature, he has but one Eye: Can you imagine that his Fame and Parentage can be of any Benefit to him?

Gal. It is not his Roughness, nor his rural Unpoliteness that makes him disagreeable, but he is too Masculine; the one Eye in his Forehead will do well enough, for he can see as well with that, as if he had two.

Dor. On my Word, *Galatea*, these Praises of *Polyphemus*, seems as if he were belov'd, as well as a Lover.

Gal. No, no, I do not Love him I assure you, but I can't endure your Pertness in ridiculing him; and what you do seems to me to proceed from Envy. Because, when he was feeding his Flocks, and discover'd us diverting our selves on the Shoar, not minding any one of you, he cast his great Eye wholly on me, as the most Beautiful; this is the source of your Hatred and Envy, that
he

he judg'd me the most charming and worthy of Love, and you of Neglect.

Gal. Why do you imagine that the senseless taste of a Clown and a Shepherd, in thinking you handsomer than us, cou'd ever provoke our Envy? And yet I can't fancy what he cou'd like more in you than us, unless it were your white Chalky Face: And I really believe it was that alone, which proceeds from his eating nothing but Milk and Cheese, and that makes him think that any thing of their Colour must be Beautiful. If you think not so, at any time order your Face in the Sea from some adjacent Rock, when the Waves are calm, and you will find nothing there but a very white Face, which is of no value without a just mixture of a ruddy Complexion.

Gal. But with mere white Face you find I have him for my Lover, at the same time that neither Shepherd, Sailer, nor ever Porter vouchsafes to praise any one of you. But *Polyphemus* (to pass his other Perfections in silence) is a Musician.

Dor. No more of that good *Galatea*, we have his heard Voice, when full of Desire he approach'd you lately with an amorous Song. *Venus* knows that we might easily have mistaken it for the braying of an Ass; but that the Animal has a more Musical Tone. His Lyre was like the Skeleton of a Deer with all the Flesh off, and his Shoulders stuck out like Elbows, to which his Instrument was fast ty'd, which being put in Motion gave a sort of rustical and out of Tune-sound, which he in the mean while sung a Tune quite contrary to what he Play'd,

Play'd, so that we cou'd not forbear bursting out into a Laughter at this extraordinary Love-Song. For Echo tho' loquacious enough disdain'd to repeat his wretched Braying; Nay indeed she wou'd have shewn her self extremely ridiculous if she had so much as try'd to have imitated such an out of Tune Ballad. Besides, this wonderful and dilicate Lover, had his Darling in his Arms, the Cub of a Bear, rough with Hair, and extremely like himself; and who, my dear *Galatea*, cou'd choose but Envy thee, so amiable a Gallant.

Gal. Then prithee, my dear *Doris*, let me see thy Lover, how much more beautiful than mine, who has a better Voice, and more Art in Singing or Playing on the Lyre.

Dori. But I have no Love at all, *Galatea*, nor do I make any boast of my Beauty: But may you still enjoy your rank Lover, who stincks like a Goat, eats raw Flesh; nay devours with his inhospitable Jaws, the very Guests that came to him; and may you love him with an equal Passion.

Of DANCING.

A

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

Lucian himself and Crato.

By Mr. Savage, of the Middle-Temple.

The Argument.

Lucian, in this Discourse, defends the Art of Dancing against one Crato, who had sharply reprehended him for that Exercise, as a thing too soft and Effeminate, and especially unworthy of a Philosopher. He sums up the Honour and Innocence of the Art; First from Antiquity, shewing by many and various Examples, how much that Study was in Request with the Ancients, and how greatly almost all Nations have delighted in it from the beginning, and with what infinite Praises it has always been Celebrated by, as well Poets as others. And then having confuted Crato in his Preference of the Arts and Exercise of Tragedy and Comedy;

medy; He proceeds to shew the Excellency of this Art from the Difficulties to attain it: Teaching us in how many things a Dancer ought to be Skill'd, and endu'd with how many and various Gifts both of Mind and Body. Amongst which he shews us the Effect and Force of the Art. Intimating, that it does not only delight one, but creates a certain becoming and wholesome Agility, and encreases Strength and Vigour: And also begets a certain wisdom of Mind; and reforms our Manners. And that he proves, as well from Examples of Philosophers as Barbarians. And lastly, he musters up some Vices of Dancers, and shews what a mighty prejudice too much Affectation and Niceness do to the Professors of this Art, and how contemptible it renders 'em in the Opinion of the World.

Luc. **W**Hereas you, Crato, have thought good to find fault with Dancing, by a sharp and florid Invective, and to maintain it against me, who have always infinitely delighted in it; and moreover, to Accuse me of spending a great deal of Time in an effeminate and frivolous Foolery. I'll take a little Pains to convince you how much you are in the wrong, and how, thro' an unprofitable Ignorance you have condemn'd one of the best Comforts of Humane Life: But now I think on't, you ought to be born with, having been always addicted to an austere Life, and so may well think no good in any other.

Crat. I wonder, Lucian, that you being a Man, and one that has not been moderately vers'd in the liberal Arts and Studies of Philosophy,

lofophy, neglecting the Exercife of better Things, and an Acquaintance with the Antients, ſhould fit liſtning to a wanton Pipe, and gazing at an Effeminate Fellow, with laſcivious Poſtures and ridiculous Grimaces, acting, as it were, over again, the Amours of the Infamous *Phadra*, *Parthenope*, and *Rhodope*. And this to the noiſe of a fooliſh Harp, all which, with their frequent Reherſals and continu'd din of Stamping and Jumping, are truly Ridiculous and unbecoming a Man of your Parts and Education. Wherefore, when I was thoroughly ſatisfy'd that you gave your ſelf over wholly to theſe Trifles, I was not only aſham'd, but extreamly Concern'd, that you forgetting *Plato*, *Chryſippus*, and *Ariſtotle*, ſhould delight your Ears no otherwiſe than as it were with the Titulation of a Feather; eſpecially when there were ſo many grave and ſerious Things to be ſeen and heard. As chiefly, lofty Tragedy and facetious Comedy, full of Mirth and Inſtruction, and which has been always thought worthy to be ſeen. And therefore, my Friend, you'll have enough to do to defend your ſelf amongſt the Learned. If you have not a mind to be expell'd out of the College of *Letters*. And for my part, I would rather adviſe you to deny your Assertions, than to defend 'em with ſo weak Arguments as you muſt needs have. And I ſhould think it my Fault, if like *Uliſſes*, with-held from the Sea by his Prudence. I did not endeavour to reduce you to your accuſtom'd Studies of learning before you, thro' Precipitancy had deliver'd your ſelf to the treacherous *Syrens*.

For

For their Method was to lay Baits for the Ear, and you are like to be betray'd by your Eyes.

Luc. This is wonderful, *Crato*! What an angry Cur have you let loose upon me? But this Example of yours taken from the *Syrens* is very different from my Case; for all that hearkned to them, excepting *Ulysses*, were punish'd with Death, but to me over and above the extream Pleasure I have receiv'd, the Event has been likewise Prosperous. For if I may boldly speak the Truth, I am not only become more knowing and quicksighted both in Affairs of my Family and Faculty, since I have returned from the Dancing School, but also more ready and active in all Humane Learning: So that you might better have made use of that Verse of *Homer*, upon one that had been both a Spectator and Performer in this Mystery.

Τὸν δ' αὖ μιν ὁ νεῖται, καὶ πλεῖονα ἐίδως.

He left the School both Instructed and Delighted,

Crat. Truly, *Lucian*, I can't but Admire at you, that you are not only not ashamed, but also seem to boast of your Folly: And that which vexes me worst of all is, that you give me no hopes of your Conversion, as long as you are dispos'd to commend such vile and cursed filthy Exercises.

Luc. But tell me, *Crato*, did you ever see what you blame heartily, or do you only rail at 'em at random? For it were unjust to condemn what one knows nothing of.

Crat. See 'em ! And wou'd it become me, think you, with my long Beard and grey Hairs to sit among Women, and Children, and Madmen, Admiring, and with indecent Phraises applauding a Man that were out of his Wits ? for such these Dancers would seem to me.

Luc. Well then, I can't blame you for what you never saw : But if you would give me an Opportunity for a few Hours, and forego a little of your Gravity and Austerity, I would render this Art so Pleasant and Familiar to you, that the next Ball you heard of, you should go half a Day before-hand, to get a Comodious Place.

Crat. But I believe I should not, unless I had an Ape's Tail or a Goat's Beard, or were that poor distracted Creature you all of you are.

Luc. Ha, ha ! But will you lay aside your Railery a little, and give me leave to Discourse to you about this Exercise, and to shew you what Beauties, and Profits, and Pleasures there are in it : As well teaching you Skill in some Things, as Learning in others, and how aptly it composes Mens Minds, and fits 'em for Exercise, and giving admirable Precepts, and represents a certain common Beauty both of Body and Mind. All which it effects with the help of its Sister Musick, and which I should think should not rather deserve blame than Commendation.

Crat. But I must beg your Pardon, I have no leasure to hear a Mad-man commend his Disease : Yet, nevertheless, if you'll needs throw

throw away your empty Trifles upon me, you may begin; and I shall stay in Complaisance only; but you must not expect any Answer, because I shall not understand a Word you say.

Luc. Very good, I desire no more: And I don't question but I shall convince you that these are not Trifles which I am to Discourse about. And first, I perceive you are Ignorant of the Antiquity of this Art; for it was neither invented yesterday or t'otherday, but deriv'd from our Ancestors of a great distance: And they that have given the best Reason when it began, do Affirm, that it had it's rise with the universal Creation of all Things, and equal even with *Love*, one of the Ancientests of the Gods. For the frequent Conjunctions of the fixt Stars with the Planets, their close Communion and constant Harmony, are indisputable Indications of his Divine and Ancient Art: Which by little and little, getting footing in the World, and daily encreasing in Excellency, it at length arriv'd to the utmost height of Perfection, and came to be an Art of various, yet harmonious Measure, and which required much Skill and Experience. *Rhea* is said to be the first that delighted in it, and that she taught it to her Priests as well in *Crete* as *Phrygia*, and which did not prove unserviceable to her; for Leaping and Dancing about, they say, sav'd *Jupiter's* Life, and he gratefully acknowledg'd himself in their Debt; for by their Means he escap'd his Father's Teeth, and so the Monarch of the Heavens own'd his safety to Dancing. But those Priests us'd

to Dance Arm'd, and strike their Swords and Spears against their Shields in Antick Postures, whereby they represented something very Warlike and Furious. Afterwards the better sort of People in *Crete* cultivated this Art with a great deal of Care, and became exquisite Dancers: Not only the private and middle sort of People, but also Men of the most conspicuous Quality. Wherefore *Homer* must not be thought to defame *Merione*, when he call'd him an Excellent Dancer, but that he design'd to commend him: For he arriv'd to that Perfection in this Art, that not only the *Greeks*, but the *Trojans* also, altho' his Enemies had a venerable Esteem for him: For I suppose they observ'd his activeness in War, and his close Order and Motion in Marches and Approches, which he acquir'd only by Dancing. The Verses of *Homer* speak thus;

Μηριόνη, πῶς καὶ κίνου καὶ ὀρυσίν περ ἔοντα,

ἔγχε' ἔμην κατέπαντο ———

*My Spear Merione has soon overthrown thee,
Tho' skill'd in Dancing ———*

Not that I believe he did overthrow him, for being always exercising in his Art, I fancy he might easily avoid the Lance that was levell'd at him. Now, tho' I might reckon up many more Heroes that excell'd in this Art, yet I shall content my self with one only, which was *Pirrhus*, the Son of *Achillis*, who was so dexterous at Dancing, that he invented a Species of it, and call'd it after his

his own Name, *Pyrrhica*; which *Achillis* understanding from his Son, I believe was better pleas'd than with his Strength and Beauty. And thus by the sole industry of Dancing, *Troy*, which had been hitherto Impregnable, was destroy'd and levell'd with the Ground. Also the *Lacedemonians*, who have been esteem'd the most illustrious of all *Greece*, after having learn'd a sort of Dance from *Castor* and *Pollux*, which takes its Name from *Carya*, a Town in *Laconia*; insomuch, that afterwards they did nothing without Singing and Dancing; for to the Musick of the Pipe, and the Measures of the Feet, they regulated all their Marches and Actions in War: And joining Hands, and sounding the Flute, was the chief Signal of an Onset: So that Musick in the Van, and nimble Motions following, bore away the Victory from all Opposers. Then you might see their Youth not less desirous to learn the Art of Dancing, than that of Fighting; for when they had been Boxing and Wrestling, and almost kill'd one another, the Tragedy always ended in Dancing. Then the Piper mounted in the middle of the Throng, and beat Time with his Feet, and they Danc'd about him in Order and Figure, wreathing their Bodies in a thousand Forms, according to the Measure, sometimes Warlike; and sometimes *Bacchus* and *Venus* had their Votaries by more Antick and softer Gestures: And the Song they Sung, for they always had one, most commonly borrow'd its Title from *Cupid* or his Mother, as if they had been one among 'em. One of their Songs, (for they always sung

fung two) contain'd the Precepts of their Art. As, *Lead up Boys, bear your Toes outwards, and Trip along softer* (that is to say) *Dance better*, They did the same thing when they Danc'd the *Hormus*, which is a kind of Figure, like to a Woman's Brest-Jewel, made up of young Men and Maids, with these Motions. The Man led up first with a Posture, Fierce and Warlike, and the Woman follow'd after with Steps Soft and Modest, as it were a design to make an Harmony between the two Virtues of Force and Temperance. They ~~show~~ another sort of Dance, which they call'd *Gymnopodia*, i. e. *Naked Feet*, without speaking of that which *Homer* represented in the Shield of *Achilles*, where *Dedalus* took a round with the fair *Ariadne*, nor of the two Dancers which made dangerous Leaps, and which Measure the same Poet call'd *Κοβισμῆτες*. Again, he tells you that in this Shield,

Κόβει δ' ὀρχισῆτες ἐδύεον.

There you might see two young Men lead the Dance.

Which *Vulcan* had engrav'd upon it as a Mark of his esteem for Dancing. Also 'twas likely that the *Phenicians* delighted very much in Dancing, being a People that abounded in Delicacy, and liv'd in all sorts of Luxury: Therefore *Homer* makes *Ulysses* admiring 'em for this, and also for their continual moving of their Feet. In *Thessaly* also this Exercise was in great Esteem: For the Inhabitants

Compare
with the
Greek.

habitants borrow'd the name of their Magistrates from it, and called them *Προορχιστάς*, that is, *Those that lead up the Dance*: and this the Inscriptions of these States may testify, which they commonly inscribed *to able Men*; for this Title was most in fashion with them. And one *Elation* had a Statue erected to him at the publick Charge, because he Danced, *i. e.* fought well in Battle: I pass by the Feasts and such like Solemnities of the Ancients which were never celebrated without Dancing. As those that *Orpheus*, *Musens*, and others the best Dancers of those days instituted, who were of Opinion, that a Man could not be initiated into Holy Mysteries without Dancing and Musick.

*Αετὺς
οἶν.*

*See the
Greek.*

I will say nothing also of the *Orgies*, because I will not divulge the Mysteries of *Bacchus*, for all the World knows, that when we reveal 'em, we are commonly said to undance 'em. Moreover, No sacred Thing was transacted in *Delos* without Dancing and Musick. The Boys of the Choir us'd to enter and trip about with the Flute and the Harp, and the best of 'em selected, were to make the Dance: Whence the Hymns that were writ for this Choir were called *ῥαπσοδικαῖα*, of which they had always Variety. But why do we all this while talk of the *Greeks* since the very *Indians*, every Morning they rise, Pray to and Adore the Sun. not as we do our Gods, by kissing the Hand; but turning themselves to the East, Salute him with Dancing, composing themselves to Silence all the while; and as it were endeavouring to imitate the Motions of their God.

And

And this is all their Prayer, and Hymn, and Sacrifice, by which twice a day, at his Rising and Setting, they think to appease his Wrath. The *Ethiopians* were us'd to go to War with Dancing: For before ever they drew an Arrow (which were rang'd and bound about their Heads resembling the Suns Rays) they would Dance and Leap about in terrible Gestures, thinking thereby to affright their Enemy. And now 'tis but just since we have been in *India* and *Ethiopia*, we should descend into *Egypt*, where the ancient Fable of *Egyptian Proteus* seems to me to have been nothing else but an Excellent Dancer, a Man greatly skill'd in Imitation, and who had the Art to transform himself into various Shapes and Figures, insomuch, that the moisture of Water, the swiftness and the vehemency of the Motion of Fire, the Fury of a Lyon, the fierceness of a Leopard, the shaking of an Oak; and in a word, whatever he wou'd he could Imitate. But yet this Fable, taking it contrary to the Opinion of every-body, was nothing but what he effected barely by his Wit and Cunning; with which surprizing Faculty, many Dancers now a days are endu'd. And you may see 'em yet imitate *Proteus* in a wonderful manner. And moreover we may add *Empusa*, who could change herself into many Forms, and who was said by the Fable to be a great Dancer. And now besides all these, we ought to search a little into the *Roman* Dancing, and first not to forget the Dance which was consecrated to *Mars*, by his Priests who were thence nam'd *Salis*, and which was a very much Reverenc'd

Order

Order amongst the *Romans*, and profess'd by the Chief Men of the Empire. Neither is the Fable of *Priapus* very distant from this truth, for the *Bythinians* say, that he was a Warlike God, and as I believe, one of the *Tytans* or *Idean Dactyls*, who having receiv'd from the hands of *Juno* the God *Mars*, yet an Infant, but Rough and Manly, learn'd him to Dance well before-ever he meddled with his Exercise of Arms. Wherefore *Juno* allotted him the tenth part of the Spoils obtained in War by *Mars* ever afterwards. Now I cannot think you should expect to hear from me of the *Διονυσιαὶ* and *Βακχικαὶ*, which were both of 'em sort of Dances, nor of the three famous Measures, nam'd *Κόρυμβος*, *Σίκυνος*, and *Εμμέλεια*, which the Satyrs, Ministers of *Bacchus* honour'd with their three Names. *Bacchus* making use of this Art of Dancing, overcame the *Tyrrhenians*, *Indians* and *Lydians*, a People most Powerful. Wherefore, O stupid *Crato*! Consider if it be not Impious to accuse so Divine an Institution and Mystery, and which has been Study'd and Cultivated by so many Deities, and Accustom'd to be practis'd to their Honour: Also, which was an Exercise that brought both Profit and Delight. But I cannot but Admire at you the more, since I know you to be a great Admirer of *Homer* and *Hesiod* (for I must return again to the Poets) and therefore do wonder with what Face you can contradict their Opinions, who above all things commended Dancing: For *Homer* reckons it amongst the most agreeable Pleasures in Nature, as *Sleep*, *Love* and *Musick*;

sick; and gives it the Title of *Unblameable*, ascribing only Sweetness to Musick, which is its inseparable Sister and Companion; and yet you pretend to quarrel with it as a thing Useless and Vain. Also in another place of his Poetry he writes,

Ἄλλο μὲν γὰρ ἔδωκε θεὸς πολέμια βέρα.
Ἄλλο δ' ὀρχήσθαι τε, καὶ ἰμεγέσθαι ἀοιδῶν.

*For Jove does some with Martial heat inspire;
Gives others Dancing, or a charming Voice.*

And sweet certainly must that Musick be, which is joined with Dancing, being the fairest Gifts of Heaven. Also in another place he puts it in parallel with War, saying, That the Gods gave Courage and Strength to some, and the Art of Singing and Dancing to others. And *Hesiod*, as you may well remember in the beginning of his Verses, tells you, that he saw the Muses about Sun-rising Dancing about a Fountain near an Altar that was Consecrated to their Father *Jupiter*. And yet you, gentle Sir, as if you knew not the Danger of contesting with the Gods, have blasphemed the sacred Art of Dancing. Also *Socrates*, one of the wisest of Men, if we may believe the Oracle that Reports this of him. After the Example of the Gods, not only commended this Mystery since it contributed so extremely to the Perfection of Behaviour and comely Motion, but also resolv'd to learn it in his old Age, and make use of it equal with his more serious Studies. And truly he would have been in the wrong

to have found fault with it, since he did not stick at being seen in the Assemblies of Musicians only, but also often frequented the Courtesan *Aspasia*. And I am very well satisfy'd, if he could but see it now at the Perfection it is at present arriv'd to, (for he never saw it but in its Infancy): He would quit all other Studies for it; and it should be the first and chiefest Thing he would learn his Scholers. And you seem to me, while you commend Tragedy and Comedy, to have forgotten that Musick and Dancing has a great part in both, viz. in Tragedy the *ἑμμελεια*, and in Comedy the *Κόρδαξ*, and sometimes a third, when the *Σίνυρις* is made use of. But since you prefer Tragedy and Comedy so much as more agreeable to the Eye, let's compare them and Dancing together, and see the difference. And first for Tragedy, let's take notice of it's Habits: As what a ridiculous thing is it to see a Fellow stalking a long upon a pair of high-heel'd Buskins, with a frightful Mask on, and a wide gaping Mouth, as if he meant to devour his Spectators. Not to mention what belongs to his Breast, Belly, seeming Dropsie and Artificial thickness. All which he does the better to conceal the disproportion of his extravagant height, with his thin Meager Carcass. Then bawling aloud, and wreathing his Body in a thousand antick Gestures, Toning Jambicks, and what is yet worse, endeavouring to modulate Miseries, and by his Voice alone render himself enough Obnoxious. Yet in some things the Antients priz'd it, for as long as *Andromache* and *Hecuba*

cuba were Acting, Singing was tolerable: But when *Hercules* enters upon the Stage, whining out a mournful Ditty, unmindful either of himself, his Lyon's Skin or his Club. What Man in his Senses would not term it an unpardonable Solecism? So that what you reprehend in the Art of Dancing, as fitter for Women than Men, may be better said of Tragedy and Comedy, where there are commonly more Women or Effeminate Creatures, as the ridiculous Persons of Scaramouches, Fiddlers, &c. may well testify. But the Habit of Dancers, how Comely and Decent it is, I need not say, since it will appear to every Body that is not Blind. But this I may Aven, that the Person is commonly Becoming and Agreeable to what he Represents; not unmannerly gaping, like those before, but modestly Silent, for he has others that stretch their Lungs out for him. Yet heretofore Dancers did both, but afterwards, it being consider'd, that the continu'd Motion might cause a shortness of Breath, which might not be sufficient to form the Tone, it was provided, that others shou'd Sing to 'em. Moreover the Argument may be partly common to both, for Dancers differ from Tragedians only, that their Motions are more various and comely, and their Rules more Learn'd. And if Dancing in *Greece* had not an establish'd Reward as other Arts, I believe it was because they found it above a Recompence, or thought it had something of Divine in it, and therefore were afraid to meddle with it. Here I think good to give a Reason why I pass by some Things

Things in my Argument, that I might not be thought to have done it out of Ignorance. For I know very well, that many before me have writ Books of Dancing, and taken a great deal of Pains about 'em too, infomuch, that they have given account of the several Motions of all Times and Nations, with their different Names and Authors; and all this, I suppose, to shew their Reading. But my Design being only to shew the Pleasure and Profit of this Exercise, especially from the time of *Augustus*. I content my self only to speak of those Dances that have been most common, since then, for I look upon those before, to have been nothing else but bare Fundamentals of this Art. But my Discourse is upon the Flower and absolute Fruit of Dancing, which Perfection it has at present attain'd to. And not pedantickly to Gloss upon those that are out of Use, as the *Cranes* Dance, and such like. Neither is it out of Ignorance that I have said nothing of that *Phrygian* Dance, which was to be perform'd when People were Drunk; where Country-Fellows with rude, irregular, and laborious Leaps, Danc'd to the soft Musick of the Flute, and which is still in use among such sort of People. Also *Plato*, in his Book *de Legibus*, Approves the one and Condemns the other, dividing 'em into Pleasant and Profitable, and altogether banishes the Indecent and Petulant. So that this may suffice to be said of all that belongs to Dancing; for it were a foolish thing to descend into all the Particulars. But I shall now shew you the Qualities that a good Dancer ought to

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have,

have, and endeavour to Convince you, that this Art is not so easie, but, which has a great Affinity with almost all sorts of Learning; as not only Musick, but Arithmetick, Geometry, and your Philosophy, Phisicks, and Ethicks. But the superfluous *Ergo's* of Logick, I must confess it has not much need of. Then Rhetorick, of which it is a part, instructs it in it's Manners and Affections. Painting and Sculpture in Countenances, and different Postures; so that it does not give way to neither *Phidias* or *Apelles*. But above all, he has need of a good Memory, that like *Calchas* in *Homer*, he may know,

Τὰ τ' ὄντα, τὰ τ' ἰσθόμενα παρὰ τ' ἔοντα.

What are, what have been, and what e're shall be.

And to have 'em always ready in his Mind to make use of upon Occasion. Also he ought to know how to explain the Conceptions of his Soul, and discover his Sentiments by outward Gestures and Motions of his Body, and what *Thucydides* said in Commendation of *Pericles*, should be said of him, *That he knew what would become him, and so behav'd himself accordingly*; and withal, he ought to be Subtle, Ingenious, Judicious, and to have a very delicate distinguishing Ear. And for this purpose antient History would furnish him sufficiently. For he ought to know all that was Considerable immediately from the beginning of the World down to *Cleopatra*; for this Copious Science comprehends all this vast

vast extent of Time, and principally the Fables of the most Celebrated Persons. As first, Saturn's Gelding his Father *Cœlum*, the Battle of the *Tytans*, the Birth of *Jupiter* and *Venus*, the Fraud of *Rhea*, the Imposture of a Stone, the Prison of Saturn, the Division of the World by lot, between the three Brothers. Then the Revolt of the Giants, the Theft of *Prometheus* and his Punishment, the forming of Man, the force of both kinds of Love. After these, the moving of the Isle of *Delos*, the Lying-in of *Latona* with her Agonies, the killing of the Serpent *Pytho*, the Design and Subtilty of *Tytius*, the middle of the World found out by the flight of *Eagles*, the Deluge of *Deucalion*, the Ark where were preserv'd the Remains of Humane Race, the Stones that Repeopled the World, afterwards, the tearing to pieces of *Iachus*, the Craft of *Juno*, the burning of *Semele*, the two Births of *Bacchus*. Next, all that was said of *Minerva*, *Vulcan*, and *Erichonius*, with the Difference about the Country of *Athens*, and the first Judgment given upon it in *Areopagus*; and lastly of all the Fables of that Country: Particularly the Adventures of *Ceres* searching after her Daughter *Proserpine*; the Hospitality of *Celus*; the Invention of *Agriculture* by *Triptolemus*. How *Icarus* planted the first Vine, the Calamities of *Erigone*. Moreover, whatever has been reported of *Boreas*, *Arithius*, *Thesens*, and *Ageus* his Father. To which you may add, how *Medea* was there receiv'd, and her flight into *Persia*; the Story of the Daughters of *Erethens* and *Pandian*, and all that they have done and suffer'd in *Thrace*. I

would not have him neither Ignorant of *Philis* or *Acamas*, or the first Rape of *Helena*. Nor the Enterprize of *Castor* and *Pollux* against the City of *Athens*. Nor the Death of *Hypolitus*, or the return of the *Heraclides*, for all these belong to the *Athenian* History, and which I have made use of beyond the rest, for Example and Illustration's sake. Then those which follow, *Megara*, *Nisus*, *Sylla*, the Purple Hair: The Passage of *Minos* and his Ingratitude to his Benefactorefs, the Mount *Cytheron*, the Troubles of the *Thebans*, and the *Sabdacida*, The Voyage of *Cadmus*, the lying down of the Ox, the Serpents Teeth, the Men that were rais'd from 'em, the turning of *Cadmus* into a Dragon, the building of the Walls of *Thebes* to the sound of the Harp; the Destruction of the Builder, the Boasting and Vanity of his Wife, her Punishment. Then follows what hapned to *Actaon*, *Pentheus* and *Oedipus*: Also *Hercules*, and all his Labours, and the murther of his Children. Next *Corynth* it self abounds with Fables. As those of *Glaucæ* and *Creon*, and before them, *Bellerophon* and *Stenobeus*; the fight of the Sun and *Neptune*, the madness of *Atamas*, the flight of the Children of *Nephele* thro' the Air upon a Ram. The Reception was made by the Sea Gods of *Ino* and *Melicerte*. Afterwards the History of the *Pelopides*. Of the People of *Mycena*, and before them of *Inachus*, *Io*, *Argus*, *Atreus*, *Thyestes*, *Europa*, the Golden Fleece, the Marriage of *Pelopia*, the Murther of *Agamemnon*, the Punishment of *Clytemnestre*, and higher yet, the Enterprize of the seven Princes against *Thebes*, the Reception

Reception of *Adrastus's* Fugitive Sons in Law, what the Oracle answer'd upon this Subject, the burying of the forbidden dead Bodies, and thereupon the Death of *Antigone* and *Meneceus*. Also what hapned in *Nemæa*, *Hypsipile* and *Archemoras*. These ought all to be treasur'd up in a Dancer's Memory. And before these the Prison of *Danae*, the Birth of *Perseus*, his Engagement with the *Gorgons*, to which belongs the History of *Æthiopia*, *Castiopeia*, *Andromeda*, *Cepheus*, which were plac'd in the Heavens after their Death, by over-credulity of Men. He should not also be ignorant of the antient Deeds of the two Brothers, *Danaus* and *Ægyptus*, and the fraudulent Marriage of their Children. Neither can *Lacedemon* furnish you a little with these sort of Stories: As the Amours about *Hyacinth*, where *Zephyrus* is *Apollo's* Rival; the Death of the Boy by a Quoit, and of the springing up of a Flower out of his Blood, and the Characters of Grief that it bore imprest upon it; the restoring of *Tyadarus* by *Esculapius*, and *Jupiter's* extream Anger against him for doing it. The Voyage of *Panris*, after the Judgment of the three Goddesses; His Receptions with *Menelaus* and the Rape of his Queen *Helena*. For 'tis plain, that the History of *Troy* was join'd to that of *Sparta*, and might furnish an ample Relation of it self, every one being able to be a Subject apart. And of these the Dancer ought to be remember'd, and particularly of all that hapned from the Rape of *Helen* to the return of the *Greeks*; as the Love of *Dido*, and the wandering of *Æneas*: To which the Fable of *Ore-*

stes may not improperly belong, and his Adventure among the *Scythians*; not that which hapned before, I mean *Achillis's* living among Women in the Isle of *Scyrus*, the dissembled Folly and Madness of *Ulysses*, the forsaking of *Philoctetes*, and all the Wandrings of this Heroe *Circe*, *Telegonus*, and *Calypso*, *Eolus's* uncontrollable command over the Winds, with all the rest even to the Death of *Penelope's* Courtiers. And before these the Snares laid against *Palamedes*, the Rage of *Nauplius*, the Distraction of *Ajax*, and the drowning of another of the same Name. Also *Elis* is able to afford a great many Arguments to Dancers. As for Example, *Oenomaus*, *Myrtilus*, *Saturn*, *Jupiter*: The first and chief Wrestlers at the *Olympick* Games; also there's a great Harvest of Fables in *Arcadia*, viz. The flight of *Daphne*, the wild Life of *Calisto* after her great Belly, the Drunkenness of the Centaurs, the Birth of *Pan*, the Amours of *Alpheus*, and his Voyage under the Sea into *Sicily*. Hence passing into *Crete*, you may meet with *Eurapa*, *Pasiphae*, both the Bulls, the *Labourinth*, *Arcadne*, *Phædra*, *Androgeus*, *Dædalus*, *Icarus*, *Glaucus*, the Prophecy of *Polyides*; and lastly, *Talus*, the Brazen Patron of the Isle. And if you go thence to *Ætolia*, you may meet with *Althæa*, *Meleager*, *Atalanta*, *Dalus*, the Combate of *Hercules* against the *River* *Achelis*, the Generation of the *Sirens*, the Original of the Isles *Echinades* and their Scituation, after the Anger of *Alemanon* was over. Then follows *Nessus* the Centaur and the Jealousie of *Deianra*, which occasion'd the burning of *Hercules* on Mount *Feta*.

Thrace

Thrace also would be of Use to the Studious Dancer: As first, of *Orpheus* and his being torn in pieces, his Head afterwards speaking and swimming along with his Harp, then *Hermus*, *Rhodope*, and the Punishment of *Lycurgus*. After these comes *Theffaly*, who has more Subjects, as *Pelias*, *Jason*, *Alcestes*, the Fleet of the *Argonantes*, *Argos*, and it's speaking Ship; the Adventures of *Lemnos*, *Ate*, the Dream of *Medea*, and tearing to pieces of her Brother *Absyrtus*, and the rest of her Misfortunes; afterwards *Prolesilaus* and *Laodamia*. And if you repass again into *Asia*, you shall presently meet *Samos*, the Calamities of *Polycrates*, and the Wandrings of his Daughters into *Persia*. Not to mention what is antienter, as the indiscreet babbling of *Tantalus*, the Shoulder of *Pelops* serv'd up to the Gods in a Banquet, in the room of which they sent him one of Ivory. In *Italy* you may find *Eridanus*, *Phaeton*, and his Robbing Sisters chang'd into *Poplar-Trees*, and which distil Amber: Here he may also find the *Hesperides*, and the Dragon which kept the Golden-Apple; the Labour of *Atlas* and *Geryon*, and the carrying away of the Oxen of *Arythia*. Neither should he be ignorant of any of the least of these fabulous Transformations, whether they were into Trees, Beasts, or Birds, or Men, or Women. As those of *Cæseus* and *Tyrchesias*, and others of the like Nature. In *Phœnicia*, the Fable of *Myrrha* and the Death of *Adonis*. He may learn also after the *Macedonian* Empire, what *Antipater* and *Seleucus* attempted for the love of *Syratonice*. As to the hidden Mysteries of

the *Egyptians*, he'll better comprehend 'em by the Motions and different Gestures of his Body, as *Epaphus*, *Osyris*, and the changing of the Gods into the Bodies of Animals. But particularly their Amours and their Metamorphoses: He may be acquainted also with the Tragedy of Hell, it's Punishments, and the Causes of 'em; the Friendship of *Theseus* and *Perithous*, preserv'd even to this Day. And that I may conclude all in a few words, he may not be Ignorant of all that ever *Homer*, *Hesiod*, or any other of the Poets, and principally the Tragedians have ever invented. Thus I have run over a few out of many, or rather a Select Company out of an Infinite Number; not to speak any thing of new Subjects, that one may invent every day; all which are necessary to prepare the Dancer, and which he ought to understand perfectly well, and to have 'em ready upon all Occasions, without having need of a Prompter or Interpreter; so that as the Oracle of *Apollo* said, the Spectator of Dancing ought to be understood without hearing of any Body speak. And which *Demetrius* the *Cynick* Confest after he had, like you, Condemn'd this Art, and Averr'd that it was nothing but a Sequel, and Substitute to Musick, and to which they had added Gestures and Postures to make it better understood, but that they were for the most part Vain and Ridiculous, and People that suffer'd themselves to be deceiv'd by the Miene, Habit and Harmony. Then the Illustrious Dancer of *Nero's* time who had an Excellent Body and understood his profession, passing well, desir'd him first to

see

see him performe a Part, before he was so much out of Conceit with it; and causing the Voices and Instruments to cease, Represented before him the Adultery of *Mars* and *Venus*, where was seen the Sun discovering them; *Vulcan* hampering them in the Net, all the Gods running to gaze at 'em; *Venus* o'er spread with Blushes, *Mars* Trembling and Supplyant, and in a Word, all that that Fable contains, manag'd with so great Dexterity and Artifice that the Philosopher abundantly satisfied extravagantly Commended him. And cry'd out with a loud Voice: *I hear young Man what you do; and I not only see, but with your Hands themselves you seem to speak.* But since discoursing of those Times: I'll Relate to you, a Testimony of a *Barbarian* upon his Art and Artist.

A certain Prince of *Pontus*, coming to *Nero's* Court about some Affairs; and seeing this Famous Dancer Trip it with so great Address; he tho' he understood nothing of what was Sung; (For he was but half a *Greek*,) yet Miraculously Comprehended all. And when he was about to Return to his own Country; and *Nero* had very Liberally and Royally Entertain'd him; if, says he, you would give me this Dancer, I should take it for the greatest Obligation I have received? And *Nero* asking him what he would do with him? He answer'd, that he had a great many Barbarous Enemies his Neighbours, and whose Language he did not understand. Therefore, this Dancer might serve for his Interpreter, to make them Comprehend him by Gestures and Signs. The perfection then of this Art is, to Counterfeit so Exactly the Person it Represents as there should be neither Gesture, nor Posture, that does not agree altogether with the Original: And above all, to keep close to the Character, whether the Sentements be of Peer or Peasant. Therefore I'll tell you of another
Bar-

Barbarian; who when he saw Five Habits prepared for a *Mask*; for of so many the Fable was to Consist: And but one Person appear'd to Act; Enquir'd who were to Perform the other Parts. And being answer'd, he was to play them all. I knew not said he, that in one Body there could be so many Souls. Therefore the *Romans* have call'd a Dancer *Pantominu*, i. e. A Player; and to whom may be Apply'd that saying of the Poet.

O Son, Resemble the Fish, in taking all sorts of Colours, and Polypus whatever Regions you come into change according to the Diversity of Affairs.

For Dancing promises it self a Possibility to Represent, all the different manners and Passions of Men: And to Counterfeit as well the Joyful as the Angry; the Mad-man as the Melancholy. And all these keeping his Measures. As to Introduce the same Day Mad *Athamas*; and Trembling *Ino*. Then *Atreus*, and a little afterwards *Thyestes*, then *Aegyptus*, next *Europa*. And for one Man to do all this. The other Things that we see and hear are One, that is, which Represent but one only *Idea*, but the Player is above many Things: And 'tis pleasant to see the Variety and Diversity of his Apparel. For sometimes he's a Fidler, or a Harper, or a Singer; and sometimes a Tragedian, and sometimes a Comedian. In other things, the Function of the Body and Mind are different; but here they are the same: For there is no slip made but there is a Reason for it. Wherefore *Lesbonax* of *Mytilena*, a Good and Honest Man, said, that Dancers were Wise in their Hands and Feet; and therefore went to see 'em perform; thinking to return Instructed. And *Tymocrates* his Master, seeing a Dancer in a Mask, Good Gods! says he, What Pleasures have I depriv'd my self of by these Scruples of my Pro-

Profession? And if it be True what *Plato* said of the Soul; that there are Three Parts of it. First, the Irascible, Second the Concupiscible, Third the Reasonable, a Dancer may be said to Represent 'em all: As the Irascible when he Counterfeits the Mad-man: The Concupiscible when he Acts the lower; and the Reasonable when he plays a more Moderate Passion: Or rather this last quality is scatterd thro' all the Parts of Dancing: As Touching is among all the Sences: On the other Hand having no other Object to entertain him, but Beauty and a decent Behaviour of Body, does not Confirm the Opinion of *Aristotle*, who place Beauty in the Third Rank of good Things.

We may say that his Silence has something of the Philosophy of *Pythagoras*. Add to this, that Dancing contains in it self both Profit and Delight; and which has been the extreamest Point of perfection in the Judgment of the greatest Men: And Profit is so much the more so, when it is join'd with delight. For how much more Agreeable is this Spectacle than those where you see young Fellows Boxing and Wallowing in Blood, Dust and Dirt. And which is sometimes Counterfeited in Dancing, but sure with less Danger and more Satisfaction. For these swift Motions, nimble Turnes, airy Capers; briks Whirlings, supple Somersets, and such like, rejoyce those that see 'em, and Exercise those that do 'em, and render the Members more Active; and the Body more strong and Vigorous: So that this may be sufficient alone to recommend the exercises of the *Acamedy* to Posterity. Why then should not this Art have the Preeminence of all others, which Exercises at the same Time both Body and Mind; Contents the Eyes and Ears, by the Assistance of Poetry: And Musick, and lastly Instructs the Spectator: For what can there be more Sweet,
more

more Aimable, and Melodious than the Voice Concert with the Fiddle and Flute: And these you may be plentifully entertain'd with in all Dancing? What can there be more full of Instruction, than the Ancient Fables? There you may see Represented on the Stage Love or Hatred: Trouble or Anger; Pitty or Cruelty: And thereby you may Reforme your Manners accordingly. I do'nt Speak of the Force and Address of the Dancer, so 'tis a Master Peice, and as rare a thing to meet with as to find in the same Person both Softness and Majesty. And now I am to tell you, what Qualifications of Body and Mind, are requir'd in an Excellent Dancer: As first, those of the Mind I have Mention'd most before: As that he ought to have a good Memory, and be Cunning, Prudent, Ready at Invention, and to foresee Advantages; and moreover to be a great Master of Poetry; and a great Satyrists against Vice. And as to the Perfections of the Body: I shall describe 'em according to the Method of *Polycletus*, viz. That he should not be too Tall, nor too Short, nor too Fat, for that would not become him, nor too Lean, for such an one looks like a Skeleton. For as the People of *Antiocia*, who were exceedingly Skil'd in Dancing: When they saw a little Fellow pretend to Act *Hector*, they Demanded with a loud Voice where *Hector* was; for this seem'd to them but *Astianax*; another time, when an Huge Tall Fellow Represented *Capanes*, under the Walls of *Thebes*, they told him, he had no need of a Scaling-Ladder, to take the Town: And when once a Fat Fellow would needs strain himself to an Extravagant Leap; we desire you, Cry'd they, not to break the Stage. And to a lean and Sickly Wretch, that he should take care to Cure himself; and not to mind Dancing: And all these were Railerys very full of Instructions; and which inform'd us that the

the generality of Poople in those Days were Skill'd in this Exercise ; and very knowing both in it's Defects and Perfections : Also the Dancer must have his Body Firme and Supple at the same time, that he may stop himself on a Sudden ; and turn in an Instant : And which he may imitate from the Wrestler, as he does his Gesture from the Orator, and so he may participate of the Virtues of *Hercules*, *Pollux* and *Mercury*. *Herodotus* says, the Eyes are more faithful than the Ears ; because one sooner believes what one sees than what one hears : But hear the Judgment of both are necessary. Moreover Dancing is so Powerful, that it can Cure a Lover of his Passion ; and a Melancholly Man of his Sadness ; tho' the one had Drank a *Phikre*, and the other *Opi-um* : And it is also so Natural a Representation that it can cause Joy or Grief, according to the different Subjects. The People of *Pontus* and *Ionia*, were so extreemly afflicted with the Fable of *Bacchus*, altho' it were very Satyric, that they frequented it as often as it was Acted, and which was not very seldom ; and laying aside all other Affairs, they spent their whole time in seeking the *Tytans*, *Satyrs* and *Corybantes*, which were all noble sorts of Dances ; and which the best Men in every City were not asham'd to bare a Part in, but rather Gloried in it more than in their Honours, and Dignities. And now since I have Run over the Virtues of a Dancer, I desire you to take a few Views along with you, tho' they bear but a small proportion with the others : I have already spoken of those of the Body, see those of the Mind ; many may see intolerable Solecisms in Dancing, and take the Cadence wrong, for the Musick means one Thing, and the Feet follows another. Others are Confounded and deceived by the Resemblance Represent one thing for another : As he that presented the Calamities of *Thyestes*,

Thyestes, for the Birth of *Jupiter*, and the History of *Saturn*; because there was some Similitude, and that they both Eat their Children. Again, another Acting *Semele* struck with a Thunder-bolt, made her seem to be *Glauce*; because in the End they were both destroy'd by Fire: But I cannot think it reasonable, that the Art should be Condemn'd for the Ignorance of the Artist; but those ought to be blam'd only who Acted contrary to Rules and Methods: And those to be commended that observe 'em: A Dancer then ought to be absolutely Skill'd in all measures; all his Motions ought to be Regular, Comely, Congruous, not unlike himself, nor Subject to Reprimand and Calumny; but most perfect and unblamable: Also a Dancer ought to have calme and unclouded Thoughts of all Things: to be Acute in Learning, Profound in Conception, and quick in Invention; so that he may deserve a perfect Praise from his Spectators; and if it were possible, that those he Represents might be present, they might see as it were in a Glass their different Manners, in his Motions and Actions, then would Men not be able to Contain themselves, but Crow'd together to Celebrate his Commendations, when they should see the very Picture of their Souls and Bodies, and acknowledge it such: Then might they meet with what is so different to find; the *Delphick*, *Nosce te ipsum*: And leave the Theater Instructed in what they ought to do, and what they ought to avoid. But as in an Orator, so also in a Dancer, a Decorum ought to be observ'd, and one ought not to Transport one self too much: For too much Affectation is as great a Vice in Dancing as in Eloquence; and where one Exceeds the Bounds and measure of a thing one is to Represent, or where one makes a thing too great or too soft, and Effeminate where they should be but Moderately so.

And

And some Men Transport Human Actions equal with those of wild Beasts : For so a Celebrated Dancer of my time, Representing *Ajax* when he was Mad, and neglecting the Decorum of Dancing, he Behav'd himself so that one would have Sworn that he not only Acted a Mad-man, but was really one himself : For he tore a Fellows Cloaths off that beat Time before him with Iron-Shooes, as the Custom then was, that he might make the more Noise : And afterwards snatching a Musician's Fiddle out of his Hand, he gave him that Represented *Ulysses* such a Blow on the Head, that I believe he had Cleft his Skull if his Cap had not broke the Blow : Whilst the Theater seemd a *Bedlam*, and every one of the Spectators as Mad as he, for they Clapt, and Gapt, and Bawld, and seemd Ravisht with this Extravagance, for the Mob knowing no better, thought this an Admirable Imitation : But the wiser sort of People tho' they were asham'd of so unseemly an Excess, yet did not discover it by Silence, but Endeavour'd to hide it by Condemning the Dance, for they saw plainly this was not *Ajax*, his Madness ; but the Fellow that Acted him, and who afterwards was not Contented with this, but was Resolv'd to do something, yet more Ridiculous : For having perform'd his Part, he went to the Senators Seat, and plac't himself between two that had been Consuls, where upon, with Reason enough you'l say, they Removed from him, as from some wild Beast. This Boldness in him some Wonder'd at, and some Commended, but others suspected it to proceed from too much Affectation, which at last was imputed unto a down right Madness : But afterwards when he came to himself, he was so Exceedingly Troubled at his Extravagance, that he fell sick, and being ask't whether he would ever Dance the same over again, he answer'd, That
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the shortest Follies were best, and that it sufficed, that he had been but once Mad in his Life time. But that which vex't him worst was, that one of his Rivals afterwards Represented the same Subject without falling into the same Faults, and wandring from the Limits of his Characters, and who was approv'd and applauded of all that saw him: And thus *Crato* I have finish't my discourse, on what I pretended to Vindicate; and if you'll afford me your Company one Day to Contemplate this Diversion, I'm very well assur'd you will not be less taken with it than me; and you'll have no Reason to Complain, as *Circes* did of *Ulysses*, that it's Charms can have no Power over you: But on the Contrary, your Soul shall be so Transported, and you shall be so delighted with this sweet Poison that you wont care to have to do with any other: And instead of Transforming you into a Beast it will Render you more Elevate, for like *Mercury's Rod*, it awakens all that Sleep. &c.

Your Discourse has awakned me already *Lucian*, and I begin to Comprehend, and Harken to what I before where wholly Ignorant of, in so much that I desire you the next time you go to that Theater to take me along with you, that you may not alone reap the Pleasure and Profit of so Agreeable a Diversion,

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DIALOGUES

Of the DEAD.

By JOHN DIGBY, Esq;

The ARGUMENT.

These Dialogues contain something Analogous to those that precede; for the Author here seems to make a Jest of the Opinion of the Pagans, concerning the State of the Dead after this Life; from whence he takes Occasion to ridicule the Vanity of the Things of this World, thereby to render the Weakness and Frailty thereof the more conspicuous.

DIALOGUE I.

Between Diogenes and Pollux.

Dio. **I** Recommend to thee, Pollux, (since 'tis thy Turn to re-assume Life, and behold the Light) to tell that Dog Menippus, to come and laugh his Fill here, *if he has not laugh'd enough above; for*
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where

If he has not laugh'd enough: The Greek has it, If he has laugh'd enough; they are both good, but the Original carry'd with it Difficulties I thought fit to avoid.

where he is, there is still some Doubt, concerning the State after Life; but here there is none in the least. Perhaps he may be astonish'd, as well as I, to see Kings and Princes so little and inconsiderable, that they are distinguishable from others, only by their Complaints. Tell him withal, to come well provided with Necessaries, for he'll find here nothing to eat.

Pollux. But how shall I know him?

*The
Greek
has it, ei-
ther in
the Cra-
neum, or
Lyceum,
Places in
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Towns
where
Philoso-
phers met.*

Diogenes. He's an old Bald-pated Fellow, that generally wears a tatter'd Cloak, full of Patches of several Colours. Thou wilt find him either in *Athens*, or *Corinth*, making a Jest of every thing, but particular of the Pride of the Philosophers, who think they know all, and yet know nothing.

Pollux. If he is as you have describ'd him, 'twill be no hard matter to know him; but is there any thing you would have me say to the Philosophers?

Diogenes. Bid 'em leave off their vain Disputes, and their sophistical Arguments, and to cease inquiring into the Nature of Things, and discoursing of what they don't understand.

Pollux. Perhaps they'll say I'm an ignorant Fellow, and know nothing of Philosophy.

Diogenes. Tell 'em from me to Weep.

Pollux. I shall not fail to obey your Orders.

Diogenes. Say to the Wealthy, and the Great Ones, Why Fools, as you are, do you torment your selves after vain Grandeurs; why do you heap Talent upon Talent, as if you

you were never to die? since when you needs must leave 'em, you'll be inconsolable. Don't fail likewise to tell *Megillus* the *Corinthian*, and *Damoxenus* the *Athlete*, that there is neither Strength, nor Beauty, nor Dexterity, nor Fair Locks, nor Bewitching Eyes, nor Cherry-Cheeks, nor Ruby-Lips; in a word, tell 'em there's nothing here but *Dust and Ashes*.

Pollux. This Commission is not hard to execute neither.

Diogenes. Fail not likewise to tell the Poor, of whom you'll see a great many afflicting and tormenting themselves, that for the future they leave off complaining, because that here below all is upon the Level, the Rich are not more esteem'd than others. As for the *Lacedemonians*, reproach 'em from me, with their Cowardise; tell 'em they are not the same People they were heretofore, and that they very much degenerate from the Glory of their Ancestors.

Pollux. Don't speak Ill of 'em, for I could not bear it; but I'll acquit my self of the other Commissions.

Diogenes. Well then, we'll let 'em alone, since thou wilt have it so; but be sure remember the rest.

DIALOGUE II.

Between Cræsus, Menippus, and Pluto, &c.

Cræf. WE can no longer endure this Dog of a Philosopher to be so near us; wherefore either remove him somewhere else, or we our selves will pass to some other Place.

Pluto. What Harm can he do to you now he's dead.

Cræsus. Whenever we grieve or lament our lost Felicity, the one his Riches, or Greatness, the other his Pleasures, he presently laughs at us, and loads us at the same time with Injuries. Sometimes he'll interrupt our Complaints, with his Singing, in short, he's an insupportable Fellow.

Pluto. Here are sad Complaints against thee, *Mennippus*.

Mennippus. They are all Truths; I hate those infamous, degenerate Wretches, who are not contented to have led ignoble Lives, but now they are dead, must needs torment their Brains with the Memory of what passes above; I must confess, I take delight in teasing 'em.

Pluto. But you should not do so, for they bewail considerable Losses.

Mennippus. Are you such a Fool too, *Pluto*, to approve of such Simplicities?

Pluto. No truly, but at the same time I cannot allow of any Sedition in my Dominions.

Me-

Menippus. Know then, Wretches as you are, that I'll follow you wherever you go, and will never leave off molesting you with my Singing and Ridicule.

Cræsus. Is not this a gross Affront?

Menippus. No. But you might have been ashamed, when living, to cause your selves to be ador'd for Gods, without reflecting that you were Men, and mortal like the rest, and that all your Happiness would pass away like a Dream. Weep therefore now, and bewail the Losses you never prepared your selves for.

Cræsus. What Treasures did I lose!

Midas. How much Gold did I leave behind me!

Sardanapalus. What Pleasures am I deprived of!

Menippus. This is fine, proceed; and to compleat the Harmony, I'll now and then intermingle this Divine Sentence, *Know thy self*: For such a Lamentation ought now and then to be sung to.

DIALOGUE III.

Between Menippus and Trophonius, in the Presence of Amphilochous.

Men. **P**RAY tell me one thing. Why after your Death did the People build Temples in Honour of you, and rank you among the Gods?

Trophonius. Are we to answer for the Peoples Folly?

Menippus. But the People had not committed that Folly, had you not impos'd upon em during your Life-time, and made 'em believe you were Prophets.

Trophonius. Let *Amphilochus* make you an Answer, for 'tis well known I am a Hero that have a Right to foretel what shall happen: One would think thou had'st never been at *Lébadia*, otherwise thou could'st not doubt of so authentick a Truth.

Menippus. 'Tis not at all necessary to have been there, nor to have play'd all those Monkey-Tricks, that are practis'd at the going into this Cave, to know that thou art dead, and that thou hast nothing above others, but thy Imposture: But I conjure thee, by thy Prophetick Spirit, tell me what a Hero is, for I am utterly ignorant of it.

Trophonius. 'Tis a sort of *Medium*, being betwixt God and Man, or rather a Compound of both.

Menippus. If so, prethee, where's thy divine Part.

Trophonius. In *Beotia*, where it delivers Oracles.

Menippus. This is all Mystery to me, for I think I behold thee here intirely.

DIALOGUE

D I A L O G U E IV.

Between Mercury and Charon.

Mer. **P**Rithee, Waterman, let thee and I reckon, that we may have no Dispute, when it shall have slipp'd out of both our Memories, what I have furnish'd thee with.

Charon. Withal my Heart, let us Reckon.

Mercury. First of all, a small Anchor for thy Boat, two Shillings and a Penny.

Charon. How ! two and a Penny, that's very dear.

Mercury. It cost so much, upon my Faith, and the Leather to which thy Oar is fasten'd, cost three half-pence.

Charon. Two Shillings and a Penny, and three halfpence, makes two and twopence halfpenny.

Mercury. Item, for a Needle to mend thy Sails, Fourpence farthing.

Charon. Add that to the other.

Mercury. Item, for Pitch and Tar to caulk thy Vessel, as also for Nails, and a Rope to manage thy Sails ; the whole together Tenpence.

Charon. That's cheap enough.

Mercury. I think that's all ; but now the matter is when thou'lt pay me.

Charon. I have no Money at present, but if we cou'd have a little good Times, as for Instance, a Plague, War, or Famine, we shou'd get more, and then it were but cheating a little, and one might easily pay thee.

Mercury. In the mean time I must remain with my Arms a-cross, wishing Mischiefs to to the World, in hopes of being reimburs'd.

Charon. Unless some such thing happens, I can't tell how to pay thee, for there's nothing to be got these Times.

Mercury. I had rather not to be paid yet awhile, than to be a Spectator of such dismal Calamities. But while I think on't, hast thou taken notice of the Difference there is between the Dead of these Times, and those of former Ages? They us'd to be generally strong and Vigorous, and for the most part wounded; and now they are dwindled into little Whipper-snappers, pale and feeble, some whereof have been poyson'd, others have died through Debauchery and Intemperance, but the major part has been sent hither by their immediate Heirs, that they might the sooner enjoy their Estates.

Charon. Truly I don't wonder at it, for Wealth at this time of Day is a precious Commodity.

Mercury. Then prithee don't wonder neither, that I press thee to pay me what thou owest me.

DIALOGUE V.

Between Pluto and Mercury.

Plut. **D**Ost thou know that honest Old Man, that has no Child, and that so many People court, in order to inherit his Wealth.

Mer-

Mercury. Who do you mean, the *Sicyonian*?

Pluto. The very *Man*. Prithee let him *The* live at least till he has buried all those that *Greek* court and flatter him for no other end than to *mentions* get his Estate. *his Age,*

Mercury. It would be a great piece of *In-*justice that he should live so long, and they *omit.* die so young.

Pluto. Not in the least, on the contrary, the greatest Justice imaginable; for why should they be his Heirs, who are neither his Relation nor Friends? Is it not a Shame to see 'em offer up their Prayers in Publick for his Health, and at the same time wish him dead in their Heart? At least, let him be Immortal in reference to them.

Mercury. 'Twould be, indeed, but what they deserve; but at the same time, he plays his Part very well with 'em, counterfeiting the dying Man every Hour almost, when at the same time he ails nothing, and this only to obtain fresh Presents, and fresh Caresses; insomuch, that I'm really afraid they'll begger themselves, by too eager a Desire of becoming Rich.

Pluto. Let him then at least reassume the Strength and Flower of his Age, like *Iolas*; and for them, let 'em leave off dividing his Wealth in a Dream, or let 'em lay aside all their vain Hopes.

Mercury. Let me alone, I'll bring 'em all to you in a little time, one after another; I think they are seven in all.

Pluto. Well said *Mercury*; let the Good Man out-live all his imaginary Heirs.

DIALOGUE VI.

Between Terpsio, and Pluto.

Terpsio. IS it a reasonable thing, *Pluto*, that I should die at Thirty Years of Age, and that *Theocritus*, who can't be less than Ninty Years old should still be living?

Pluto. The reasonablest thing in the World, *Terpsio*; for that Man deserves to live, who never thought another liv'd too long: And they deserve to die, who are always laying Snares for their Friends, in hopes to enjoy their Estates the sooner.

Terpsio. But is it not at the same time a peice of Justice, that he, that is incapable by Age of receiving any Satisfaction or Pleasure from his Wealth, should resign it to them that know how to make use of it?

Pluto. Thou art making new Laws, when thou would'st have every one die, that is become incapable of Applying their Riches to Voluptuousness and Pleasure; for the Destinies and Nature have ordained otherwise.

Terpsio. 'Tis that ordinance I find fault with: For in my Opinion, the oldest ought to die first; and the rest in their turn, successively, without permitting an old Gouty Dotard to live, after he has lost the use of all his Senses, and is at best but an Animated Tomb; and at the same time suffer me to die, who am still young and Vigorous, and in the Prime of my Age: This is what may, in my Opinion, be call'd putting the
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Cart before the Horse, or if thou would'st have a more Noble simile, making Rivers run back to their Original Springs ; the Grievance would be somewhat Alleviated, if one could but know how long they were to Live, that one might Avoid a tedious and fruitless Courtship.

Pluto. What Reason is there for so Eager a Pursuit after anothers Wealth ; and why should you Court an Adoption from these old Men, since you are but Laught at when they out live you ? 'Tis a thing that affords Delight, to see such young Fellows as you making your Courtship to old decrepit Men and Women, in the most Obsequious manner ; especially when they have no Children, for there's nothing Lovely in 'em but that ; for which Reason when they have any, they Counterfeit an Aversion to 'em, thereby to allure you, and when Death seizes 'em, they leave 'em their Estates, according to the Rules of Reason and Nature, Bequeathing to your selves no other Legacy for all you Watchings and Troubles, than useless and unprofitable Complaints.

Terpsio, 'Tis what Torments me to distraction, even now that I am Dead ; for how much time have I bestow'd in Cultivating the Favour of *Theocritus*, who seem'd to be every Hour dying, by his short Breathing, and Ratling in the Throat ? Which oblig'd me to double my Presents, in order to disappoint my Competitors ; and if the Truth were known, that was the real Cause of my Death, for I neither slept Night nor Day ;
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the very Remembrance whereof, forc'st a Smile from him, even at my Funeral.

Pluto. Brisk up *Theocritus*; merry be thy Heart, till thou hast liv'd to Bury 'em all.

Terpsio. I could be Reconcil'd to thy Wish, did but *Cariades* die before him.

Pluto. Have a good Heart *Terpsio*; for not only *Cariades*; but *Phido*, likewise, and *Malantus*, and all the others shall die before him, Consum'd and Destroy'd by their own Sollicitude and Cares.

DIALOGUE VII.

Between *Zenophantes* and *Callidemades*.

Zenophantes. WHAT did'st thou die of *Callidemades*, for thou know'st very well, I burst my self, at an Entertainment, that *Dinias* gave, which I conceive to be a fine End for a Parasite.

Callidemades. I Remember it very well, but my Fate had something in it, still more Tragical; thou know'st old *Prædorus*?

Zenophantes. What that Rich old Man, whose Friendship thou sought'st with so much Diligence and Fayour.

Callidemades. The very same, he had Promis'd to make me his Heir, but not being able to wait Patiently for his Death; I design'd to Abridge his Life by Poyson: For which purpose I brib'd his Cup-Bearer, who by mistake, gave me the Cup, he had intended for his Master: The old Man Laugh'd heartily,

heartily, when he discover'd the Treachery, seeing me fall down Dead.

Zenophantes. I think he had sufficient Cause, for I can hardly forbear laughing at it my self; tho' in the other World; and altogether disinterested: Endeavouring to go the nearest way, my Friend, thou plainly seest, thou lost thy self, whereas had'st thou kept the Beaten Road, 'twould have brought thee Safe to thy Journey's End; tho' perhap's a little later.

DIALOGUE VIII.

Between Cnemon and Damnippus.

Cnemon. **T**HE old saying is now Verify'd.
The Goate has taken the Lion.

Damnippus. What is it that disturb's thee so? *Cnemon.*; what is it? Why I have been so far Impos'd upon, and trick'd, as to make a Man my Heir, contrary to my Intention: And to the great Damage of those, I wish'd well too.

Damnippus. How came that to pass.

Cnemon. 'Why Truly I flatter'd *Hermolous*, that I might be his Heir; and that I might gain his Affections the sooner, I shew'd him my Will, in which I had made him my Heir, hoping it might Induce him to do the same by me. But as ill Fate would have it, I am Dead first, although he had already one Foot in the Grave; and now he enjoys all my Estate, having Imitated the *Pike*, who swallows both Hook and Bait, and carrys away both together.

Damnippus.

Damnippus. Not only the Bait, and Hook, but the Fisher-man also, who is taken in his own Netts.

Clemon. 'Tis what afflicts me to distraction, even now that I am Dead.

DIALOGUE IX.

Between *Simylus*, and *Polystratus*.

Simylus. **W**ell *Polystratus*, thou art at last come to us, having liv'd a Hundred Years.

Polystratus. At least Fourscore and Eighteen.

Simylus. How hast thou past the last Thirty Years, since which time I have been Dead.

Polystratus. Truly, pleasantly enough, contrary to thy Opinion.

Simylus. Really, I can't conceive how thou could'st take much pleasure, being so broken and decay'd in Body; and at the same time destitute of Children.

Polystratus. I had every thing to my Wish.

Simylus. In my time, thou wer't so stingy, that thou deny'dst thy self almost Necssaries.

Polystratus. I received Presents from all Parts, and I had sent me what was most exquisite in Foreign Countries: I had more Credit alone, than all the Town; the greatest Men Courted me, and the Ladies thought themselves happy, that could secure me to themselves.

Simylus.

Simylus. Did'st thou then become some Prince after my Death, or did *Venus* change thee, as she did the old Man, that past her in his Boat ? For when I dy'd, thou wer't an old sore Ey'd Fellow, and had'st not above Four Teeth in thy Head.

Polystratus. I was lov'd, such as I was, and I had been better lov'd still, had I been more decrepit.

Simylus. Thou speak'st Enigmatically.

Polystratus. 'Tis but what we see, happen every day to old Men, who have no Children.

Simylus. Ah ! I understand thee, thou wer't flattered for thy Wealth, all thy Charm's, were in thy Chest.

Polystratus. 'Tis True ; but notwithstanding that, I maintain'd my Power, and as a Testimony thereof, I would sometimes shut the Door against one, give a good Reception to another, which made 'em double their Services to me.

Simylus. In short, what did'st thou leave 'em ?

Polystratus. Truly, nothing, but Grief and Complaints, for I made a young Man my Heir who did not expect it.

Simylus. How old was he ?

Polystratus. About Twenty.

Simylus. I Conceive the Reason why.

Polystratus. Not for that, thou do'st I-magin ; but because he had deserv'd it better than the rest : Now they Caress him in his turn, and the greatest Repair to his Levy.

Simylus. I don't care if they give him the Command of the Army, as long as those who fought after thy Estate were Baulk'd.

DIALOGUE XI.

*Between Charon, and Mercury.**Where several others Speak.*

Charon. **Y**O U easily perceive Gentlemen, the Condition we are in, we have but this little Bark that leaks in many Places; yet nevertheless you Croud in, in such Numbers, and with so much Baggage, that I very much fear you'll Repent it, especially those who can't Swim, for if the Boat does but incline ever so little to either side; we all go to the bottom of the Water.

The Dead. How then must we do, to pass Safe, and without Danger?

Charon. I'll tell you, you must leave your Baggage on this side, and 'twill be all we can do, to go Safe then: Sit down, *Mercury*, at the Entrance of the Bark; and suffer none to come in that do's not quit this Baggage.

Mercury. 'Tis well-said, who is that that comes first?

Menippus. 'Tis I, hold, there's my Wallet, and my Stick, which is all that I am Worth, as for my Cloak I ha'n't so much as brought it.

Mercury. Enter, *Menippus*, thou art an honest Fellow, go, and Place thy self aloft, next the Pilot, that thou may'st more easily behold 'em all; but who is this Beau.

One of the Dead. *Charmolaus*, the *Megarian*, the Beloved, of whom one single Kiss was valu'd at the Price of two Talents.

Mercury,

Mercury. Strip thy self, prethee, of all that Beauty, those Lip's, and Kisses, likewise of thy long Hair ; and Cherry Cheek's, in fine, of thy whole Skin ; Enter now, but who is this, clad in Purple, with a Diadem, and a sort of a surly look ?

One of the Dead. I am *Lampichus*, King of the *Geloi*.

Mercury. What mean'st thou, with all this Furniture, and Apparel Friend ?

Lampichus. Would'st thou have a King go Naked, and without Baggage.

Mercury. No, not a King, by no mean's, but one that is Dead ; may very well ; fling all that way.

Lampichus. Leave me at least, some Token of Grandure, that I may be known by.

Mercury. No, thou must quit all, even thy Pride, and Vanity ; thy Folly, and thy Cruelty ; for if they are admitted into the Boat, they'll over load her : Therefore, to be short, quit all thy Passion's.

Lampichus. Now I'm quite Naked.

Mercury. Then thou may'st come in ; Hark thee Friend, who art thou ? With all that Flesh and Fat about thee.

Damasias. I am *Damasias*, the Wrestler.

Mercury. Thou say'st right, I remember to have seen thee in the Place of Exercise ; but thou art in too good Case, for one that's Dead, thou wilt Sink the Boat ; thou must not enter here, till thou art strip't of all that useleſs Flesh, nay, even of thy Dexterity, Strength and Vigour, thou must also fling away, thy Crown's, and Acclamations, for they are of no manner of use, in the other World.

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Damasias.

Damasias. Well, I hope thou'lt like me now, for I differ in nothing, from the rest of the Dead, but am as meer a Skeleton as they.

Mercury. Now thou hast lighten'd thy self, thou may'st come in, but for thy Part, *Crato*, cast a way thy Treasures, *Luxury* and *Vanities*, thou must not carry with thee neither, thy Ancestors, nor Pedigree, nor Nobility, nor Titles of Honour, Inscriptions, Statues, nor Praises, nay thou must not so much as Reflect, thou hast a *Tomb*, or *Epitaph*, for all these things are so very Ponderous, that they'd go nigh to Sink the Boat, if but retain'd in Memory.

Crato. Since it must be so, it can't be helpt, however, I own 'tis sore against my Will, nevertheless I obey thee.

Mercury. Prethee, I hope thou dost not think of carrying thy Arms, nor Trophies along with thee?

Crato. I'd willingly carry these with me, they were bestow'd on me, in Memory of a Victory, I obtain'd.

Mercury. Leave thy Trophies a Shore! And for thy Arms, there's no occasion for 'em, with us, we are peaceable People; but for God's sake, who is that Grave Personage? He is very pensive, knitts his Brows, and wears a very long Beard.

Menippus. It's some *Philosopher*, *Mercury*, or some Impostor, or Juggler, make him strip, and you'll see, what a World of Ridiculous Things, he has hid under his Cloak.

Mercury. First of all, fling away this Habit, and then all these other Things?

O *Jupiter*!

O *Jupiter*! What a stock is here, of Arrogancy, of Ignorance, Contention, Vain Glory, doubtful Questions, knotty Disputes, and Perplex'd Thoughts; thou must quit all these, nay, even thy Impudence, and Anger, otherwise a much larger Boat, would not suffice for thee alone.

Philosopher. I willingly lay 'em by, since you will have it so.

Menippus. Don't admit him, *Mercury*, with that huge Beard, it can't weigh less than Threescore Ounces, I'll warrant it.

Philosopher. Who shall have it?

Mercury. *Menippus*, shall Chop it off, with an Ax, or Hatchet; for I have no Scissers.

Menippus. No *Mercury*, I'll take a Saw, for that will make it more Ridiculous, and Diverting.

Menippus. Have a Good Heart, dost not think, thou art something more like a Man; now, that Filthy, Stinking Beard is gone; shall I take away? (now I am doing) a little of his overgrown Eye-brow's?

Mercury. By all means, for they reach half way his Forehead.

Menippus. He has something still very strong, about the Arm-pitts.

Mercury. What's that, *Menippus*?

Menippus. His flattery, that Introduc'd him, among the Great-ones.

Philosopher. Prithee *Menippus*? Do thou strip thy self of thy Impertinent Freedom, of thy indifference, and thy Ridiculous Temper.

Mercury. Not at all; they don't weigh any thing? and besides they are diverting? But for you, Mr. *Orator*, leave behind, thy

Ἀπὸ μακρῶν long winded Speeches; with all their Train of *Antitheses, Similes, Periods, Barbarisms,* and all the rest of that heavy Luggage.

Orator. I have obey'd your Orders.

Mercury. That's well? Then unhook the Boat, take in the Ladders, weigh the Anchor, Spread the Sale, Pilot, take care of the Steerage? Let's be merry; what do you Cry for, Fools, as you are, but especially thou that art a *Philosopher*?

Philosopher. I believ'd the Soul was Immortal.

Menippus. Thou art a Lyar, that's not the Thing; that Grieves thee.

Philosopher. What is it then?

Menippus. Thy Debaucheries, and Voluptuousness: Thou canst not now, Play the *Parasite*; at the Tables of the Rich, nor haunt the *Bawdy-Houses* all the Night, with thy Head wrapt up in thy Cloak; and the next day Read a Lecture concerning Virtue, to thy Schollars to get a little Mony: that's what afflicts thee.

Mercury. And for thy Part, *Menippus*, art thou not sorry thou art Dead?

Menippus. How should that be? did not I come of my own free Will, without being sent for? but whilst we are talking, I here a great out cry above, what's the matter?

Mercury. Why, some are rejoicing at the Death of the Tyrant, others are applauding *Diophantes*, who makes the Funeral Oration of *Crato* the *Sicyonian*: in an other Place the Women are dragging the Tyrants Wife by the Hair of the Head; while the Boys are flinging Stones at his Children: The Mother of

of *Damafias* in an other Place, is Lamenting and Bewailing, with other Women, the loss of her Son ; but for thy part, honest *Menippus*, I find no Body Grieves for thee.

Menippus. I'll Warrant thee by and by, the Dogs and the Crows will have a Battle about me ; which of 'em shall be my Grave, when they go to Bury me.

Mercury. I commend thy Courage, Steadiness and Resolution : But now : I have past you over ; go and present your selves before your Judge ; in the mean time I'll go and fetch the Rest of the *Dead*.

Menippus. A Happy Voyage to thee *Mercury* But go on, what do we stop for, Judgment is inevitable ; here they talk of nothing but Wheels, Vultures, and Huge Stones : Every one of our Lives will be strictly Examined.

D I A L O G U E XII.

Between Crates and Diogenes.

Crates. **D**idst thou know *Merichus*? *Diogenes*, that Rich *Corinthian*, who own'd so many Ships, whose Cousin (who was as Old, and as Rich as he) us'd frequently to Repeat these Words to him : *Or take me off* ^{ἢ μὲν αἰνέει} *or I'll take thee off* : for they had agreed the ^{αἰὲρ ἢ ἐχέω} longest liver should have all : The *Fortune-tellers* and Oracles, sometimes assur'd the one, and sometimes the other ; that he should out Live his Companion.

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Diogenes.

Diogenes. And how fell it out, at last?

Crates. They both dy'd on the same day, and their Estates fell to Persons that the Oracles had never so much as mention'd.

Diogenes. I'm glad on't at my Heart, as for thee and I, we did not use to make such Fools of our selves, when we were Living; I never wish'd for the Death of *Antisthenes*, in hopes to have his Stick, which was of *Olive*, and I believe thou never didst wish for mine, in hopes of having my Wallet and Tub.

Crates. The Reason is, because each was Contented with his own, and I thought my self happy enough; Inheriting thy Vertues, as thou had'st those, of that great Man; which is a Treasure of greater Vallue, tho' not much sought after; for you don't find any Body Courts you, much, on that Score; at the same time every body is greedy of Riches and Grandure.

Diogenes. I don't Wonder at it; their Souls are so deprav'd by their Pleasures, that they can't be Virtuous: But if you offer to catch at their Gold, they'll Struggle hard to keep it.

Crates. We have also this Comfort, that we are allow'd to bring our Treasure here along with us; while they are forc'd to leave theirs behind 'em, even to the Farthing which is put in their Mouths to pay their Passage, for they bring it no further than *Charon's Boat*.

DIALOGUE XIII.

Between Alexander and Hannibal,

Minos and Scipio.

Alex. **S**TOP *Carthaginian*, 'tis my Prerogative to go first.

Hannibal. I shall not allow it.

Alex. Shall *Minos* be our Judge?

Han. With all my Heart.

Minos. Who are ye?

Alex. *Alexander* and *Hannibal*.

Minos. Both Great Men, but what's the Dispute.

Alex. About Preeminency; for this *African*, is so Insolent as to Contest my Right of Precedency, tho' I have been Monarch of all *Asia*, and the greatest Captain the World has afforded.

Minos. We must hear his Reasons; what hast thou to say *Hannibal*?

Han. 'Tis a great Happiness to me, to Plead before a Judge, that will grant nothing to Favour nor Affection; and who will not regard Appearance, so much as Truth. I say then, that he that raises himself by his own Merit, as I did, and owes his Fortune entirely to himself, ought to be prefer'd to him, who Derives his Glory from his Ancestores: For having past from *Africa* into *Spain*, with a small Body of Men, I presently became Fam'd for my Valour, and after the Death of my Brother in-Law, having the Command of the Armies; I Conquer'd the

Celtiberians, and the *Western Gauls*, then passing the *Alpes*, I Conquer'd all *Italy*, as far as *Rome*, having got the Day in three Glorious Battles, in one of which I Kill'd so many of the Enemy, that I had Three Bushels of Rings off of slain Knights, and March'd over a Bridge of Dead Bodies: I did all these Things without Stiling my self *Jupiters* Son; or desiring to be thought a God: But what is still more Remarkable, I had not to do with *Armenians* nor *Medes*, who are us'd to fly, before the Fight begins, and resigns the Victory to him that has but Courage enough, to stay for it, but I had to do with the most Warlike Nations, and most Experienc'd Captain's in the World: On the other Hand, I did not perform these great Atchievements, with Troopes that had been Disziplin'd along Time, nor with Soldiers of my own Country; but with an Army of Vagabonds and Hirelings, not Heir to a Crown, but a simple Burger of *Carthage*: Whereas *Alexander*, having receiv'd from his Father not only a powerful Kingdom, but also an Invincible Army; wanted still the Assistance of Fortune, to overcome a Voluptuous Prince, and effeminate Nations: And his Victories having alter'd him, he Degenerated from his Ancestors, and caus'd himself to be Worship'd as a God, Killing with his own Hand some of his best Friends, and Causing others to be Executed. As to me, tho' I was Triumphant and Victorious, when I was call'd into *Africa* to Oppose *Scipio*; I obey'd as readily as the meanest Citizen could have done, and being since Condemn'd, I bore my Excile Patiently; but I had like to have
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forgot what to me is very Glorious, that I perform'd all these great Actions, without the Help of much Learning, and without having had *Aristotle* for my Tutor: If *Alexander* lays Claim to any Advantage from his Diadem, 'tis well enough, with Reference to the *Persians* and *Macedonians*; but not to me, who am not Born his Subject, and have deserv'd the Character of being a Wise and brave Commander, but whose Fortune did not always second his undertakings.

Minos. There is strength in this Speech, which favours nothing of *Barbarism*; what sayst thou *Alexander*?

Alexander. That my Reputation alone were Sufficient to give me the Advantage, if I did not design to carry it by dint of Reason, as well as by force of Arms, and to Triumph in my Words as well as in my Actions: For finding my Father's Kingdom Tottering, and very much shaken by his Death, I found a means to settle it, by making Examples of his Murderers, and I made all *Greece* Tremble by the Ruin of *Thebes*. Afterwards being Chosen Captain General against the *Barbarians*, I carried my Arms and Hopes further than any that had gone before me, then Crossing the *Hellespont*, I Defeated *Darius's* Captains in a pitch Battle, Conquer'd all the Provinces as far as *Cilicia*: Overcame the King of *Persia* in Person; and in one Day gather'd so many *Laurels*, that *Charons* Boat was not Sufficient to pass the Dead, there was such a Multitude of 'em: After that, not to mention *Tyre* nor *Ar*, I Subdued all *Asia*, as far as *India*, nay *India* it self, and made the Ocean

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the Bounds of my *Empire*, all these Exploits did not Satisfie me, I past the *Tanais*, and overthrew the *Scythians*, Triumph'd over all the Enemies of *Greece*, and left many Kingdoms to be divided among my Captains: Now if after the Atchieving so many Exploits, above the Power of a Mortal to Execute: Mankind look'd upon me to be a God, 'twas Pardonable in 'em, and in me that Suffer'd it, at the founding of a New *Empire*: In fine, thou seest before thee, the Conqueror of half the Universe, with whom a Banish'd Wretch Contends for precedency, after he died, the Slave of a little King of *Bithynia*: Add to this, that I made all these Conquests like a Lion, with open Force; whereas *Hannibal*, never Acted but by Fraud, and was at last overcome by his own Arms, always as Cruel to those he Conquer'd, as I was full of Clemency and Mercy: But it's pleasant enough to hear him Reproach me, my Debaucheries, after his Voluptuous Life at *Capua*, which made him lose the Fruit of so many Victories; as for my Pleasures they never fully'd the Glory of my Arms; and would not Triumph till I had no more Enemies: I could alledge several other things in my behalf, but I should be asham'd to Employ more Words in so just a Cause; there remains now nothing but to decide the Dispute.

Scipio. Hold *Minos*, I have something to Represent.

Minos. Who art thou?

Scipio. *Scipio*, who overcame *Hannibal*, and Subdu'd *Carthage*.

Minos.

Minos. What would'st thou say?

Scipio. That I yield Precedency to *Alexander*, but not to *Hannibal*.

Minos. Thou art in the Right, thou shalt pass before him; and *Alexander* before thee; let me hear no more on't.

D I A L O G U E XIV.

Between Diogenes and Alexander.

Diogenes. **W**Hat *Alexander*, it seems Death has not spar'd thee no more, than another Man.

Alexander. That's no Wonder, since I was Mortal.

Diog. But *Jupiter* then was an impostor, to say thou wer't his Son, and thy Mother put upon us too, pretending to have Convers'd with a Serpent.

Alexander. There is no Relying upon Women, and Oracles, but I suffer'd it, because it dispos'd the Minds of the People, to pay me a greater Respect, and Obedience.

Diog. In fine, to whom didst thou leave thy Empire?

Alex. I can't tell, for I had not time to dispose of it but a little before my Death, I gave my Ring to *Perdicas*; What dost thou laugh at?

Diog. Because I Remember the Time, when *Greece* Proclaim'd thee its General; and its Orators plac'd thee among the Prin-

Principal Gods, nay some of 'em went so far, as to Sacrifice to thee, Erecting Temples to thee, as being *Jupiter's* Son: But where art thou Bury'd?

Alex. In *Babylon*; for 'tis but three Days since I died; but *Ptolomy* is to convey me to *Egypt*, that I may be Worship with the Gods of the Country.

Diog. Who would not laugh, *Alexander*, to see that even after Death, thou shouldst be no wiser than to flatter thy self, with the Hopes of seeing thy self Ador'd among Monsters! Leave off those Vanities, there's no Commerce betwixt this Place and above, and there's no returning to the World after you have once left it: But I would fain know how thou bearest the loss of thy Empire, and what thou thinkest when thou call'st to Mind, the *Bactrians*, *Babylon*, thy former Grandure and Glory? What dost thou Weep poor Fool: Did not *Aristotle* teach thee, that all that was Vanity?

Alex. What dost thou say, *Diogenes*, of the Basest of all my flatterers? Ha! Prithee don't force me to Publish his failings, nor to acquaint thee how he abus'd my good Nature, and the Extream Passion I had for Learning; sometimes flattering me, on the Account of my Beauty; sometimes on the Score of my Riches, which he did not Scruple to Rank among the Good and desirable Things, that he might not be ashamed to ask for 'em, and receive 'em; all the Benefit I Reap'd from his Learning was to make a wrong Judgment of Things, and think those Things Estimable which were not so, | the loss whereof still afflicts me.

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Diogenes. Dost thou know what I'd have thee do, to Cure thy self? Since there is no Hellebore in the other World; Go and drink five or six large Draughts of the River *Leth*, till such time, as thou shalt have quite blotted out of thy Memory, all those imaginary good things. As it happens too, here's *Clitus* and *Calisthenes*, with a Croud of Malecontents, that are preparing to torment thee; Fly, at least, now thou art dead, and drink thy fill, for its the only way to cure thee.

DIALOGUE XV.

Between Alexander and Philip.

Phil. **T**HOU canst no longer deny that thou art my Son; for thou hadst never dy'd, had'st thou been *Jupiter's*.

Alexander. I knew that very well, above; but I look upon the Opinion, to favour my Designs.

Philip. How! to suffer thy self to be impos'd upon after that manner by thy flattering Courtiers.

Alexander. No, but by spreading every where a Terrour of my Name and Arms, to the end I might meet with little, if any Resistance.

Philip. Prithee, when had'st thou to do with a formidable People? Thou should'st have attack'd, as I did, the *Thracians*, the *Illyrians*, and the *Greeks*, ten Thousand of whom, under the Command of *Clearchus*, put to Flight some Millions of *Barbarians*.

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Alexander. But were the *Scythians* and the *Indians*, with their Elephants, so contemptible an Enemy? I did not overcome 'em, by sowing Divisions among 'em, nor by corrupting their Commanders, keeping my Word with none, but in a fair pitch'd Battle; as for the *Grecians*, I secur'd 'em by soft and gentle Usage, having first subdued 'em by Force.

Philip. *Clitus* has inform'd me of all this, and of thy assuming the Customs of the Conquer'd, causing thy self to be ador'd like a God, and at the same time not allowing any body to speak well of me in thy Presence, which was the cause of his Death; he said further, that thou had'st expos'd *Lyfimachus* to the Lyons, and put to Death several of thy other Friends for suppos'd Crimes; not to mention thy Intrigues with *Roxane*, and thy Tendernefs for *Ephestion*: I can find in the whole History of thy Life, but one single Passage worthy me, which was the Command thou had'st over thy Passions, in reference to *Darius's* Wife, and thy Care for his Mother, and Daughters.

Alexander. Then thou passest over the Bravery I shew'd, when all alone, I leap'd off the Ramparts into the Town of the *Oxydrachians*?

Philip. That Action ought rather to be blam'd than prais'd; 'tis not but that I prize Courage in a Prince, and behold him with Pleasure at the Head of Troops, with his Sword in his Hand; but there's a vast Difference between the Valour of a General, and that of a private Soldier; besides 'twas

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a Prejudice to the Reputation of thy Arms, to behold a God all over Bloody, in the Hands of Chyrurgeons. And now thou art Dead, how many dost think there are that make a Ridicule of thy Impostures; Moreover, the Advantage thou would'st have reap'd from this Opinion, very much impairs thy Glory, as if thou would'st overcome by Delusion and Artifice, those thou could'st not conquer by Force of Arms; besides, how great soever all this may be, 'tis very much beneath a God.

Alexander. They us'd, nevertheless, to compare me to *Bacchus*, and *Hercules*, and that with so much more Reason, as I have taken those Fortresses, which they imagin'd impregnable.

Philip. 'Tis a strange thing, that in all this time, thou hast not unlearn'd thy Fooleries, and that thou still would'st play the Son of *Jupiter* in these Lower Regions; at least, learn to be wise after thy Death.

DIALOGUE XVI.

Between Achilles and Antilochus.

Antil. **W**HAT did'st thou say lately to *Ulysses*? That thou had'st rather be the Servant of some poor Labourer, that had not his Belly-full of Bread, than to Reign here among the Shades: How unworthy is that of the Disciple of *Phœnix* and *Chiron*, it favours more of the cowardly *Phrygian*, than of *Achilles*, who preferr'd an honourable Death to a voluptuous Life.

Achilles.

Achilles. Ah! Son of *Nestor*, 'tis because at that time I did not know that all the Glory of the World is nothing but Smoke, whatsoever *Homer*, and the other Poets may say of it; here there is neither Strength, Beauty, nor Industry. I don't perceive that the *Trojans* fear me, nor the *Greeks* respect me, all is upon the Level, wrapp'd up in the same Darkness, which makes me wish I were alive again, tho' never so mean.

Antilochus. We must conform to the Laws of the World, and not murmur against the order of Nature; all the Great Men are dead as well as thee.

Achil. Thou try'st in vain, to comfort me, *Antilochus*, I cannot tell how 'tis, but the Remembrance of Life very much afflicts me, and thee too, but thou art wiser, than I am, to dissemble the matter; if it may'nt be call'd rather Cowardize not to dare to Complain when one suffers.

Antil. On the contrary, 'tis Courage and Resolution, for what avail all those Complaints? Is it not much better to bear ones Misfortune Patiently, than to make one self laught at, by unprofitable and useless Lamentations?

DIALOGUE XVII.

Between Hercules and Diogenes.

Diogenes **I**S not that *Hercules*? 'Tis he I'm sure; I know him by his Lions Skin, and his Club, without mentioning his Bow

Bow, or his monstrous Stature; but how came he to die, he was *Jupiter's* Son? How came it to pass, Friend, that having always been Victorious, and Triumphant, thou wert at last overcome by Death? I remember I us'd to offer Sacrifices to thee above, as to a God.

Hercules. Thou did'st well; for *Hercules* is in Heaven among the Gods, and I am only his Shade.

Diogenes. What do'st thou say? Can one be at the same time in Heaven and in Hell?

Hercules. I told thee already, that 'tis not *Hercules* thou seest here.

Diogenes. Why, hast thou taken his Place, to play his Part here below?

Hercules. 'Tis something like it.

Diogenes. But how came *Oeachus*, who is so exact, to take thee for another?

Hercules. He was mistaken by the Likeness.

Diogenes. I believe so, for in reality, 'tis one and the same thing; nay, I'm rather afraid that this is *Hercules* that's here, and that Heaven has only his Image.

Hercules. Thou art very Impudent to contradict me; art thou not afraid I should make thee know who 'tis I represent?

Diogenes. Why, what could'st thou do to one that's dead; and more especially, being but a Shadow. But tell me, when thou wert above, wert thou only the Shadow of *Hercules*, or were you both but one and the same thing, that was divided after Death?

Hercules. Tho' I might very well forbear answering such an impudent Sophister, yet

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I'll tell thee, that what was born of *Alcmena*, is dead, but what was born of *Jupiter*, is in Heaven.

Diogenes. I understand thee; that is to say, *Alcmena* was deliver'd of Twins, the one was of *Amphyterion's* getting, and the other of *Jupiter's*.

Hercules. Not so, these two were but one and the same.

Diogenes. 'Tis somewhat hard to conceive, two *Hercules's* in one, the one Mortal, and the other Immortal, unless it should be, as they represent the *Centaurs*, half Horses, and half Men.

Hercules. Are we not all compos'd of a Soul and Body? Where's the Difficulty then, that the one should ascend to Heaven, the Place from whence it came, and the other descend hither?

Diogenes. That would be well enough, if thou wer't the Body of *Hercules*, but thou art only his Shade, and thou hast made, without thinking, three *Hercules's* instead of two; one in Heaven, the other here, and the third upon Mount *Oeta*, where thou wer't burnt.

Hercules. I perceive very well, that thou art a great Sophister, but prithee who art thou?

Diogenes. *Diogenes*, and not his Shade, who am not in Heaven, but among the Dead, and who laugh at *Hammer*, and his fabulous Stories.

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DIALOGUE XVIII.

Between Menippus and Tantalus.

Men. **W**HAT dost thou weep for, *Tantalus*, and what Tortures dost endure in the Lake where thou art?

Tantalus. I die with Thirst, *Menippus*.

Menippus. Art thou so lazy, that thou can'st not stoop to drink, or take a little Water in the hollow of thy Hand?

Tantalus. The Water flies from me when I approach it, and when I take any in my Hand, it immediately runs thro' it.

Menippus. That's very strange; but what occasion hast thou to drink, now thou hast no Body? For what us'd to be hungry and thirsty, is buried in *Lydia*, and the Soul has no need either to eat or drink.

Tantalus. 'Tis what makes my Torment, *Menippus*, that my Soul has the same Thirst that my Body had.

Menippus. I believe it since thou say'st it; but, prithee, what art afraid of? Dost apprehend thou shalt die with Thirst, as if there was another Death after this?

Tantalus. No; but 'tis part of my Pain to be Thirsty, without Occasion.

Menippus. Thou art delirious, *Tantalus*; if thou want'st any thing, 'tis *Helebore*, to cure thy Madness, and not Water to quench thy Thirst.

Tantalus. I would not refuse it, if it were offer'd me.

Menippus. Comfort thy self, *Tantalus*, thou art

art not the only Person among the Dead, that does not drink ; for be they who they will, as they have no Body, they have no Occasion for Drink, but all are not like thee, tormented with an insatiable Thirst they cannot quench.

DIALOGUE XIX.

Between Menippus and Mercury.

Menip. **W**Here are all the Beauties of the other World ? Prithce, *Mercury*, be so kind to shew 'em me, for I am but just come hither.

Mercury. I have not leisure, *Menippus*, but cast thy Eye on that side, thou'lt see there *Nireus*, *Narcissus*, *Hiacinthus*, *Achilles*, *Tyro*, *Leda*, and *Hellen*; in a word, all that Antiquity has afforded, that's beautiful in either Sex.

Menippus. I see nothing but Bones and Carcasses, in which I can find no Difference,

Mercury. Notwithstanding that, there is there all that the Poets have so much admir'd, tho' thou seem'st to make so light of it.

Menippus. At least, Prithce shew me which is *Hellen*, for I can't distinguish her.

Mercury. This Carcass that thou seest, is *Hellen*.

Menippus. How ! was it for that, that all Greece embark'd upon a thousand Ships, and so many brave Men perish'd, and for many Towns were reduc'd to Ashes ?

Mercury. Thou didst not see her in her Beauty ;

Beauty; for I'm certain, thou would'st have made no Difficulty to undergo a thousand Hardships, for so exquisite a Creature: Dost thou not observe that the finest Flowers fade in time, and lose all their Beauty, tho' when they are in their Glory, every one admires 'em?

Menippus. 'Tis what I am amaz'd at, *Mercury*, that so many fine Gentlemen, should not reflect on the mighty Dangers, and risques they run, for so perishable and transitory a thing.

Mercury. I have not time to Philosophise, *Menippus*; go, and chuse thee a commodious Place, while I step and fetch the rest of the Shades.

DIALOGUE XX.
Between *Oeachus*, *Protesilas*, *Menelaus*,
and *Paris*.

Oeach. **W**HAT makes thee so enrag'd at *Hellen*, as to offer to strangle her?

Protesilas. Because she's the Cause of my Death, and of my Wife's being a Widow, and my Family wanting an Heir.

Oeachus. Thou must blame *Menelaus*, who led thee to the Siege of *Troy*, where thou wer't kill'd.

Protesilas. Thou say'st right; 'tis thou art the Wretch I must pluck the Crow with.

Menelaus. No, 'tis not me, but *Paris*, thou should'st blame; who, contrary to the Laws

of Hospitality, carry'd away my Wife, and who deserves to be ill us'd, not only by the *Greeks*, but by all those who perish'd at the Siege of *Troy*.

Protesilas. Come then, Wretch as thou art, let me strangle thee, since thou hast been the Cause of the Death of so many; thou shalt not escape me.

Paris. Thou art in the wrong, *Protesilas*, to ill use a Lover, like thy self, and a Fellow-Slave of the same Divinity. Dost thou not know that he forces us to love, and does what he pleases with us?

Protesilas. 'Tis true, that little God of Love is the Cause of all the Evil.

Oeachus. One might excuse him too, since, to speak the Truth, thou wer't, thy self, the Cause of thy Death; for such was thy Thirst after Honour, that, unmindful of thy Wife; whom thou had'st just married, thou must needs expose thy self the first to Danger, and so wer't the first kill'd, at the Landing.

Protesilas. I think, after all, the Gods are most to blame, and Destiny, who so ordain'd it.

Oeachus. Revenge thy self then on them, and don't molest these after their Death.

DIALOGUE XXI.

*Between Menippus and Oeachus,
Where several others speak.*

Menip. I Conjure thee, by the Infernal Deity, to shew me all that is here to be seen.

Oeachus.

Oeachus. 'Twould be a difficult thing to shew thee all; but here are the principal things: *Cerberus*, *Charon*, *Phlegeton*, and the Fen which thou hast pass'd.

Menippus. I know all that, and that thou art the Porter of Hell: I have seen even *Pluto*, and the *Furies*; but shew me those illustrious Dead, of whom such mighty Things are said.

Oeachus. There's *Agamemnon*, *Achilles*, *Domedes*, *Ulysses*, *Ajax*, *Idomeneus*, and the other *Grecian* Princes.

Menippus. Ye Gods! what a sad Condition, *Homer*, are the Heroes in, thou hast made the Subject of thy Verse, without either Form or Beauty, that can distinguish 'em? In a word, nothing but Dust and Ashes; but, prithee, *Oeachus*, who is this?

Oeachus. 'Tis *Cyrus*, the next is *Cræsus*, that's *Sardanapalus*, and yonder, are *Midas*, and *Xerxes*.

Menippus. 'Twas thou then, execrable Wretch, that cut thy Way thro' Mount *Athos*, and chain'd up the *Hellepont*, and made all *Greece* to tremble. Is that *Cræsus*? Ye Gods! what a Figure he makes, and *Sardanapalus*! Prithee let me hit him a good Cuff.

Oeachus. Softly; thou'd'st break his Head, it being very tender, he having been very Effeminate. But shall I shew also the *Philosophers*?

Menippus. Withal my Heart.

Oeachus. Behold then, there's *Pythagoras*.

Menippus. Good Morrow *Euphorbus*, *Apollo*, and whatever else thou pleasest.

Pythagoras. Good morrow, *Menippus.*

Menippus. Hast thou lost thy Golden Thigh?

Pythagoras. No; but, prithee, let's see if thou hast got any thing in thy Wallet to eat.

Menippus. There's nothing there but Beans, which is not a Food for thee.

Pythagoras. Let's see some, prithee, we have not here the same Sentiments, and I don't find in 'em, what I observ'd above.

Oeachus. There's *Solon*, *Thales*, *Piteacus*, and the other Sages, who are, as thou seest, seven in all.

Menippus. I only see them that don't weep, and that still retain something of Cheerfulness here below. But who is this that's cover'd over with Dust, like a Cake bak'd in the Ashes, and full of Blisters.

Oeachus. 'Tis *Empedocles*, that is just taken out of Mount *Ætna*, sadly scalded.

Menippus. God save the Master Slipper-wearer; what mov'd thee to cast thy self alive into this Furnace?

Empedocles. Melancholy.

Menippus. Say rather, that it was Pride, Vanity, and Presumption, that thou might'st be thought immortal, when thou wer't not to be found, there's the Cause of the Destruction of thy self and Slippers: But that Trick was of no use, for thou wer't seen after thy Death. This is not all; where's *Socrates*?

Oeachus. With *Nestor*, *Palamedes*, and the other great Tatlers of the Times past; who keeps still talking on, as he us'd to do.

Menippus. I should be glad to see him, if it ben't too far off.

Oeac. Dost see that bald Pate? *Menip.*

Menip. That's a common Mark for all the Dead.

Oeach. I tell thee, that flat-nos'd Fellow.

Menip. Are they not all so, prithee?

Socrates. *Menippus* is it me thou art asking after?

Menip. Yes *Socrates*.

Socrates. What do they do at *Athens*?

Menip. A great many Play the *Philosophers* there, that are only so, by their Apparel, and Grave Walk: Thou know'st how *Plato*, and *Aristippus* came hither, the one as he came from the Tyrants Court, the other all over Perfum'd.

Socr. Prithee what do they say of me?

Menip. Thou art too happy in that point; for thou art look'd upon, to have been a Wonderful man, that knew all Things, tho' to speak the Truth, I believe thou knew'st nothing.

Socr. I told 'em so often, but they would not believe me.

Menip. Who are those, near thee?

Socr. *Charmides*, *Phædra*, and *Alcibiades*.

Menip. What I see thou hast not forgot thy good Qualities in the other World, for thou still lovest the Beautiful Lads.

Socr. What could I do here, that were more delightful, but sit thee down near us.

Menip. I had rather go, and be by *Cræsus*, and *Sardanapalus*, to hear their Complaints; for that makes me burst my Sides with laughing.

Oeachus. And I'll be gone also, for fear some Dead should slip out in my Absence. Fair thee well, another time thou shalt see the rest.

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DIALOGUE XXII.

Between Menippus and Cerberus.

Menip. **P**Rithee tell me *Cerberus*, since we are Companions; in what Condition did *Socrates* come hither? for as thou'rt a God, thou know'st as well how to talk, as to bark.

Cerb. At first he shew'd some Resolution, and would pass for a Man, who had not fear'd Death, but he had no sooner put his Foot into these dismal places, but he was struck with Horror at the palpable Darkneſs thereof; and when I began to Bark at him and bite him, he fell a crying like a Child, tormenting himself a thousand ways.

Menip. He was then an Impostor, and was not free from fear, as he said he was.

Cerb. When he found the absolute necessity of going through it, he put on a little Resolution, that he might not seem to repine at what was unavoidable, and that he might thereby, be more admir'd. This may be said generally of all Philosophers, they're very stout, till they come to this Passage, but then they're as meer Cowards as the rest.

Menip. But prithee tell me, how did I appear to thee at that Moment?

Cerb. Worthy thy Profession, and so did *Diogenes* before thee; for you did not come as if you were dragg'd per force, and with Reluctancy, but freely, and chearfully, as if you had nothing to do but laugh while the rest cry'd.

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DIALOGUE XXIII.

Between Charon, Menippus and Mercury.

Cha. **H**Ark thee, Sirrah, pay the Water-man.

Menip. Make as much noise as thou wilt, I'll give thee nothing.

Char. Come, come, Don't tell me, a Farthing for thy Passage.

Menip. How shall I give thee, what I ha'n't?

Char. Can any body be so poor as not to be worth a Farthing?

Menip. Yes, I am.

Char. I'll strangle thee but I'll have my Mony.

Menip. And I'll lay thee about the Head, with my Stick.

Char. What shall I ferry thee over for nothing.

Menip. Let Mercury pay thee, if he will, for he brought me here.

Mer. That's a pretty Jest indeed, that I must pay for the Dead, after having had the Trouble of being their Guide.

Char. Thou shalt not stir till I'm paid.

Menip. Put to Shore then if thou wilt; but how wilt thou make me pay thee, if I have no Mony?

Char. Didst thou not know thou wert to bring some?

Menip. Suppose I had known it, could I hinder my dying?

Char. How shalt thou be the only Person, that shall make thy brags, of having past Charons Boat Gratis?

Menip.

Menip. Don't say for nothing, for I help'd to Row, and I pump'd, without disturbing thy Head with my Clamours, like the rest.

Char. This is nothing to the Purpose.

Menip. Restore me to Life again then.

Char. That's well enough, that *Oeachus* may beat me soundly.

Menip. Then prithee be quiet, and let me alone.

Char. Let's see what thou hast got in thy Wallet.

Menip. There's nothing but a few Lupins, and an Egg or two, that have been sat upon.

Char. Whence did'st thou bring us this Dog, *Mercury*, that barks at every body, and ridicules all those that weep?

Merc. Thou dost not know him, he's a Man perfectly free, that values nothing.

Char. If I ever catch thee here again.

Menip. No body comes twice this way.

DIALOGUE XXIV.

Between Pluto, Protefilas, and Proserpine.

Protefilas. **A**H! *Pluto*, and thou Daughter of *Ceres*, take Pity of a Lover, and don't reject his Prayers.

Pluto. Who art thou, that speak'st after that manner?

Prot. The first *Greek* that was kill'd at the Siege of *Troy*.

Pluto. Well, what would'st thou have?

Prot. Return to the World for a few Hours.

Pluto. That's a Request that all the Dead make, and that none of 'em obtain. *Prot.*

Prot. I don't speak out of any Esteem I have for Life, but I earnestly desire to see my Mistress, whom I left in her Nuptial Chamber, being in haste to go along with the Grecians, and I was unhappy enough to be kill'd by *Hector* at the Landing. The Love I have for that beautiful Creature, is a constant Torment to me, and I would fain enjoy a little more of her Company.

Pluto. Did'st thou not drink of the River *Lethe*, like the rest?

Prot. I did, but the Distemper was too strong for the Medicine.

Pluto. She'll be here in a little time, and that will save you the Trouble of going to her.

Prot. But I can't bear the Expectation; thou know'st how impatient Lovers are, *Pluto*, for thou hast been in Love thy self.

Pluto. What will it avail thee to see her for a Moment, to lose her again for ever.

Prot. May be I may prevail with her to come along with me, and by that means thy Empire will be encreas'd by a Shade.

Pluto. It is not a just Request, *Protesilas*, and 'tis what was never done.

Prot. Thou dost not remember it, but *Orpheus* obtain'd *Eurydice*, and *Hercules*, *Alceste*, who was my Relation.

Pluto. Would'st thou appear to her in the Condition thou art in, she'd die with the Fright? Dost thou think she'd either so much as look at thee, or know thee?

Proserpine. Let's grant his Petition, *Pluto*, and give Orders to *Mercury* to see him safe above, and to touch him with his Rod at his Arrival in the World, that he may resume

his

his first Form, and become the same he was, at his leaving his Nuptial Chamber.

Pluto. Since *Proserpine* desires it, I consent to it: Here *Mercury*, guide him back to the World again, but let him remember he has but one Day granted him.

DIALOGUE XXV.

Between *Mausolus* and *Diogenes*.

Diog. **W**HY art thou so scornful, Man, as if one was not worthy to look at thee?

Mausol. Because I have been a King, *Diogenes*, and have Rul'd over a large Country, not to make mention of my Beauty, nor my Valour. Moreover, I have a noble Tomb in *Halicarnassus*, adorn'd with Marble Figures, insomuch, that there are few Churches that equal my Grave: After all this, is it without Reason I am Proud?

Diog. What! for thy Beauty, Valour, Kingdom, and Grave? Why, Friend, here thou hast nothing of all that; and if thou'lt pitch upon a Judge, he'll tell thee, that thy Carcass differs in nothing from mine; as for thy Sepulchre, it belongs to those of *Halicarnassus* to brag of that, and shew it to Strangers, as a Wonder of the World, and a Masterpiece in Architecture; but I don't see what Use it can be of to thee, unless it be to crush thee with its Weight.

Mausol. How? all these things should be no Advantage to me, and *Mausolus* should differ in nothing from *Diogenes*? *Diog.*

Diag. Oh! a great deal; for *Mausolus* shall bewail his past Felicity, and *Diogenes* shall laugh at it; he shall talk of his Sepulchre, built by the lovely *Artemissa*, and *Diogenes* shall be ignorant whether he has one, for to him 'tis indifferent; but he shall remember that he has left behind him an everlasting Memory, to have led the most perfect Life possible for a Mortal to lead, which over-tops thy Sepulchre, wretched *Mausolus*, and shall out-last it, tho' it were built upon a Rock.

D I A L O G U E XXVI.

Between Therfites, Nireus, and Menippus.

Nireus. **H**ere comes *Menippus*, he shall be Judge, which of us is the handsomest.

Menip. I must know first who you are.

Nir. *Nireus*, and *Therfites*.

Menip. Which of you is *Nireus*, and which *Therfites*, for I can't distinguish you.

Ther. I have already this Advantage, that notwithstanding my bald, and Sugar-Loaf-like Head, our Judge could not know the one from the other: Speak now, *Menippus*, which of us is the most beautiful?

Nir. I, to be sure, who am the Son of *Carpus* and *Aglaya*, and was the handsomest Personage that was at the Siege of *Troy*.

Menip. But, Friend, thou hast not brought thy Beauty along with thee; and if there be any Difference between his Carcass, and thine, 'tis, that thine is the weakest of the two, for thou wer't an effeminate Fellow.

Nir.

Nir. Prithce, ask *Homer* how I was, when above.

Menip. Life is but a Dream, *Nireus*; thou must not mind what thou wert heretofore, but what thou art now.

Nir. How! Am I not then handsomer than he?

Menip. Shall I tell you, Friends, neither the one, nor the other of you, is handsome; neither is any of the Dead so, for there is no Distinction among you.

DIALOGUE XXVII.

Between Menippus and Chiron.

Menip. I Have been told, *Chiron*, that having it in thy Power to be Immortal, 'twas thy Choice to Die; how couldst thou love a Thing that had nothing lovely in it?

Chir. Because I was weary of Living.

Menip. But wert thou not well pleas'd to behold the Light?

Chir. No; for 'twas every Day the same thing over again, viz. to Eat, Drink, and Sleep, and the Pleasure of Life consists in Variety.

Menip. But how art thou reconcil'd to Death, now thou hast quitted Life for it.

Chir. Very well; for there is an Equality among the Dead; which does not displease me; 'tis like a popular State, where one is not greater than another, and for my part, I care not whether it be Day or Night; besides,

sides there is this Conveniency hear below, that one is not Tormented with Hunger nor Thirst ; nor the other inconveniencies of Human-Life.

Menip. Take heed *Chiron*, thou dost not fall insensibly into what thou hast endeavor'd to shun ; for if Life was tiresome to thee because thou didst every Day the same things, thou wilt soon grow weary of Death, which is constantly one and the same.

Chi. What must one then do *Menippus* ?

Menip. What the Wise do ! be Contented with thy Condition, and believe there's nothing insupportable , either in Life or Death.

D I A L O G U E XXV.

Between Diog. Antisthenes, and Crates.

Diogenes. Since we have leisure, lets walk towards the Door to see who comes in ; and what they say.

Antist. With all my Heart, for 'tis Pleasant enough to see some Weeping, others Begging to be Releas'd, or Resisting those that Conduct 'em in their Descent.

Crat. I'll tell you what happen'd to me in my Descent ; we were a great many of us, but the most considerable were *Arsaces*, Governour of *Media*, *Orantes* the *Armenian*, and the Rich *Ismenedorus* ; this last had been killed by some Robbers, near the Mountain *Citharon* as he was going to *Eleusine*, he was all bloody

of the Wounds he had receiv'd ; he mightily lamented his Misfortune, that he should leave his Children so young ; blaming at the same time his Imprudence, that being past by Places that the Wars had Ruin'd ; he had took along with him only two Servants, tho' he had with him a great deal of Gold and Silver. *Arfaces*, was a Venerable old Man, that was forely Griev'd at his going on Foot, contrary to the Custom of the *Parthians* ; wisht heartily for his Horse that was kill'd with him : For as he was running as fast as his Horse could lay Legs to the Ground ; in a Battle against the King of *Cappadocia*, a *Thracian* Soldier advancing towards him, and Kneeling with one Knee, that he might have the greater Strength, and putting by with his Buckler the Bow that *Arfaces* leavel'd at him, he thrust his Pike with that Force, through the Horses Breast, that he kill'd both Horse and Man at the same time ; the Swiftnefs which the Horse Run, adding Strength to the Thrust : As for *Orontes*, his Legs were so Weak that he could not stand, which is what frequently happens to those People, who are much us'd to Ride, one would think when they set their Feet to the Ground, that they were walking upon Thorns ; he stumbled at every Step, there was no getting him along, so that at last *Mercury* was forc't to take him upon his Shoulders, and carry him to the Boat, which made me laugh.

Anti. For my Part, when I descended thither, I would not mingle with the Croud, but leaving the rest to Bemoan themselves, I

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Ran and took Place in the Boat, that I might pass the more Commodiously, but seeing some Lamenting their Condition, and others Vomiting, I could not forbear laughing no more than thou.

Diog. These were the Adventures of your Passage, but mine were still more diverting; for I happen'd to pass with *Blepsias* the *Banker*; who Liv'd in the *Piræum Lampis*, the *Acarnanian*, who Commanded the Foreign Troops, and a Rich *Corinthian* nam'd *Damis*, who had been Poison'd by his Son: The first had Starv'd himself, as 'twas said, he look'd very Pale and Lean; the Second had kill'd himself for a Whore; altho the Cause of their Death was not known to me; yet nevertheless, I would needs know it from themselves; and as *Damis* blam'd very much his Son. I told him, he could find Fault with no Body but himself; since he was close fist-ed to him, in the Voluptuous part of his Age, while at the same time old and broken as he was, he pass'd his days in Pleasures, very delightfully: I told the *Acarnanian*, that he was much to blame, to let a Woman overcome him, he that had always appear'd invincible to his Enemies; and I chid *Blepsias* soundly, for being so Miserable saving of his Wealth, (as if he had been to Live for ever) only, to leave it to Strangers, nothing Related to him; but we are almost got to the Descent; let us observe at a distance those that come: Ye Gods! How many there are that Torment themselves, even the old and decrepit, so much are they in Love with Life! They all Weep except the Children,

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but let's ask this good old Man a Question : What dost thou Cry for Friend? Didst thou think thou wer't Immortal, or dost thou bewail the loss of some great happiness.

The Dead. No, I was a poor Fisherman, that had much ado to live; very Lame, and almost Blind, without any Children to be a Comfort to me.

Diog. After all this, canst thou grieve that thou art Dead?

The Dead. Yes; for Life is pleasant and delightful, and Death is horrible and frightful.

Diog. Thou doteest, honest Friend, and art a Child again: What shall we say of these young Fellows, who are enamour'd with Life, if this Man repines at the Loss of it, when he ought to petition Heaven for Death, a present Relief to his burthensome Age? But let's go back, lest, seeing us so near the Gate, they should suspect we design'd to make our Escape.

D I A L O G U E XXIX.

Between Menippus and Tiresias.

Menip. **T**HIS no easie Matter now, to know whether thou hast been Blind, or not, for every body is so here; but if thou hast been both Man and Woman, as the Story goes, thou hast, prithee tell me, which is the happiest State, that of the Man, or Woman?

Tires. That of the Woman, in my Opinion, for they Reign Mistresses; they don't

go to the War, they have neither Law-Suit, nor Quarrel to determine, nor any other vexatious Affair.

Menip. Don't you remember what *Medea* says, in *Euripides*, when she deploras the Condition of her Sex, and the Hardship they undergo, when they Lie-in? But by the way, Did'st thou ever know what it was to be deliver'd of a Child?

Tires. Why do'st thou ask me that Question?

Menip. Out of Curiosity only, without the least Thought of offending thee.

Tires. I never had any Child, and yet I was not Barren.

Menip. Wer't thou both Man and Woman at the same time, or did one Sex succeed the other; and did the Change happen by little, and little, or all on a sudden?

Tires. To what Purpose all these Questions? Do'st thou doubt of the Truth?

Menip. Is it a Crime to doubt? Must we receive for Oracles, all that the Poets say, without daring to enquire into the Matter?

Tires. There's no danger of thy believing Women to be chang'd into Beasts, and Trees, since thou seem'st to doubt of their being transform'd into Men.

Menip. We'll examine that another time; but tell me now, whether, whilst thou wer't a Woman, thou had'st any Knowledge of the Future, or whether thou becam'st Man and Prophet at the same time?

Tires. I see thou'rt a meer Stranger to things: One would think thou had'st never heard how the Gods made me Judge in a Case they

they had, and *Juno* blinded me, but *Jupiter* gave me the Gift of Prophecy, to make me Amends.

Menip. Art thou not wean'd from these Fables yet? But thou hast this in common, with all thy Fellow-Prophets, to say nothing to the Purpose.

D I A L O G U E XXX.

Between Ajax and Agamemnon.

Agamem. IF thy Rage cost thee thy Life, when thou play'd'st the Furious against a Flock of Sheep, as if they had been Men; why art thou angry with *Ulysses*, and why would'st thou not see him the other Day, when he descended into Hell, to consult *Tiresias*?

Ajax. Because he was the Cause of my Death, by contending with me the Arms of *Achilles*.

Agamem. But do'st thou expect to be Master every where, without any bodies daring to oppose thee?

Ajax. But his Arms belong'd to me of Right; did'st thou not yield 'em to me thy self, tho' thou wer't much Superiour to *Ulysses*, and all the rest did the same, except that pitiful Fellow, whose Life I have saved a thousand times.

Agamem. Thou can'st blame no body but *Thetis*, who expos'd 'em in Publick, as if every one had a Right to 'em, instead of giving 'em to thee, who wer't his Cousin-German.

Ajax.

Ajax. My Business was only with him, who disputed 'em with me.

Agamem. But *Ulysses* is excusable, if he was touch'd with Ambition, a thing, most Men of Honour are enamour'd with, and thou know'st, he carry'd the Prize, even by the Judgment of the *Trojans*, our Enemies.

Ajax. I know who was the Cause of it, but we must not accuse the Gods ; however, I can never love *Ulysses*, tho' they should command me to do it.

DIALOGUE XXXI.

Between Minos and Sostrates.

Minos. **D**UCK that Highway-man over Head and Ears in *Phlegeton*, and let *Chimera* tare to pieces this Sacrilegious Wretch. As for the Tyrant, let him be stretch'd out at his full length, near *Tytius*, to be gnaw'd like him, by the Vultures ; but for your Parts, who have led virtuous Lives, repair to the *Elizium* Fields, and gather there the Fruit of your good Actions.

Sostrat. I have but two Words to say, if *Minos* would vouchsafe to lend an Ear.

Min. What should I hear for ? Hast thou not been Convicted of Killing, and Robbing on the High-way !

Sostrat. That's true ; but nevertheless, let's see if I can't clear my self so far, as not to deserve Punishment.

Min. How ? Must not every body be rewarded, or punish'd, according as his Actions have been ?

Sostrat.

Sostrat. Had not Destiny so ordain'd it, as it does all the Good, or Evil in the World?

Min. 'Tis most certain, we are all subject to its Laws, which prescribe to every one what he shall do, even from the time of his Birth.

Sostrat. But, when a Man is kill'd by another's Order, who is properly the Murderer?

Min. He that gave the Order, for the other is but the Instrument, no more than the Sword, more especially if he be oblig'd to obey.

Sostrat. That's well; thou strengthen'st my Argument; when a Servant brings a Present from his Master, prithee, to whom is the Obligation due, to the Master, or the Man?

Min. To the Master, for the other is only the Carrier.

Sostrat. Dost thou then see, that thou'rt in the wrong to punish me, and reward these, since neither they nor I have done any more than barely execute the Orders of the Destiny.

Min. There might be a great deal more said upon the Subject, if it were nicely examin'd; but thou deserv'st Punishment, not only as a Robber, but also as a Sophister that would controul the Actions of the Gods. However, unbind the Wretch, *Mercury*, upon Condition he shall say nothing to the rest, lest they should come and torment us with the like Questions.



The End of the Third Volume.

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